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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

pt. 8

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE LATE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND VICAR OF
NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

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PART VIII.

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ERRATA.

Page 240, *for* "and Delectare," *read* "aut delectare."
„ 249, — "Centuines Feas," — "Centeaurs Feasts."
„ 256, — "Bocchius," — "Boethius."
„ 280, — "tell and fifty," — "ten and fifty."
„ 294, — "Pœtæ," — "Poetæ."
„ 298, — "Settell's," — "Strettell's."
„ 309, — "ill," — "ille."
„ 356, line 17 from top, *for* "Elizabeth," *read* "Elizabethæ."
„ 393, *for* "1727," *read* "1627."

COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. IV. PART II.

HEYWOOD, (JASPER.)—The Sixt Tragedie of the most graue and prudent author Lucius Anneus Seneca entituled Troas, with diuers and sundrie addicions to the same. Newly set foorth in English by Jasper Heywood, studient in Oxenforde. Imprinted at London by Thomas Powell, for George Bucke. n.d. Sm. 8vo, pp. 86, **blk. lett.**

Jasper Heywood translated three of the Tragedies of Seneca into English, the Hercules Furens, Thyestes, and Troas, of which the latter was probably the one first printed in 1559, as it is expressly mentioned in the translator's Preface to Thyestes, published in the following year, who complained much of the errors of the press in the Troas, after he had corrected the proofs himself, and declared that Powell should never print for him again. It was translated when he was very young — probably not more than twenty-three years old, while he was studying at Oxford — and had lately been elected a fellow of All Souls College. The title is within a neatly ornamented compartment, and is followed by a prose dedication to Queen Elizabeth, in the course of which some compliments are paid to her Majesty's learning and classical attainments, and the delight she experienced in studying the plays of Seneca in the original tongue. This is succeeded by "The Preface," wherein the author explains the additions he had made to the play of his own invention. These are, the chorus at the end of the second scene — a scene at the beginning of the second act in seven line stanzas, in which the ghost or spectre of Achilles demands the sacrifice of Polyxena — three stanzas added to the chorus of this act on the death of Astianax; and an

entire new short chorus at the end of the third act, substituted by the author in place of the original, which was only a long list of names "of farre and straunge countreies, consideryng with him selfe, that the names of so many unknowne countreies, mountaines, desertes, and woods, shoulde haue no grace in the english tongue, but be a straunge and unpleasant thing to the readers." In this preface he also takes the opportunity of apologizing for these alterations, and for his arrogance, "amonge so many fine wittes, and towardly youth, with which England florished," in attempting "to set foorth in englishe this present piece of the flowre of all writers Seneca, beyng done but for his owne priuate exercise; and also how farre aboue his powre, to keepe that grace and maiestie of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer, hath past the reache of all imitacion, and also this our english tong (as many thinke and he here finds) is farre unable, to compare with the latter." A second metrical "preface to the tragedie," in thirteen seven line stanzas, not noticed by other writers, and the names of the speakers, conclude the introductory portion.

A few of the opening lines of the first act may perhaps be tolerated.

Hecuba.

Who so in pompe of prowde estate,
  or kingdome sets delight:
Or who that ioyes in princes court
  to beare the sway of might,
Ne dredes the fates which from aboue
  the waueryng gods downe flinges:
But fast affiaunce fixed hath,
  in frayle and fickle thinges:
Let him in me both see the face
  of fortunes flattryng ioy:
And eke respect the ruthfull ende
  of thee (O ruinous Troy)
For neuer gaue she plainer proofe
  then this ye present se:
How fraile and brittle is the state,
  of pride and high degree
The flowre of flowryng Asia, loe
  whose fame the heauens resounde
The worthy woorke of gods aboue,
  is batered downe to grounde.

As specimens of the skill and talents of Heywood as an original versifier, we annex the three stanzas, added by the translator, at the end of the

second act, and the substituted chorus at the close of the third act, which are not deficient in harmony and merit.

O dreadfull day! alas the sory time
Is come of all the mothers ruthfull wo,
Astianax, alas thy fatall line
Of life is worne, to death straight shalt thou go,
The sisters haue decreed it should be so,
There may no force alas escape their hande,
The mighty Joue their will may not withstande.

To se the mother, her tender childe forsake,
What ientle hart that may from teares refraine,
Or who so fierce that would not pittie take,
To se alas the giltles infant slaine.
For sory hart the teares mine eies do staine,
To thinke what sorow shall her hart oppresse,
Her little childe to leefe remedilesse.

The double cares of Hectors wife to wayle,
Good Ladies haue your teares in reddines,
And you with whom should pitie most preuayle.
Rue on her greef: bewayle her heauines.
With sobbyng hart, lament her deepe distres
When she with teares, shall take leaue of her son,
And now (good ladies) here what shall be don.

Chorus altered by the translater.

O Joue that leadst the lampes of fire
and dekst with flamyng starres the sky
Why is it euer thy desyre
to care their course so orderly?
That now the frost the leaues hath worne
and now the spring doth cloath the tree,
Now fyry Leo ripes the corne,
and still the soyle should changed be?
But why art thou that all dost guide
betwene whose handes the poales do sway
And at whose will the Orbes do slide
careles of mans estate alway?
Regardyng not the good mans case,
nor caryng how to hurt the ill
Chaunce beareth rule in euery place,
and turneth mans estate at will.

She geues the wrong the upper hande
  the better parte she doth oppresse,
She makes the highest low to stande
  her kingdome all is orderlesse.
O parfit proofe of her frailtie,
  the princely towres of Troy bet downe
The flowre of Asia here ye see
  with turne of hande quight ouerthrowne.
The ruthfull ende of Hectors sonne
  whome to his death the Greekes haue led
His fatall howre is come and gonne
  and by this time the childe is ded:
Yet still alas more cares encrease,
  O Troians dolefull destenie,
Fast doth approche the mades decease
  and now Polyxena shall die.

Jasper Heywood, the translator of this tragedy, a younger son of John Heywood, the epigrammatist and author of the *Spider and the Flie*, was born in London in 1535, and entered at Oxford in 1547, when he was only twelve years of age; and in 1553 was elected Fellow of Merton College, but being of a wild and extravagant disposition, increased perhaps in consequence of his father's absence from England, and being left very early entirely to himself, he was threatened with expulsion, and resigned his Fellowship in 1558, but having taken his degree of M.A., was, in the same year, elected a Fellow of All Souls College. He soon after left the university, and going abroad to St. Omer's, entered into the Society of Jesus at that place. After continuing two years there, and at Rome, he was sent to Diling, in Switzerland, as Theological Professor, where he remained for seventeen years. In 1581 he was called away from Diling by Pope Gregory XIII. and placed at the head of the first mission of Jesuits in England, and while resident in London lived in great style and splendour. Being amenable to the law against Jesuits in this country, he was soon afterwards committed to prison, but released by the intercession of the Earl of Warwick and went abroad, first to Rome, and then to Naples, where he died on the 9th January, 1597–8, and was buried there. His elder brother, Ellis, who was also a Jesuit, had died abroad, at Louvain, in 1572, twenty-six years before.

Heywood is generally considered to have been tolerably correct in the meaning of his author where he has kept to the original, imitating his verse in the various changes of the measure; and in his own alterations and

additions to have shewn considerable judgment and ingenuity. He wrote several songs and poems in his early youth, some of which were not devoid of merit, and were printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises,* and have been quoted by Mr. Ellis and other modern writers. He is supposed to be the author of some lines prefixed to Maurice Kyffin's *Blessednes of Brytaine,* 1587, 4to, but does not appear to have written anything in later life. See more concerning him in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 663; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 248; Jacob's *Poet. Reg.*, vol. i, p. 133; Ritson's *Biogr. Poet.*, p. 240; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 211; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 13; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 327; and Ellis's *Specim. Eng. Poet.*

This edition is of great rarity, and Lowndes is unable to refer to the sale of any copy, nor can we ourselves find it noticed in any of the catalogues we have been able to examine.

Collation: Sig A to F iii, in eights, pp. 86.

In Russia, gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (JASPER.) — The Seconde Tragedie of Seneca entituled Thyestes faithfully Englished by Jasper Heywood fellowe of Alsolne College in Oxforde.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete in the hous late Thomas Berthelettes. Anno 1560. 26. die Martii. Sm. 8vo, pp. 108, **blk. lett.**

Heywood translated this play when he was Fellow of All Souls College in Oxford, whither he had removed from Merton College, of which he had been elected a Fellow in 1553. It is dedicated in verse "To the right honorable Syr John Mason knight, one of the Queenes Maiesties priuie counsaile": after which are some lines "The Translatour to the booke," and then a long and interesting Preface in verse of twenty-five pages. In this the author, in a vision with Seneca, relates how he was led by the poet to undertake the translation, and as this metrical preface is full of curious and entertaining matter, and presents us with more of the original composition of Heywood, we prefer selecting a portion of this to any very lengthened extract from the play itself. The opening description of a dark and gloomy day on the 24th of November is thus picturesquely given:

It was the fowre and twentith daie
  of latest monthe saue one
Of all the yere: when flowre and frute
  from fielde and tree were gone,
And sadder season suche ensewde
  as dulls the dolefull sprights;
And muse of men that wonted were
  to wander in delights:
And weather suche there was, as well
  became the pensyue pen
With sory style of woes to wryte
  and eke of mischiefe, when
Aurora blusht with ruddie cheekes
  to waile the death agayne
Of Phœbus soon: whom thunderbolt
  of mightie Joue had slayne:
And cloudes from highe began to throwe
  their dreary teares adowne,
And Venus from the skyes aboue
  on Fryday fowle to frowne;
When (as at booke with mased muse
  I satte and pensiue thought
Deepe drownde in dumps of drousines
  as chaunge of weather wrought)
I felt howe Morpheus bound my browes
  and eke my Temples shooke
That downe I soonke my heauy head,
  and sleapt uppon my booke.
Then dreamde I thus, that by my syde
  me thought I sawe one stande
That downe to grounde in scarlet gowne
  was dight, and in his hande
A booke he bare: and on his head
  of Bayes a Garland greene:
Full graue he was, well stept in yeres
  and comely to be seene.
His eyes like Christall shiende; his breathe
  full sweete, his face full fyne,
It seemde he had been lodged long,
  among the Muses nyne.
Good syr (q° I) I you beseche
  (since that ye seeme to me
By your attyre some worthie wight)
  it may your pleasure be,

To tell me what and whens ye are,
  whereat a whyle he stayde
Beholdyng me; anon he spake,
  and thus (me thought) he sayde.
Spayne was (q° he) my natiue soyle:
  a man of woorthie fame
Sometime I was in former age
  and Seneca my name.
The name of Senec when I hearde
  then scantly could I speake:
I was so gladde that from mine eyes
  the teares began to breake
For ioy: and with what wordes I shoulde
  salute him, I ne wyst.
I him embrast: his handes, his feete,
  and face full oft I kyst.
And as at lengthe my tricklyng teares
  me thought I might refrayne,
O blisfull daye (q° I,) wherin
  returned is agayne
So worthie wight: O happie houre,
  that liefer is to me
Then life: wherin it happs me so,
  that I should Senec see.
Arte thou the same, that whilom dydst
  thy Tragedies endight
With woondrous wit, and regall stile?
  O long desyred sight!
And lyuste thou yet (q° I) in deede?
  and art thou come agayne
To talke and dwell as thou wert wont
  with men? and to remayne
In this our age? I lyue (q° he)
  and neuer shall I die:
The woorkes I wrote shall still preserue
  my name in memorie
From age to age: and nowe agayne
  I will reuive the same,
And here I come to seeke some one
  that might renewe my name,
And make me speake in straunger speeche,
  and sette my woorks to sight,
And skanne my verse in other tongue
  then I was woont to wright,

A young man well I wotte there is
  in th' yle of Brytannie,
(That from the rest of all the worlde
  aloofe in seas doth lie)
That once this labour tooke in hande:
  him wolde I meete full fayne,
To craue that in the rest of all
  my woorks he wolde take payne
To toyle, as he in Troas did.
  Is that your wyll (quoth I?)
I blusht, and sayd the same you seeke,
  loe, here I stande you by.
If thou (q° he) be whome I seeke,
  if glorie ought thee moue
Of myne to come in after age,
  if Senec's name thou loue
Aliue to keepe, I thee beseeche
  agayne to take thy pen,
In meter of thy mother tongue
  to geue to sight of men
My other woorks: wherby thou shalt
  deserue of them and mee,
No little thanks: When they themselues
  my Tragedies shall see
In Englishe verse, that neuer yet
  coulde latine understande.
With my renowne perhapps thy name
  shall flie throughout this lande,
And those that yet thee neuer knewe
  shall thee bothe loue and prayse,
And say God graunt this yong man well
  to lyue full many dayes,
And many happy houres to see
  in life: and after graue,
Rest, ioy, and blisse eternally
  aboue the skies to haue,
That so translated hath these bookes.

Heywood then proceeds to enumerate some other contemporary versifiers, and after alluding to the popularity of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, the first part of which by Baldwyn had then lately appeared, he adds that it was only such men as these who were qualified to translate the tragedies of Seneca.

In Lyncolnes Inne, and Temples twayne,
  Grayes Inne, and many mo,
Thou shalt them fynde whose paynefull pen
  thy verse shall florishe so,
That Melpomen thou wouldst well weene
  had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorks with stately style,
  and goodly grace t' endight.
There shalt thou se the selfe same Northe,
  whose woorks his witte displayes,
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte,
  and preache abroade his prayse.
There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste,
  and featly fyned bee,
There Nortons ditties do delight,
  there Yeluertons doo flee
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three,
  as weene thou mightst agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was,
  of mightie Joue his brayne.
There heare thou shalt a great reporte
  of Baldwyn's worthie name,
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates
  proclayme eternall fame.
And there the gentle Blunduille is,
  by name and eke by kynde,
Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore,
  what frute by Foes to fynde.
There Bavande bydes, that turnde his toyle
  a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe geues
  to woorthy authors name.
There Gouge a gratefull gaynes hath gotte,
  reporte that runneth ryfe,
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe,
  and Zodiake of lyfe.
And yet great nombre more, whose names
  yf I shoulde now resight
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine
  I shoulde be forste to wright.
A pryncely place in Parnasse hill
  for these there is preparde,
Where crowne of glittryng glorie hangs;
  for them a ryght rewarde.

The author next mentions, with great diffidence, his own former translation of the *Troas* — complains very grievously of the injustice the printer Powell had done him, in leaving so many errors after the proofs had been corrected — and resolves never to enter his door again, or to allow him to print another work for him.

My selfe, I must confesse, I haue
  to muche alreadie doon
Aboue my reache, when rashly once
  with Troas I begoon:
And more presumde to take in hande
  then well I brought to ende,
And litle volume with no fautes
  than lynes abroade to sende.
And of that woorke what men reporte
  in faythe I neuer wist.
But well I wotte, it may be thought
  so yll, that litle lyst
I haue to dooe the like: Wherof
  though myne be all the blame,
And all to me imputed is,
  that passeth in my name:
Yet as of some I will confesse
  that I the author was,
And fawtes too many made my selfe
  when I that booke lette pass
Out of my handes: so must I me
  excuse, of other some,
For when to synge of Hande and Starre
  I chaunced fyrst to come,
To Printers hands I gaue the worke:
  by whome I had suche wrong
That though my selfe perusde their prooues
  the fyrst tyme, yet ere long
When I was gone, they wolde agayne
  the print therof renewe
Corrupted all: in suche a sorte
  that scant a sentence trewe
Now flythe abroade as I it wrote:
  which thyng when I had tryde,
And fowrescore greater fautes then myne
  in fortie leaues espyde,
Small thanks (q° I) for suche a worke
  wolde Senec giue to me,

If he were yet alyue, and shoulde
perhapps it chaunce to see.
And to the Printer thus I sayde:
within these doores of thine,
I make a vowe shall neuer more
come any worke of myne.

Continuing his preface Heywood next expresses his sorrow at the untimely death of some youth of great promise just taken away, whose name is not given, but who is supposed to be a son of Sir John Mason, to whom the play is dedicated. While complimenting the son's virtues and precocious talents, he mentions with satisfaction that the father was still living, and expresses a hope that he would continue to survive for many years to come.

And therwithall, oh lorde, he sayde,
now him I thinke uppon
That here but late to litle liude,
and now from hens is gone.
Whose vertues rare in age so greene
bewrayde a worthy wight,
And towardnesse tryde of tender tyme,
how louely lampe of light
He woulde haue beene, if God had sparde
his dayes, tyll suche tyme, when
That elder age had abled him,
by grouthe to grauer man.

* * * * *

But gone he is (alas the while)
thou shalt him neuer see,
Where breathyng bodyes dwell agayne:
nor neuer shalt thou more
Eftsones with him of learnyng talke
as thou werte woont before.
Yet wayle no more for him (he sayde)
for he farre better is.
His seate he hath obtayned nowe
among the starres in bliss.
And casting brighter beames about,
then Phœbus golden glede,
Aboue the skies he lyues with Joue,
another Ganymede.
In better place then Aquarie,
suche grace did God him gyue.

But though the sonne be gone, yet here
  dothe yet the father lyue,
And long might he this lyfe enioye
  in helthe, and great encrease
Of honour and of vertue bothe
  tyll God his soule release
From corps to skyes: with right rewarde
  to recompense him there,
For truthe and trusty seruice doon
  to prince and contrey here.

Seneca, to whom he had been speaking, here reminds the author that he had an opportunity of requiting the former favours of his patron by sending him his translation: and then

—— began
  to ope the gylded booke
Which erst I tolde he bare in hand
  and therupon to looke.
The leaues within were fyne to feele
  and fayre to looke uppone
As they with syluer had byn sleakte,
  full leare to see they shone.
Yet farre the letters did eche one
  exceede the leaues in sight,
More glorious then the glittryng golde,
  and in the eye more bright.
The featly framed lynes throughout
  in meetest maner stande,
More worthy worke it was, then might
  be made by mortall hande.

These were the Tragedies of Seneca, written under the inspiration of Melpomone, the reading of which formed one of the amusements of the Muses on Mount Helicon. The author then in a highly poetical and pleasing manner, well deserving of being placed before our readers, had not our quotations already extended to such a length, introduces "the feate fyne Fawnes" from which the vellum skins were taken, on which the Tragedies were written, and "the gorgeous glyttryng golden Inke" with which they were penned; and after describing the sacred hill of Parnassus, the woods and various fruits that clothed its slopes, and the fountain that flowed from its side, the temple on its summit, the pictures on its walls of some of the older poets, Homer, Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Lucan, and Palingenius, "and

rest of poetts all," he is exhorted by Seneca to attempt the translation of the Thyestes, which

chaunced fyrst
the leaues abrode to fall

and mentions the faults and errors of some of the early printers of his works

Wherby I sawe how often tymes
the Prynters dyd him wrong.
Now Gryphyus, Colineus now,
and now and then among
He Aldus blamde, with all the rest
that in his woorks do mys
Of sence or verse: and styll my booke,
I did correcte by hys.

At last awaking from his slumber, Heywood, after invoking Megæra to inspire him with pensiveness and tragic fire to fulfil his task, sits down and takes his pen in hand, and we have here the fruit of his labours.

The Thyestes is written in Alexandrine verse of fourteen syllables, divided into two lines, excepting the choruses, which are in ten feet metre. It is not a mere translation from Seneca, but an additional scene is subjoined to the fifth act, wherein Thyestes, in a soliloquy, laments his own misfortunes, and calls for judgment and vengeance on Atreus. This is said to be "added to the Tragedy by the Translatour." A short passage from the second act will be sufficient to shew the merits of the translation.

Atreus. Seruant.

O Dastarde, cowrde, O wretche, and (whiche
the greatest yet of all
To tyrants checke, I counte that maye
in waightie thyngs befall,)
O unreuenged: after gilts
so greate, and brothers guyle
And truthe trode downe, dooste thou prouoke
with vayne complaynts the whyle
Thy wrathe? alredie nowe to rage
all Argos towne throughout
In armour ought of thine, and all
the double seas about
Thy fleete to ryde: nowe all the feeldes
with feruent flames of thyne,
And townes to flasshe it well beseemde:
and euery where to shyne,

The bright drawne sworde: all under foote
of horse let euerie syde
Of Argos lande resounde: and let
the woods not serue to hyde
Our foes, nor yet in haughtie toppe
of hills and mountaynes hie
The builded towres. The people all
let them to battayle crie,
And cleere forsake Mycenas towne.
who so his hatefull hed
Hydes and defends, with slaughter dyre
let bloud of him be shed.
This pryncely Pelops palaice proude
and bowres of highe renowne,
On me so on my brother too,
let them be beaten downe.
Goe to, doe that whiche neuer shall
no after age allowe,
Nor none it whisht: some mischefe greate
there must be ventred nowe,
Both fierce and bloudie: suche as wolde
my brother rather long
To haue byn his: Thou neuer dooste
enoughe reuenge the wrong,
Except thou passe. And feercer facte
what may be doone so dyre,
That his exceedes? doothe euer he
lay downe his hatefull yre?
Doothe euer he the modest meane
in time of wealthe regarde?
Or quiet in aduersitee?
I knowe his nature harde
Untractable, that broke may be
but neuer will it bende.
For whiche ere he prepare him selfe,
or force to fight entende,
Set fyrst on him: least while I rest
he should on me arise.
He will destroy or be destroyde,
in midst the mischiefe lies,
Preparde to him that takes it first.

We subjoin also a few of the opening lines from the fourth scene at the close, added by the translator, which are not without merit, and afford a further specimen of Heywood's talents as an original poet.

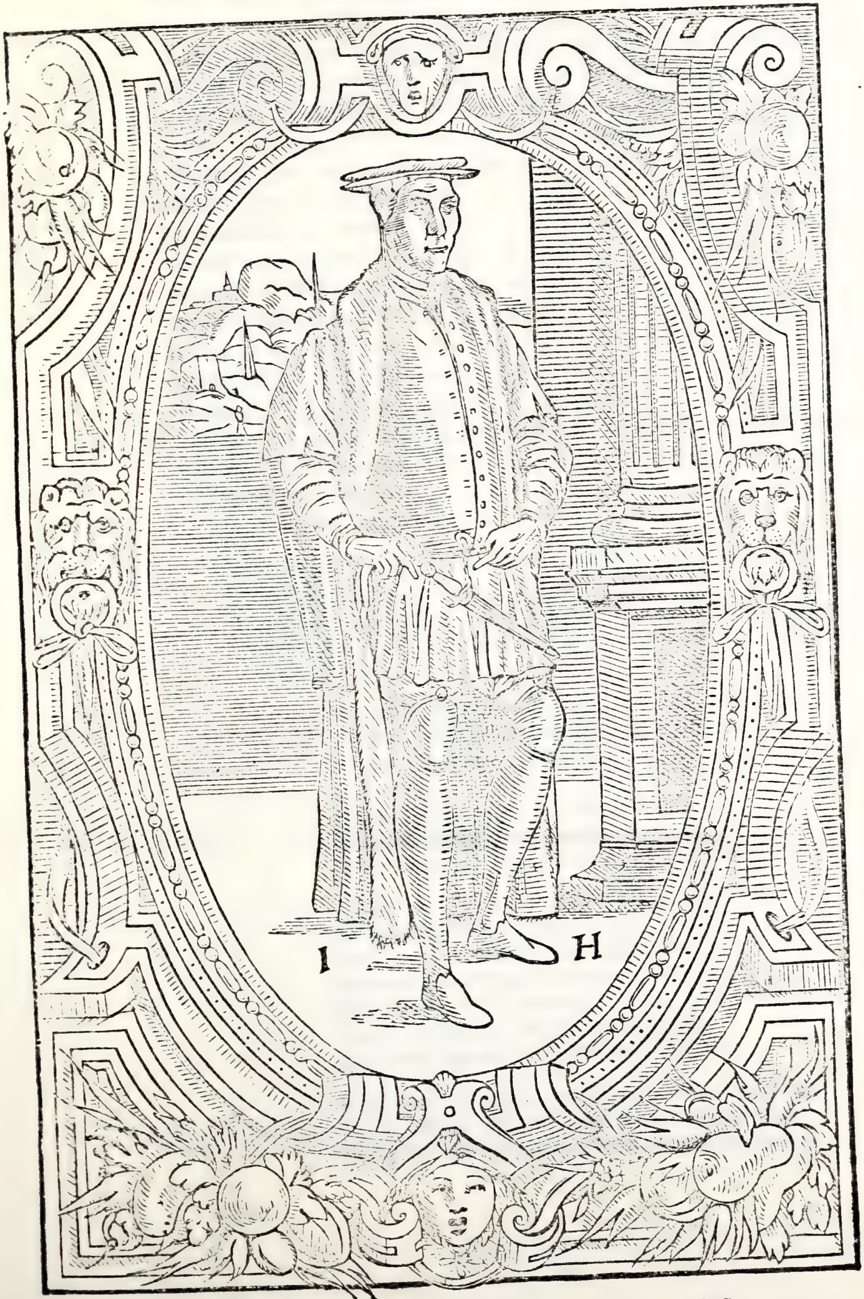
A copy wanting the title-page sold in Hibbert's sale, No. 3820, for 1*l.*; in *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 2333, for 1*l.* 10*s.*; and in *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 330, for 7*l.* 7*s*; and a perfect one in Jolley's sale, pt. iii, No. 470, for 2*l.* 18*s.*

Collation: Sig. * eight leaves, ✠ eight leaves, then A to E vi. in eights, pp. 108.

In Russia. Gilt leaves.

Heywood, (John.) — The Spider and the Flie. A parable of the Spider and the Flie, made by John Heywood.
Imprinted at London in Flete Streete by Tho. Powell.
Anno. 1556. 4to, pp. 440, blk. lett.

The above title is within an architectural compartment with termini at the sides, and the letters T. P. at the bottom, at the back of which, within an ornamented oval, is a full length portrait of the author. This portrait is described by Ant. Wood, in his account of this work, as "the picture of John Heywood from head to foot printed from a wooden cut, with a fur gown on, almost representing the fashion of that belonging to a Master of Arts, but the bottom of the sleeves reach no lower than his knees. On his head is a round cap, his chin and lips are close shav'd, and hath a dagger hanging at his girdle." After "The Preface," which is in verse, follows "The Table" of the contents or subject matter of each chapter, at the end of which the portrait is repeated, and on the reverse is "The Introduction to the matter, showing how the flie chaunsed to fall in the spiders copweb." Below is another smaller woodcut of the author in his study, standing at a table, with an open book upon it, a window near, with a cobweb in the midst, and a fly falling into it. The poem, which is in seven-line stanzas, then commences, most of the 98 chapters, of which it consists, having a similar wood cut of the author either standing or sitting before a table with a window near, and with cobwebs, spiders, and flies in it. But in several instances the woodcuts are double, occupying the whole of two pages, representing large armies of flies and spiders, with banners, weapons, cannon, &c.; and towards the end, of the housemaid with her broom, exclusive of numerous other ornamental devices. Although not the very first, these wood-cuts are some of the earliest affixed to printed books in English, the first being probably in the previous reign of Henry VIII. The portrait of Heywood has been well copied by Richardson, and as a specimen of the engraving we present our readers with a facsimile.


I
H

Heywood's poem is dull and tedious, and difficult of comprehension, and Warton has well remarked that "it is a proof of its unpopularity that it never was reprinted," but he is in error in saying that it is in the *octave* stanza. Harrison, in his *Description of Britaine* prefixed to Holinshead's *Chronicle*, has given a just character to this long poem when he says, the author "dealeth so profoundlie and beyond all measure of skill, that neither he himselfe that made it, neither anie one that readeth it, can reach unto the meaning thereof." Mr. Ellis is still more severe than Warton in his remarks on this poem, although perhaps not altogether just in calling it "utterly contemptible." Heywood, who was a strict Catholic, and whose design in this work was to vindicate and uphold the cause of his Church in Queen Mary's reign, has informed us in "The Conclusion," at the end of the poem, that by the spiders we are to understand the Protestants; by the flies, the Catholics; by the house maid, Queen Mary; her broom is the civil sword; her master, Christ; and her mistress, mother Church.

Our readers will now desire to have an opportunity of seeing a specimen of this curious and rare poem.

¶ Th'ant telth them that thei two determine honestie on both sides to be one. Willing them to go foorth in the mattier, wher with one tart taunting spider, and one sharpe saucy fly, forbearing till this time (with much peine) speaking or rather railing, stande now foorth (upon tip toes) to chop logike ech with other in rude reasoning of this case. *Cap.* 43.

Of spiders and flies: whiche parte is most honest,
The triall is the thing: we now stand upon.
Wherin: for flies, one his opinion exprest.
That as flies in nomber are twenty to one:
Aboue spiders, all on both sides euerychone:
Being like honest, most honestie doth rise,
To the flies part: where the most nombre lise.

To this one spiders tale: of the two glasses toucht,
Th' example showing more show of honestee:
In the more, then in the les nomber auoucht,
Yet both parts being honest in one degree,
Both partes of lyke honestie, thei toke to bee.
And so to adiudge: we two hauing agrede,
Agre you: how herein furder to procede.

With this, before all these spiders and flies here flockt,
Up stoode and out start: that cowple of hare breins:
The spider and fly, that erst there bragde and cockt.

Upon both their forheds: so swelled the veins:
That their thus long silence: was sene their great pains.
In cockyng currish countenance: no whit to seke
Staring ech on other, their stode cheke to cheke.

Auctoritee thei toke, none was to them geeuin,
Of good maner voide: in taunting smarte smatrers.
Plainnes, without honestie, thei used eeuin.
Thei both: to side against side, weare no flatrers:
But lyke Jaise, in cheritrese such chatrers,
That being now bent to chat, their toonges to stop
With an axe, as soone, their heds of, ye may chop.

Their talke whether to repete or to represse,
Rude railyng therin, brought me sumwhat to dout.
But finally, upon my show to professe
The show of this matter: thus fer gone about,
I thought it meete: to show the show throughout.
Namely the case framed no more fer nor hy:
Then of a poore spider, and a more poore fly.

These all (I say) standing before these two set,
Both bending their browse: in case rehersed erst
This formost spider and flie: in furious fret,
Frowning ech on other, this professe thei perst.
And vengeable venumly, ech other verst.
Before thei cam to end, how beit thei began,
In cownterfet coldnes: this matter to skan.

The decision of the arbiters, the ant and the butterfly, reminds us very strongly of the judgments of some lawyers of modern days, in which, after a very severe and prolonged contest between the contending parties, things are left much *in statu quo*, to be settled among themselves.

¶ The arbiters being agreed on their report, thei call to them againe the spiders and the flies.

Brother butterflie (quoth thant) how thinke ye now?
What maketh all this euidence for either side?
All alich for both (quoth he) now how say you?
I sei the same (quoth thant) wherin is specifide,
To hard a triall: to iudge the best side tride.
The best side of both: since doute hath thus drownd it,
Lets at last, leaue it, as we at first found it.

Agrede (quoth the butterflie) by my good sooth:
Thei herewith cald againe, the spiders and flise.
Ech hoping to here a tale, for his own tooth.

But thant being (for an ant) lerned and wise:
Otherwise weiyng, otherwise did deuise,
Of this proces past, where to report the pith.
For which (unto them all,) he made wei forthwith.

The poor ant, who had nearly been hanged upon a tree for his advice, is at last restored to his wife and family. The fly is condemned to death by the spider on the principles of reason, law, custom, and conscience, to which he yields obedience; but prays to speak with twelve other flies before he dies, which is granted, and while giving advice to them, the housemaid comes in, sweeps down the cobweb to the ground, and the fly escapes. The maid is on the point of treading the spider to death, when he prays to be heard, as the fly was before, and, withdrawing her foot, they fall to reason the case; which being done, she condemns the spider to death, as he had adjudged the fly before. Upon which he desires to speak with his son and twelve other spiders, to whom he gives his best advice for their future quiet and orderly governance, from which we are tempted to make one more extract.

Those things that thou hast herd me here declare,
By which thou seest thy father cast awaie,
To saue thy selfe (my child) se thou prepare:
To flee the same, by temperate stedie stay.
The contrarie of my demenure ay:
Shall ay defend thee so in euerie case,
As thou both loued and dead, shall kepe thi plase.

Against my sotletee, use thou simplicitee.
Against my wrong usurping, use thou right.
Against my pride, use thou humilitee.
Against my wrath, use charite: in sight.
Against my hate, in loue haue thou delight.
Against these ills: and other folowing mee,
Note these next ills; not to folow, but to flee.

Wheare truth is taken treason: and traitors in trust:
Wheare faith is famde fancie: and fancie feind feith:
Where losels ouer lords: ley lawes at their lust:
Where witlesse, as wiseste: the wittie out weith:
Where mercie to the meeke: meare malice dismeith:
Where dawcocks in doctrine: haue domination,
There doth deuision, bring desolacion.

Let truth be the bage, in whom thou trust dost take.
Let not firme faith be left: for fikill fancie,
Let rewld lords: rewle rewlesse losels, when they crake.

Let wise wisdom, ouer wey witlesse follie.
Let malice passe: use measureable mercie.
Let th unlearnd in doctrine: to the learnd giue plase.
Let pastors be plaste, as I place them in case.

In place of a shepherd, place not a shepe.
In place of a shepe, place not a shephard.
In no place, place a wolfe, the flocke to kepe:
The sheepe or the wolfe, to the shepherds place prefard.
By faintnesse, or fercenesse, the flocke must be mard.
Place thou thy shepherds: such shepherds to be,
As from the sheepe, and wolfe, use the meane decre.

Offenders penitent (for offences past,
Sauing of whom, offendeth not the standing state
Nor encorageth other, to offend the more fast)
Correct, as mercie maie rigor moderate.
But to this, make this a ground inuiolate.
Upon sturdie stif standers, in violensie,
Draw thy sword of iustice sharpned sharplie.

After a few sad words of the spider to his son, he kisseth and blesseth him; and they all depart from the spider. Then "the mayde wyth her foote presseth hym to death, and the spiders and flies beynge now absent, she sweepyth the wyndow cleane in euerie place, as far as her brome and arme wyll stretch, which doone she departeth. The maide being gone, the Auctor cūmeth in: and upon hys beholding the wyndow fayre and cleane swept wythoute anie comberus copwebs or excessiue flockes of flies he departeth," and the poem ends. There is added, "The conclusion with an exposission of the Auctor touching one peece of the latter part of this parable"—six pages—in which Heywood informs us that the work was begun more than twenty years before it was published, and that he did nothing at it for more than nineteen years; and states, that among his "poore workes" it was "begon with the first, and ended with the last." He mentions in it Queen Mary and her husband King Philip, "to her brought by God, as God brought her to us," and prays that their children and descendants may reign over us perpetually. On the last page is the Colophon, "Imprinted at London in Fletestreete by Tho. Powell. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum."

Heywood's poem, though dull and tedious, as Warton has termed it, from its allegorical form, is yet not without meaning or moral, which the reader should not forget when he takes it up, and also the period in which it was

written. Warton considers the mock fight between the spiders and the flies, of which the woodcuts present us with such curious and entertaining representations, to be an imitation of Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*, and to be the most lively part of the poem. The cuts, although apparently resembling each other, have each of them some appropriate and characteristic difference.

John Heywood, who was our second earliest dramatic writer, is stated, on good authority, to have been born in the city of London, although some writers have made him a native of North Mimms, in Hertfordshire, but probably without much foundation. It is more certain, that after leaving Oxford, where he was educated at Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, in that university, he went to reside at North Mimms, having property there, and became intimate with Sir Thomas More, who lived near that place, and is supposed to have aided him in the composition of his Epigrams. Through Sir Thomas More he is said to have been introduced to King Henry VIII, and to his daughter Queen Mary, by both of whom he was held in much esteem for his wit and humour, and quickness of repartee, and for his skill in vocal and instrumental music, by which he contributed to the delight and amusement of the court. Heywood was the chief inventor of the moral plays called "Interludes," so named from being played in the intervals between banquets or entertainments. They were free from allegorical characters, and first appeared in the reign of Henry VIII. They were intended only to fill up a very short interval, and are necessarily very brief. He was also the inventor of another kind of dramatic productions in dialogue, or discussion in verse between two or more characters of some particular opinion or subject.

Heywood wrote several plays or interludes which, though now considered dull and heavy, were popular in their day, and led the way to the regular drama. Mr. Hallam, in his account of the progress of dramatic poetry, has entirely omitted Heywood's name, which, after what we have stated above, certainly was deserving of notice, and ought not to have been overlooked. Heywood was a rigid Catholic, and fell under suspicion in the reign of Edward VI. On the death of Queen Mary, by whom he had been much noticed, he left the country for fear of persecution on account of his faith, and went to reside at Mechlin in Brabant, where he died, according to Wood and others, about the year 1565, leaving several children, but we have already shewn in another place that he was living in 1570, and that his death must be placed later. We do not know his age at the time of his decease, but he must have been far advanced in life, as he began to

publish about 1530, and survived the birth of his son Jasper for very many years.

For further information concerning Heywood and his works, see Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 350; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 378; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv, p. 543; Collier's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i, p. 45; *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 146; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 240; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 326; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 16; Granger's *Biog. Hist.*, vol. i, p. 207; *Cens. Liter.*, vol, i, p. 243.

There are copies of this work in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford (imperfect), and the Douce collection in do., the Public and Pepysian Libraries at Cambridge; and copies have sold at Freeling's sale, No. 1327, for 4*l.* 4*s.*; Hibbert's do., No. 3916, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Skegg's do., No. 890, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Inglis's do., No. 747, 7*l.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 999, 8*l.*; Utterson's do., No. 947, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Gordonstoun's do., No. 1164, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Gardiner's do., No. 1060, 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's do., pt. ii, No. 203, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Rice's do., with the Epigrams, No. 794, 9*l.* 12*s.*; White Knights' do., No. 1942, 10*l.* 5*s.*; Towneley's do., pt. i, No. 612, 16*l.* 16*s.*; Roxburge do., No. 3304, with his Workes, 21*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 326, 21*l.*

As the collation of this volume is somewhat complicated, we give it *in extenso*. Sig. A B C, containing the Preface and Table, four leaves each, then A to Z in fours, A a twelve leaves, B b six leaves, C c eight leaves, D d twelve leaves, E e sixteen leaves, F f twelve leaves, G g six leaves, H h to S s in fours; pp. 440.

Fine copy from Mr. Heber's Library.

In Russia. Gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (JOHN.) — The Spider and the Flie. A parable of the Spider and the Flie, made by John Heywood.

Imprinted at London in Flete Streete by Tho: Powell. Anno 1556. 4to, pp. 440, blk. lett.

Another very fine and perfect copy (the title inlaid) of this singular poem from the collection of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. It formerly wanted the title page, which has been kindly supplied, from another imperfect copy, by the liberality of the late Mr. Robert Triphook. The present volume measures 7½ inches by 5½, and is

Bound in Red Morocco, with gauffered gilt edges.

HEYWOOD, (JOHN.) — Iohn Heywoodes woorkes. A dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall prouerbes in the English tonge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of mariages.

With one hundred of Epigrammes: and three hundred of Epigrammes upō three hundred prouerbes: and a fifth hundred of Epigrams. Whereunto are now newly added a sixte hundred of Epigrams by the sayde John Heywood. Londini. 1566.

[Colophon.] Imprinted at London in Fleete streete by Henry Wykes. Cum priuilegio. 1566. 4to, pp. 218, **blk. lett.**

As Heywood was one of our most ancient dramatic poets, so was he also one of our earliest epigrammatists. The first edition of his *Dialogue of Proverbs* is believed to have been printed in 1546, again in 1547, 1549, 1556, and 1561. In 1562 there were added three hundred epigrams, and in the present impression three hundred more printed, being the first edition in which the whole were published collectively together. They were several times thus reprinted, the latest impression being the one by Felix Kingston in 1598, noticed in the next article. Although called "John Heywoodes woorkes," they do not comprehend the whole of his writings—*The Spider and the Flie*, and his several plays, and various ballads, being omitted. The title is within a deep woodcut border, on the reverse of which is "The Preface" in eighteen metrical lines, forming the only introduction.

The first portion of the work containing the "Dialogue" is divided into two parts of thirteen and eleven chapters. In these the various proverbs of the English language are collected and wrought into a sort of tale respecting the marriage of a young man, who wishes to marry one of two women — the one young and good looking, without any fortune, the other a rich widow, old and grey headed. Being in a difficulty as to the choice, the author gives a relation of two marriages made under similar circumstances, both of which ended in disappointment and trouble; and the young man determines to remain single. The work is written in long measure, and opens thus:

Of mine acquayntance a certaine yong man
Beyng a resorter to me now and than)
Resorted lately, showyng him selfe to bee
Desirous to talke at length alone with me.
And as we for this, a meete place, had woon,
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begon.
Who so that knew, what would be deere,
Should neede be a marchant but one yeere.
Though it (quoth he) thing impossible bee,
The full sequele of present things to foresee:
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man
Politykely (as man possible can)
In things to come after to cast eie before,
To caste out or kepe in things for fore store.
As the prouision may seeme most profitable,
And the commoditee most commendable.
Into this consideracion I am wrought
By two things, whiche fortune to hands hath brought.
Two women I know, of whiche twayne the tone
Is a mayde of flowring age, a goodly one.
Th other a widow, who so many yeeres beares,
That all hir whitenesse lythe in hir white heares.
This mayde hath freends ryche, but riches hath shee none,
Nor none can hir handes geat to lieue 'upon.
This widow is very riche, and hir freends bare,
And both these, for loue to wed with me fond are.
And both would I wed, the better and the wurs,
The tone for her person, the tother for her purs.

The following lines will shew the mode in which the proverbs are introduced, and will serve as a fair example of this portion of the work.

Som things that prouoke young men to wed in haste,
Show after wedding, that *hast maketh waste.*
Whan time hath tournd white surger to white salte,
Than suche folke see, *soft fire maketh sweete malte.*
And that deliberation doth men assist
Before they wed to *beware of had I wist.*
And than their timely wedding doth cleere appere,
That they were *early up, and neuer the neere.*
And ones their hastie heate a littell controlde,
Than percieue they well, *hotte loue soone colde.*
And whan hasty witlasse mirth is mated weele,
Good to be mery and wise, they thinke and feele.

Haste in weddyng som man thinketh his owne auayle
Whan haste proveth a rod made for his owne tayle.
And whan he is well beaten with his owne rod,
Than seeth he *hast and wisdome things far od.*
And that in all, or most things, wisht at neede,
Moste times he seeth, *the more haste the lesse speede.*
In les things then weddyng, *hast showth hastie mans fo,*
So that *the hasty man neuer wanteth wo.*
These sage sayd sawes if ye take so profounde,
As ye take that, by which ye tooke your grounde;
Than finde ye grounded cause by these now here told,
In hast to weddyng your hast to with hold.

In the sixth chapter, part ii, there is a reference made to Robin Hood in one of the proverbs:

Bachelors bost, how they will teach their wyues good,
But many a man speaketh of Robyn hood,
That neuer shot in his bowe.

And again in the ninth chapter:

Tales of Robin hood are good among fooles.

And in the same chapter is one upon Goodwin sands:

And so set up shop upon Goodwins sands.

The reader may see some remarks upon the early use of the word *cockney* from the proverb in the eleventh chapter, part i.:

He that cometh every day, shall haue a cocknaie.
He that cometh now and then, shall haue a fatte hen.

in a note on a saying of the Fool in *King Lear*:

> Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive: she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, Down, wantons, down.

See Johnson and Reed's edition of *Shakspere*, vol. xvii, p. 426; and *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 247. And also on another Shakesperian proverb on the same page,

She is as fierce, as a Lyon of Cotsolde,

meaning a Cotswold sheep.

On the last page of the *Dialogue of Proverbs*, is the title to

"The firste hundred of Epigrammes. Inuented and made by Iohn Heywoode. Londini, 1566."

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On the back is an address "To the Reader" in four seven-line stanzas, and "The table to this Booke." At the end of this part is the full length woodcut portrait of Heywood in a fur gown and cap, within an ornamented oval, the same that was given in *The Spider and the Flie*, and which here serves as a frontispiece to the title to the next part:

"Three hundred Epigrammes, upon three hundred prouerbs. Inuented and made by John Heywood. Londini, 1566."

This part is without any preliminary address, and has only the Table—five pages. At the end of this another title occurs:

"The fifth hundred of Epygrammes. Inuented and made by Iohn Heywoode. Londini. Anno Christi, 1566."

On the back of the title are the following lines, and then "The Table."

To the reader.

Were it as parellous to deale cardes at play,
As it is quarellous to deale bookes this day,
One and forty men, among one and fiftie,
Wolde flee one and thirtie, to flee one unthriftie.
And yet Cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealyng,
Fore deale of bookes in this harde time of dealyng,
Cardes be tooted on but on the tone side:
Bookes on both sides: in all places porde and pride.
Not to content, but to contend, upon spiall
Of the least tittle, that can come in triall.
Of the best writer to write be muche afrayde,
More may I (the woorst) by fearefull feare be stayde.
And were not this one thing, feare should stay me so,
That booke or ballet, I neuer durst write mo.
In all my simple writyng neuer ment I
To touch any priuate person displeasantly.
Nor none do I touche here: by name, but onely one,
Which is my selfe: whom I may be bolde upon.
This ment in my makyng, syns proofe doth declare,
I pray you readers to scan this, by this square.
As I, for mirth, myrily did make it,
So you, in mirth, myrily will take it.

This portion concludes with the following curious epigram on himself descriptive of his works and character.

Of Heywood. 100.

Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit?
Ye forsooth maister, that same is euen hit.

Art thou Heywood that applieth merth more then thrift?
Ye sir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies?
Ye many plaies, fewe good woorkes in all my daies,
Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long?
Ye: and will, if I be made mery among.
Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now?
Ye sir: helpe me to it now I beseche yow.

Then occurs another and last title:

"A sixt hundred of Epigrammes. Newly inuented and made by John Heywood. Londini. Anno Christi. 1566."

A single seven-line stanza, addressed "To the reader," precedes the customary Table, and on the last page is the Colophon "Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete by Henry Wykes. Cum priuilegio."

Heywood's Proverbs were much commended by Wilson in his *Arte of Rhetorike*, Lond. 1553, 4to, and by other contemporary writers; and his Epigrams rendered him highly popular. He appears to have been more witty and humourous than learned or refined, and never attained to any dignity or fancy in his verses. Warton has quoted some of his epigrams; and Dr. Bliss, in his additions to Wood's account of Heywood, has given a few more. Mr. Haslewood also has made several quotations from them in his article on Heywood's Workes in *Cens. Liter.* We shall therefore here add only a very few more.

To muche or to little. 5.
If that I drinke to much, than am I drie,
If I drinke to littell, more drie am I:
If I drinke no whit, than am I driest.
To muche, to litle, no whit, nought is the best.
Thus drinke we no whit, or drinke tyll we burst,
Yet poore drie soules we be euer a thurst.

Two wishers for two maner of mouthes. 83.
I wisshe thou hadst a littel narrow mouth, wife,
Littell and littell to droppe out words in strife.
And I wisshe you sir, a wide mouth for the nonce,
To speake all that euer you shall speake at once.

Waggyng of beardes. 2.
It is mery in hall when beardes wagge all,
Husband, for this, these words to minde I call,
This is ment by men, in their mery eating:
Not to wag their beards in brawlyng and threating.
Wife, the meanyng hereof, differth not two pins,
Betweene waggyng of mens beards and womens chins.

Weddyng and hangyng. 6.

Weddyng and hangyng, are destiny I see,
Weddyng and hangyng, whiche is best, sir (quoth shee)
Forsooth, good wife, hangyng I thinke best (quoth hee)
So helpe me god, good husband, so thinketh mee.
Oh, how like lambes, man and wyfe here agree.

Of the foxes preaching. 166.

When the foxe preacheth, then beware our geese.
You that feare your geese, learn wyt here a peese.
Kepe foxes from pulpets, your geese to teache:
Or keepe geese from sermons, when foxes do preache.

Of enough and a feast. 200.

As good ynough as a feast.
This for a truth say most and least.
But what ynough is iustly ment,
And with enough to be content,
Those are two pointes that fewe or none,
Can learne to know, and stande upon.

Of louyng a dog. 85.

Loue me, loue my dog: by loue to agree,
I loue thy dog, as well as I loue thee.

Of a cattes looke. 117.

A cat may looke on a kyng, and what of that,
When a cat so looketh: a cat is but a cat.

Of longe sutes. 12.

Sutes hange halfe a yere in Westminster hall:
At Tyburne, halfe an houres hangyng endeth all.

Of gloria patri. 35.

Dicke, I maruaile muche, why in euery plat,
Gloria patri standth before *Sicut erat.*
Tom, *Gloria patri* is a gentleman:
In pleasant speeche, speake so sweetely no tung can.
Sicut erat is a chorle so rude and playn,
That to here him speake, all degrees do disdayne.

Of a dyer. 36.

Is thy husband a dyer, woman? alacke,
Had he no colour to die thee on but blacke?
Dieth he oft? Ye, to oft when customers call,
But I wolde haue him one day, die once for all.
Were he gone, dier would I neuer mo wed.
Diars be euer diyng, but neuer ded.

Of walkyng and talkyng. 97.

Walke thou narowly, walke thou neerely:
Walke as thy walke may ende cheerely.
Talke thou basely, talke thou boldely:
In all thy talke, talke thou coldly.
Walke thou weatly, walke thou dryly:
In thy walke, walke not to hyly.
Talke thou meryly, talke thou sadly:
Talke as thy talke may take ende gladly.
Walke thou dayly, walke thou weekely:
In all thy walke, walke thou meekely.
Talke thou softly, talke thou loudly:
In any talke, talke not proudly.
Walke thou fyrstly, walke thou lastly;
Walke in the walke that standth fastly.
Talke or walke oldly or newly:
Talke and walke plainly and trewly.

There is a copious article on this work, with numerous quotations, from the edition by Marsh in 1587 in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 244, by Mr. Haslewood. See also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 373; Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 146; *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. i, p. 56; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 329, where a copy of Marsh's edition, 1587, and of Drant's *Medicinable Morall*, 1566, bound together, are priced at 25*l.* A copy of the present edition of 1566 sold at Reed's Sale, No. 6937, for 2*l.* 2*s.*; Baron Bolland's do., No. 1357, 2*l.* 14*s.*; Dowdeswell's do., No. 424, 3*l.* 7*s.*; and Boswell's do., No. 1261, 5*l.* 18*s.* A copy of this impression is in the British Museum, and in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Collation: Sig. A to E e 1 in fours. pp. 218.

Bound in Russia.

Heywood, (John.)—The Workes of Iohn Heiwood newlie imprinted. Namelie, a Dialogue, wherein are pleasantlie contriued the number of all the effectuall Prouerbs in our English tongue. Compact in a matter concerning two maner of Mariages. Together with three hundred Epigrammes vpon three hundred Prouerbes. Also a fourth, fifth, and sixth hundreth of other very pleasant, pithie and ingenious Epigrammes.

At London Imprinted by Felix Kingston. 1598. 4to, pp. 208, blk. lett.

The present impression of Heywood's works appears to be the latest of those which were issued of the Proverbs and Epigrams collectively. It was a posthumous edition, Heywood having been dead some years. The contents are much the same as in the former edition, but the arrangements of the Epigrams are different. On the back of the title is the short metrical Preface as before, and the two parts of Dialogue on Proverbs. Then a new title page —

"Three Hundred Epigrammes, vpon three hundred Proverbs. Inuented and made by Iohn Heywood."

and "The Table," five pages. At the end of these there is another title:

"The Fourth Hundred of Epigrammes, invented and made by Iohn Heywood. At London, Imprinted by Felix Kingston. 1568."

This answers to the first hundred in the former edition, and has the metrical address "To the Reader," in four line stanzas, and "The Table to this first hundreth of Epigrammes." Then other similar title pages to the Fifth and Sixth Hundreds, with the short poetical address "To the Reader," and "The Tables." At the end, on a separate leaf, sometimes found wanting in copies, is "An Epilogue or Conclusion of this worke, by Tho: Newton," in Alexandrine verse of fourteen syllables, commencing thus:

Loe, here is seene the fruite that growes by painfull quill and braine:
How after date of mortall dayes a man reuiues againe.
This Author Heywood dead and gone, and shrinde in tombe of clay,
Before his death by penned workes did carefully assay
To builde himselfe a lastlng Tombe, not made of stone and lyme,
But better farre, and richer too, triumphing over Tyme.
Whereby hee dead, yet liueth still, enregistred in minde
Of thankefull Crewe, who through his paines no small aduantage finde.
And so farre forth as mortall wightes may possibly procure
A lasting life here on this earth proceedes from learning sure.
Whereby a man doth in some sort himselfe immortall make
Keeping his name, his fame and state from death of LETHE lake.

Newton goes on thus to speak of Heywood:

Nowe as wee may a Lyon soone discerne euen by his pawe,
So by this Worke we quickly may a iudgement certaine drawe,
What kinde of man this Author was, and what a pleasaunt vaine
Of fancies forge and modest mirth lay lodged in his braine.

* * * * * * *

Let him therefore that gathred first these Prouerbes fine and braue
With roundly couched Epigrammes, a friendly censure haue.
That others may of Ashes his, bee raisde like paines to take,
In hope to worke their Countries weale, and so an end I make.

1598
Thomas Newtonus Cestreshyrius.

Mr. Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, has shewn that Heywood, in 1538, received a regular salary from Henry VIII. of 2*l.* 10*s.* per quarter (no inconsiderable sum at that time) as a "player in the virginals," and that later on he became master of a company of children, who acted before the Princess Mary, probably his own interludes, and who were frequently rewarded by her with small sums for their trouble. He is called a singer in 1519, when he was, perhaps, only a boy, and subsequently was occupied in writing plays and interludes; and composing songs and poems, one of which, relating to himself, from a *MS.* in the Cottonian collection, well worthy of notice, Mr. Collier has quoted at length in the same work, vol. i, p. 70. See Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. i, pp. 70, 92, and 116; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 240; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*

Copies of this edition have sold at Steevens's Sale, No. 908, for 1*l.* 1*s.*; Nassau's do., pt. i, No. 4937, 1*l.* 19*s.*; Brand's do., No. 4348, 2*l.* 3*s.*; Baron Bolland's do., No. 1358, 2*l.* 15*s.*; and Bindley's do., pt. ii, No. 2082, 9*l.* 9*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to C c 4 in fours. pp. 208.
Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Heywood, (Thomas.)—Troia Britanica: or, Great Britaines Troy. A Poem deuided into xvii seuerall Cantons, intermixed with many pleasant Poeticall Tales. Concluding with an Vniversall Chronicle from the Creation, vntill these present Times. Written by Tho. Heywood.

Et prodesse solent, and Delectare Poetæ.

London, Printed by W. Jaggard. 1609. Folio, pp. 446.

Thomas Heywood, one of our most prolific dramatic writers, was no relation to John Heywood, but is believed to have been a native of Lincolnshire. He was an actor as well as a writer, and was one of the servants of the

Earl of Worcester; but was afterwards transferred on the accession of James I. to Queen Anne, and became thenceforward one of the Queen's servants. He wrote with great ease and rapidity, and besides being concerned, as he himself tells us, in the composition of at least 220 plays, of which only twenty-three survive, he wrote the *City Pageants* for several years, and numerous other works in prose and verse, and defended the stage successfully against the Puritans. He was one of our earliest writers who introduced vocal songs into their plays — and several of these possess considerable spirit. He was a good, general, and classical scholar, as appears from the numerous quotations from the Greek and Latin writers in his various works, of which the *Actors Vindication* is considered one of his best. He is ranked by Langbaine among the second class of our dramatic writers, but this is perhaps elevating him on too high an eminence, and a third class would be considered by many as nearer the mark. We have seen it stated somewhere that he was a member of the University of Cambridge, but this appears very doubtful. He is supposed to have died about 1649, but the exact date of his birth or of his death, or the place of his interment, is not known. It is singular that both Langbaine and Jacob, and the writers in the *Biogr. Dram.*, in their account of Heywood's productions, omit all mention of the present work.

On the title is Jaggard's elegant device of a hand holding a sceptre with a portcullis at the top, and two branches of laurel: a serpent coiled about the wrist with the tail in its mouth, forming a small circle, within which is the word PRVDENTIA. Around this are some elegant devices of mermaids, birds, fruit, and flowers, with ovals on each side, one of a spread eagle and key, with the motto "Post tenebras lux," and the other of a printer's device with the motto "Be thankefvll to God," and the arms of the Stationers' Company at the bottom, the whole occupying the greater half of the page. A dedication to the Earl of Worcester follows in eight six-line stanzas, in which reference is made to Heywood's being a member of his Company, and to his patronage, whose "favour gaue his muse first breath." This is succeeded by a prose address "To the two fold Readers: the Courteous, and the Criticke," and by the "Proemium." The Poem is composed in octave stanzas, each canto being preceded by an Argument, and having a Scholium or Commentary attached at the end. It is a long, rambling, and desultory performance, including, as the author informs us, "a brief Epitome or Chronicle, euen from the first man unto us, this second time created *Britons*, with a faithfull Register, not onely of memorable thinges done in

Troy and this Island, but of many and the most famous accidents happening through the World, in whose raigne, and what yeare of the world they chanced to happen." It is very unequally written, but contains some good and entertaining passages. Like most of his other works it was composed with great haste; but Heywood possessed a mind of the most fertile and unbounded resources, and being well versed in classical subjects, he was enabled to diversify his narrations with amusing stories and extracts from these. His poetry does not boast of much vigour, but it possesses ease and simplicity, and a natural grace and artlessness. The following stanzas, taken from the "Invocation to King James," near the commencement, will afford a specimen of the work, and enable us to judge of Heywood's style and versification in this poem:

7.

Oh giue me leaue, from the Worlds first creation,
The ancient names of *Britons*, to deriue
From *Adam*, to the Worlds first Inundation,
And so from *Noah*, to vs that yet suruiue:
And hauing of *Troyes* Worthies made relation,
Your spurs the Chariot of my Muse must driue
  Through all past ages, and precedent times,
  To fill this new World with my worthlesse rymes.

8.

Oh, may these artlesse numbers in your eares,
(Renowmed IAMES) seeme musically strung
Your fame (oh IOVES-star'd Prince) spread euery where
First gaue my still and speechlesse Muse a tung:
From your Maiestike vertues (prised deare)
The infant life of these harsh meeters sprung;
  Oh, take not then their industrie in skorne
  Who, but to emblaze you, had beene yet vnborne.

9.

Nor let your Princely Peeres hold in disdaine
To haue their Auncestry stil'de and inrolde
In this poore Register, a higher straine
Their merits aske, since brazen leaues vnfold
Their neuer dying Fame, yet thus much daine,
Not to despise to heare your vertues told
  In a plaine stile, by one, whose wish and hart
  Supplies in zeale, want both of *Skill* and *Art*.

10.

Times faithfully confer'd, the first inuention
Of most thinges now in vse, here you shall finde

Annexed with these, the vse and comprehension
Of Poesie, once to the Goddes desceind,
Suffer our bluntnesse then, since our intention
Is to good vse, sent from a zealous mind.
If Stones in Lead set, keepe their vertues: then
Your worth's the same, though blaz'de by a rude Pen.

11.

In the Worldes Child-hood, and those Infant-daies
When the first earth was in her strength and prime,
Of her owne nature yeilding plants and spraies,
Flowers, both for smell and medicine: when each time
The chearefull beames of the bright Sunne displaies
To ripen fruites in their conuenient time:
Before the labouring *Swaine* with's iron plow
Made furrowed wrinkles in the *Earths* smooth brow.

12.

When men were gouern'd more by *Will* than *Art*,
And had their appetites by Nature swayde,
When *Fraud* was vnbegot, and had no part
In the worlds empire, before *Coyne* was made,
When man his mutuall fortunes did impart
Without *Extortion*, *Guile*, or *Vsurers* trade:
Before smooth *Cunning* was to ripenesse growne,
Or diuellish *Wax* and *Parchment* yet were knowne.

13.

I meane the golden world, the purest age,
That knew not brazen warre, or fatall steele,
For war was in his cradle: yron age,
Bred but his teeth: yet did the world not feele
His rauenous phangs, no man did battell wage,
Or try the inconstant course of Fortunes wheele;
There was twixt king and king no grim defiance,
Nor bands (saue of affection and alliance).

Heywood, as a player, and a writer of plays, was, as may be imagined, extremely severe and wrath against the Puritans; and in some remarks on *Opinion* as the foundation of all our divisions, moral, religious, and political, he thus roughly rails against this party:

45.

Opinions all: Say, I this man adore:
He is to me a King (though but a Slaue)
Or if a King, of him that bowes no more
Or holdes him none, the stile he cannot haue.

Religion is *Opinion* too: Before
Religion was, Man worshipt euery Graue
And in these daies, through all the worlds dominions
We see as many Churches as *Opinions.*

46.

Opinion first made Kings, first founded Lawes,
First did deuide the *Gentle* from the *Base,*
First bounded Man in compasse, for because
Men thought it good, they gaue *Opinion* place:
From this comes all contempt and all applause,
Reuerence to some, and vnto some disgrace:
This, Peace compounds, or Concord turns to ods,
This, first dam'd Deuils, first created Gods.

47.

This, breedes the Atheists skorne, the Christians feare,
The *Arians* error, *Pagans* misbeliefe,
This makes the *Turke* his *Alcoran* to heare,
Breeds in the bold, presumption: penitent, griefe:
This made the *Iewes* their Sauiour *Christ* forsweare,
Despising him, choose *Barrabas* the Theefe:
Hence came the *Persian* Holy (long agone)
Diffring from him the sect of *Præster-Iohn.*

48.

Hence comes the *Protestant* to be deuided
From Triple-crowned *Rome:* a loug-liu'd warre
Not yet by Armes or Arguments decided:
Hence came the *Catholikes* mongst themselues to iar,
Hence, diuers orders, diuers waies are guyded:
Some *Iacobine,* and some *Franciscans* are:
Templers, Capoochins, Fryers both blacke and gray,
Moonks, and the *Iesuits,* bearing the most sway.

49.

In our reformed Church too, a new man,
Is in few yeares crept vp, in strange disguise
And cal'd the selfe-opinion'd *Puritan,*
A fellow that can beare himselfe precise,
No Church supremacy endure he can,
No orders in the Byshops Diocyse:
He keepes a starcht gate, weares a formall ruffe,
A nosegay, set face, and a poted cuffe.

50.

He neuer bids God speed you on your way,
Because he knowes not what your bosomes smother,

His phrase is, Verily; By yea and nay,
In faith, in truth, good neighbour, or good brother,
And when he borrowes mony, nere will pay,
One of th' elect must common with another,
  And when the poore, his charity intreat,
  You labour not, and therefore must not eate.

51.

He will not Preach, but Lector: nor in white
Because the Elders of the Church commaund it
He will no crosse in Baptisme, none shall fight
Vnder that Banner, if he may withstand it
Nor out of antient Fathers Latine cite,
The cause may be, he doth not vnderstand it;
  His followers preach all faith, and by their workes
  You would not iudge them Catholickes, but Turkes.

52.

He can endure no Organs, but is vext
To heare the Quirristers shrill Antheames sing,
He blames degrees in th' *Accademy* next,
And gainst the liberall Arts can Scripture bring,
And when his tongue hath runne beside the text,
You may perceiue him his loud clamors ring
  Gainst honest pastimes, and with pittious phrase,
  Raile against Hunting, Hawking, Cockes, and Plaies.

53.

With these the *Brownists* in some points cohere,
That likewise hold the marriage ring prophane,
Commanded prayers they'l not indure to heare,
And to subscribe to *Canons* they disdaine:
They hold more sinne a corner'd cap to weare
Then cut a purse: leaue these as vilde and vaine,
  By thee (*Opinion*) Realmes haue bin confounded,
  What dar'st not thou, where thou art firmly grounded?

The ninth and tenth Cantos contain the Epistles of Paris to Helen, and of Helen to Paris, written in heroic verse of ten syllables each. Concerning these Epistles, the reader may see a curious address from Heywood to his publisher Nicholes Okes, in his *Apology for Actors*, 4to, 1612, complaining bitterly of the negligence of Jaggard, the printer of the the present volume, for the faults, misquotations, and other mistakes he had made in the printing; and that when Heywood wished to correct them in the errata, Jaggard would not publish his own bad workmanship, but let his own faults lie on

the neck of the author, and praises Okes for his greater care and correctness. He complains also of the injury done him in this work, by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Helen and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a small volume, under the name of Shakespere, and thus making it appear as if he had stolen them from him, and had taken liberties with his name. Jaggard had published a third edition of the *Passionate Pilgrim* in 1612, to which he had attached Heywood's pieces, which was the cause of the censure of the latter in this address to Okes. See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 160.

The last two Cantos relate entirely to the history of Britain; the sixteenth giving an account of the succession of kings from Brute, the supposed founder of the kingdom, who landed here and built London (called New Troy) in 2855, or before Christ 1108, down to the Norman king, William; the seventeenth and last, bringing it down from William to the accession of James I.—by whom the three kingdoms were united—with which the poem concludes. It is noticed in *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 141. See also Campbell's *Essay*, p. 219; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, p. 330.

Copies have sold in Nassau's Sale, pt. i, No. 1591, for 18*s.*; Jolly's do., pt. iii, No. 473, 18*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's do., pt. i, No. 1382, 19*s.*; Gardiner's do., No. 1110, 1*l.* 16*s.*; Skegg's do., No. 894, 2*l.*; Bright's do., No. 2891, 2*l.* 7*s.*; Hibbert's do., No. 3956, 3*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to Q q 6 in sixes.

Bound by C. Smith.

In light Blue Morocco, elegantly tooled. Gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.)—A Funerall Elegie, vpon the death of the late most hopefull and illustrious Prince, Henry, Prince of Wales. Written by Thomas Heywood.

> Quid numeras Annos? vixit maturior Annis:
> Acta senem faciunt; hœc numeranda tibi.

London, Printed for William Welbie, dwelling in St. Pauls
Church-yard, at the signe of the Swan. 1613. 4to, pp. 24.

It was scarcely to be expected that the prolific muse of Heywood would remain silent under such a general affliction as the death of Prince Henry. Accordingly we have here the fruit of his sorrow on this melancholy occasion in a Funerall Elegie, which may, perhaps, bear a comparison with some other effusions of a similar kind on this untoward event. On the back of

the title is a blank page in black, which is also repeated on the reverse of the next leaf, containing the dedication addressed "To the Right Honourable Edward Earle of Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland, and Gower, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Maister of the House, and one of the Kings most Honourable Privy Covncell." This is succeeded by a poetical address, "To the Reader," of twenty-two lines. The Elegie is written in forty-seven octave stanzas, and does not rise above mediocrity. The following extract is, perhaps, as favourable a passage as could be selected for quotation:

It was not *Fate*: his vertues and choyce graces,
(Gifts both of *Heauen* and *Nature*) mixt with state,
Had in his bosome chose such soueraigne places,
That he was arm'd against all power of *Fate*:
Nor Time,—though he before him driues, and chaces
Minutes, dayes, months and yeares: till he call late
  Euery new season; to haue sau'd his *Prime*,
  From his own daies he would haue lent him *Time*.

I must excuse *Age*, and extent of yeares:
For they (alacke the while) ne're saw each other.
Oh! had they met, we then had spar'd these teares,
And sau'd this griefe, which is too great to smother,
So milde, so graue, so reuerent, *Age* appeares
He would haue ioy'd to imbrace him as a brother,
  As youth his hopes: he would haue striu'd to raise
  His fortunes; beeing cloath'd in ancient dayes.

The Muses and the Arts I can acquite:
For they are all too good to act such ill,
Preposterous 'twere to thinke them opposite
So farre to their owne life, as seeke to kill
Him, through whose eies they did receiue their sight,
And to whose practise they confin'd their will:
  Whose actions were his deeds, in whom they saw
  All vertues grac'd with a Maiesticke awe.

Nor would the *Muses* haue giuen such occasion
Of their owne teares, which they so freely shed.
What purpose then? what motiue? what perswasion
Hath bene the cause that we lament him dead?
Or how came Death to make this proud inuasion,
And casket vp this gem in stone, and lead?
  Himselfe could not, (for he was all perfection)
  Bring his faire body to this low deiection.

'Twas that which shattered *Sylo,* made the earth
Gape, and at once deuoure both *Tribes* and *Tents*:
That made the spheares showre fire, all *Natures birth*
Confin'd into one Arke: that all descents,
Degrees and Titles in one generall dearth
Swept from th' earth's face: that beyond all extents,
Limits and bounds, incenst *Ioues* indignation,
To drowne the world in a deep inundation.

What monster may we call this? *Sinne*: our sinne,
When one alone (and but one) that of pride
Cast Angels from the highest *Cherubin.*
All their bright gloryes in the *Abisme* to hide;
Since many millions we are wrapped in,
As vgly and as horrid: deepe sinnes dy'd
In bloud and death: no wonder if they pull
This wrath on vs, to make our griefes more full.

At the end of the Elegy, Heywood's name is subscribed in full, and on the reverse is another mourning page. Nassau's Sale, pt. i, No. 2110, with a portrait inserted, 4*s*.; Skegg's do., No. 893, 6*s*.; Roxburghe do., No. 3358, **11*s*.** A fine impression of the scarce full-length portrait of the Prince, exercising with a lance, by Hole, is added in this copy.

Half bound in Blue Morocco.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.)—Philocothonista, or, The Drunkard Opened, Dissected, and Anatomized. [Woodcut.]
London, Printed by Robert Raworth, and are to be sold at his house neere the White-Hart Taucrne in Smithfield. 1635.
4to, pp. 104.

On the title is a singular woodcut frontispiece of calves, goats, swine, and asses (emblematic of drunkards) carousing round a table, opposite to which is a leaf containing verses in Latin and English "Vpon the Frontispiece" signed T. H. Then a metrical address "The Author to the Booke," subscribed Tho: Fœni-lignum, *i.e.*, Heywood, and two copies of commendatory verses by George Donne and Iohn Foord. A prose address, "The Booke to the sober and discreet Reader," and a table of the Contents of the different Chapters, conclude the introductory matter. The work is in prose, interspersed with occasional poetry, and contains in the first Tractate, accounts

from heathen writers, both of those nations and characters most distinguished for drunkenness; of the several sorts of cups and drinking bowls most used in Greece and other countries, and of the various wines of Italy, Greece and elsewhere. The second Tractate relates more particularly to English Drunkards and their habits; stories of those whom immoderate drinking has made ridiculous; the horrid effects of drunkenness; and an admonition to sobriety and temperance. It will be unnecessary to furnish any quotations, but a passage from Zenophanes Colophonius on the propriety of moderation in our feasts and banquets, commencing

Iamque solum purum, est manus huic et pocula cunctis
Puraque quæ cingit nexa corona caput, &c.,

is thus rendered by Heywood:

Cleane swept the floor, white hands, pots without staine,
And pure and fresh the Crowne that girts thy braine.
An unguent one Cup holds, with odours sweete,
A second fraught is brought, these a third meete.
Full of sweete smelling flowers, in midst of which
Another bowle is plac't, that's fill'd with rich
And purest Frankinsence; the feast to grace
Whose deuine smell doth sweeten all the place:
Fresh pleasant water is not wanting there,
Vpon the reuerend Table: All the cheere
Is yellow cakes, pure Hony, and fat cheese:
The Altar that stands by, hath the degrees
With faire flowers strewed, so likewise is the ground,
With festiue songs the Courts about resound.
They offer first unto the Powers diuine,
(As good men ought) before they taste their Wine:
With hearts sincere, unto the Gods they pray,
That nothing ill may there be done that day.
They doe not drinke to surfit, but for thirst,
Ryot with them is staru'd, and temperance nurst:
Extreames they shun, the meane they doe not breake,
Not he that most can drinke, but best can speake
Hath their repute. All quarrels they extrude,
'Mongst them the Giants warres are not renew'd:
Not *Centuines* Feas; but in their cups they beare
Hearts like the Gods, so upright, and sincere.

The work is scarce, and little noticed by bibliographers. It sold in Jolley's Sale, pt. iii, No. 488, for 17*s.*; Nassau's do., pt. ii, No. 757, 1*l.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1000, 1*l.*; Bright's do., No. 2903, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Hibbert's

do., No. 3743, 2*l.* 8*s.*; Inglis's do., No 1161, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Gordonstoun do., No. 1173, 3*l.* 1*s.*; and White Knights' do., No. 1931, 3*l.* 7*s*.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves, ¶ four leaves, then A to M 2 in fours.

Bound in Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.) — The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells. Their Names, Orders, and Offices. The fall of Lucifer with his Angells. Written by Tho. Heywood.

Vita scelesta vale, cœlica vita veni.

London Printed by Adam Islip 1635. Folio, pp. 639, including frontispiece, introductory matter and index.

The title to this large and singular work by Heywood is in the centre of an elaborately engraved Frontispiece by Cecill, containing a representation of the emblems of the Triune Deity at the top, surrounded by clouds, and of the fate of the blessed on one side, and of the condemned on the other. It is dedicated to the Queen Henrietta Maria, the Consort of Charles I., and has prefixed a short prose address or Proem from the Author "To the Reader." *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells* is a long and very desultory poem of above six hundred pages, in nine books, severally entitled "The Seraphim, The Cherubim, The Thrones, The Dominations, The Vertues, The Powers, The Principats, The Arch-Angell, and The Angell." To each of these is prefixed an Argument in verse, and to each Argument is added the name of an Angel: Uriel, Iophiel, Zaphkiel, Zadchiel, Haniel, Raphael, Camael, Michael, and Gabriel. Before each book is prefixed a large engraved plate by Marshall, Payne, Glover, &c., occupying the whole page, contributed at the expence of private donors, and each book is further illustrated by "Theologicall, Philosophicall, Morall, Poeticall, Historicall, Emblematicall Observations" in prose, in which the classical and patristic learning of the author is largely displayed. At the end of the Observations there is "A Meditation" added to each book in verse.

The Poem is of a very varied and desultory nature, and it will be impossible here to give any comprehensive idea of a large work like this, or to furnish many extracts from it. The first three books relate chiefly to the Deity, the Saviour, the Sun, Moon and Stars, the Elements, the Signs of the Zodiac, Wisdom, and other subjects, and it is not till the fourth book that he begins to discourse of the celestial Hierarchy. Our first extract shall be concerning the excellency of divine Wisdom as commended by herself.

Of all Gods Creatures, the first borne am I,
And issu'd from the mouth of the Most High.
The Light that failes not, was by me first made;
The lower Earth, as with a Cloud, I shade.
My dwelling is above, where Light first shone;
And in the *Pillar of the Cloud*, my Throne
Alone, the compasse of the Heau'n I round,
And can the Seas vnbottom'd Channels sound;
All Seas, and Earth, and Nations, I enioy
And with my Power, all proud Hearts I destroy:
In all these things I wisht that Rest might cease me
In some Inheritance that best might please me.
So, the Creator gaue me a Command;
Euen He that made me by his Powerfull hand
Appointed, That in *Iacob* I should dwell,
And plac't mine Heritage in *Israel*;
That I, amongst the chosen, might take root.
(And willingly I did assent vnto't.)
From the Beginning, e're the World was made,
By Him I was created, not to fade:
I seru'd him in his holy Habitation,
And so in *Sion* had my setled Station.
My power was in *Ierusalem*, his best
Belou'd of Cities, where he gaue me rest:
An honour'd People did my name aduance,
The portion of the Lords Inheritance.
Like a strait Cedar I am set on high,
That seemes in *Lebanon* to braue the Sky.
I, like a Cypresse tree my branches fill,
That hath tooke root on top of *Hermon* hill.
And like a Palme about the banks I grow;
Or like a Rose planted in *Iericho*:
Like a faire Oliue in a pleasant field;
Or a Plane tree, where furrowes water yeeld.
Besides, like to the Cinnamom I smell,
Or bags of Spices, being mixed well.
I, as the best Myrrh, a sweet odour gaue,
Such as the *Galbanum* and *Onix* haue;
That scent which doth the pleasant *Storax* grace,
Or rich perfume that sweetens all the place.
My boughes I like the *Terebinth* haue spred
(Branches, with Grace and Honour furnished:)
As doth the Vine, I made my clusters swell;
My Fruit was of an odoriferous smell;

The floures I bore were of a pleasant hew,
And from their fruit, *Honour* and *Riches* grew.
I am the Mother of faire *Loue*, of *Feare*,
Knowledge, and holy *Hope*, (to me all deare.)
And vnto euery Child my wombe forth brings
(As God commands) I giue eternall things.
All grace of *Life* and *Truth* in me remaine;
All hope of Life and Vertue I retaine.
Come to me then, you that desire me, still,
And of my blest Fruits freely taste your fill:
For my remembrance doth breed more delight,
Than Hony to the hungry appetite:
My Inheritance is of much sweeter taste
Than Hony-combes: my Name shall euer last.

In the fourth book Heywood, after dividing the blessed Hierarchies into three companies, and explaining their different offices, proceeds to speak of poets and poetry, and thus treats of the honour done to poets of old; and of the familiarity they now met with, and the curtailment of the names of some of our English poets who were his contemporaries.

Past Ages did the ancient Poets grace,
And to their swelling stiles, the very place
Where they were borne, denomination leant.
Publius Ouidius Naso had th' ostent
Of *Sulmonensis* added, and did giue
The Dorpe a name, by which it still doth liue.
Publius Virgilius likewise had th' addition
Of *Maro*, to expresse his full condition.
Marcus Annœus Lucanus Seneca
Bore title from his city *Corduba*.
Caius Pedo was styl'd *Albinovanus*:
Aurelius Olympius, Nemesianus.
Some from the nature of their Poëms: Thus,
Caius Lucilius wae call'd *Satyrus*:
So *Livius Andronicus, Epicus*:
And *Lucius Accius* syrnamed *Tragicus*. &c.
Some, from their seuerall Countries, because they
Were forrein borne: *Terens*, from *Africa*,
Is *Publius Terentius Afer* read.
Titus Calphurnius, Siculus, as bred
In *Sicily*. So many others had
(And that for sundry causes) meanes to add
Vnto their first: for with their worth encreast
Their stiles: the most grac'd with three names at least.

Our Moderne Poets to that passe are driuen,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had giuen,
And, as we wisht to haue their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.
Greene, who had in both Academies t'ane
Degree of Master, yet could neuer gaine
To be call'd more than *Robin*: who had he
Profest ought saue the *Muse*, seru'd and been free
After a seuen yeares Prentiseship; might haue
(With credit too) gone *Robert* to his graue.
Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne're attaine beyond the name of *Kit*;
Although his *Hero* and *Leander* did
Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*
Was call'd but *Tom*. *Tom. Watson*, though he wrote
Able to make *Apollo's* selfe to dote
Vpon his Muse; for all that he could striue,
Yet neuer could to his full name arriue.
Tom. Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.
Excellent *Bewmont*, in the foremost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was neuer more than *Franck*.
Mellifluous *Shake-speare*, whose inchanting Quill
Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but *Will*.
And famous *Iohnson*, though his learned Pen
Be dipt in *Castaly*, is still but *Ben*.
Fletcher and *Webster*, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Iacke*.
Decker's but *Tom*, nor *May*, nor *Middleton*.
And hee's now but *Iacke Foord*, that once were *Iohn*.
Nor speake I this, that any here exprest.
Should thinke themselues lesse worthy than the rest,
Whose names haue their full syllable and sound;
Or that *Francke*, *Kit*, or *Iacke*, are the least wound
Vnto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Thinke others what they please) accept that heart
Which courts my loue in most familiar phrase;
And that it takes not from my paines or praise.
If any one to me so bluntly com,
I hold he loues me best that calls me *Tom*.
Heare but the learned *Buchanan* complaine,
In a most passionate Elegiacke straine
And what emphaticall phrases he doth vse
To waile the wants that wait vpon the *Muse*.

The Pouertie (saith he) adde vnto these,
Which still attends on the *Aönides*,
As if that *Pœnia* were their Queene and Guide,
And vow'd, amongst them euer to reside
Whether thou do'st of Turkish battels sing,
Or tune thy low Muse to a softer string:
Or whether thou the gentle Socke dost weare,
Tickling with pleasure the Spectators eare:
Whether thou in the lofty Buskin rage:
When the long Tragicke Robe doth brush the Stage,
Thou, Pouertie along with thee shalt bring,
Whether thou Poëms write, or Poëms sing.
  Seuen Cities warr'd for *Homer* being dead;
Who liuing, had no roofe to shrowd his head.
Poore *Tityrus* deplores his fathers fields:
Rome, to the hungry *Statius* scarce bread yeelds.
Naso, who many in that kinde surpast,
Beyond the Hyperborean Pole was cast:
Nor could shew cause for being thither chac'd,
But, that he lou'd the *Sisters*; They, him grac'd.
Nor hath the Poets Patron's selfe been free
From the strict lawes of dire necessitie;
But forc'd, through want, amidst the fields and groues,
To keepe and feed th' *Aimonian* Herds and Droues.
Wherefore *Calliope* (who sung so well)
Did liue so long a Maid: Can any tell?
She had not been a Virgin to this houre,
But that (to marry her) she wanted dower.
  Meane time we spend our fruitlesse houres in vaine,
And *Age*, of Want and Hunger doth complaine;
It grieues vs now, although too late, at last,
Our Youth in idle studies to haue past;
And what a folly 'tis, we now haue found,
To cast our seed in an vnfaithfull Ground:
That in our Youth we haue layd vp no store,
Which might maintaine vs when our heads be hore;
And that our shaken Vessell, torne and thin,
Can finde no easie Port to harbor in.
Then barren *Muses*, seeke some other Friend,
For I henceforth a thriuing Course intend.
  None with fresh Violets my Ashes grace,
Or strow sweet fragrant Roses in the place.
If any loues me, and intends to giue?
I wish to taste his bounty whilest I liue.

What care I, when the Fates my Thread haue spun,
Though Briers and Thornes my Graue shall ouer run.

In the prose illustrations at the end of this book are some curious stories concerning Witches and the power of evil Spirits, in which Heywood has introduced a translation of one of Lucian's Dialogues, and some extracts from the tenth Eclogue of Spencer's *Shepheards Calender.* The fifth book treats of the Jewish, Christian and Mahometan Religions, and the grounds upon which they stand; and relates the life and impostures of Mahomet, and the heresies of the Priscillians and the Manicheans. The sixth mentions some opinions concerning the creation of Angels, and discourses

Of Lucifer, the chiefe and prime
Of Angels, in the first of Time:
His Splendor, Pride, and how he fell
In battell by Prince Michael:
Their Fight, their Armes; the Triumph great
Made in the Heau'ns for his defeat:
Their Number that reuolted, and
How long they in their Grace did stand.

The Angels, by their rebellion and fall, being turned into devils, the author next treats of the place of torment assigned to them — of Hell as described by the Poets — and then of the same according to the Scriptures and the Fathers; and introduces another of the Dialogues of Lucian. The seventh Tractate commences with an account of the great works of God, the Sun, Moon and Stars, the Rainbow, Snow, Lightning, Hail, Thunder, &c.; and then speaks of the order, names, qualities, offices, and condition of the fallen and malignant spirits, commencing with Lucifer the Prince of the Devils; a great portion of this book being taken up with a long story, in which is expressed the instability of fortune. And in the illustrations at the end are some additional curious stories relating to Witches and Necromancers — their malice and evil deeds — and of the mutation or change of sex. But the most singular tales are collected in the last two books, which contain numerous ghost stories of great interest. The eighth treats

Of *Sathans* Wiles and Feats prœstigious,
Appearing wondrous and prodigious,
Confirm'd by Histories far sought.
Of Nouels by bad Dœmons wrought:
And first of such is made expression
That still with Mankinde seeke congression,
(To whose Fall they themselues apply)
Call'd *Succubœ* and *Incubi.*

Of these last he proceeds to discourse very learnedly. It appears that Germany formerly abounded with Witches in the form of Incubi, and that two grave and learned men were sent by Pope Innocent the Eighth to extirpate them, and a patent granted to them for that purpose. He relates a story of an Incubus not far from Rotembarch, a town in Upper Germany, who was a constant suitor to a rich young heiress, but his host suspecting the fiendish nature of his daughter's woer, plied him one day at table so hard with Scripture, that he could not stand it,

> But he with all his traine vanisht like smoke,
> And of his people they no more could finde
> Sauing three ougly bodies left behinde,
> (With a foule stench) and they were knowne to bee
> Felons before-time strangled on a tree.

He then gives a story of a Succubus, which happened in Sicily. A young man swimming off the coast, drags to shore one whom he supposes to be a sinking companion, but who turned out to be a beautiful female. He carries her home, and she bears to him a son. But all this while she never speaks, "but only lends him many a pleasant smile." But afterwards being told that he was entertaining a spectre in his bed, and obtaining no reply to his questions, he threatens to kill the child, unless she tells him who and what she is. On this she vanishes, and is no more seen. And some years after, the child "swimming in the place where first the father saw the mother's face," he is snatched away and drowned by the same spirit, and never seen again. Other stories of a like kind are told of Spirits of the air, earth, and water, but too numerous and long to be quoted here, and not always of the most delicate nature. Among others narrated is the following version of the story of Macbeth, taken from the *Scotish History of Bocchius*, first printed at Paris in 1526, afterwards translated by Bellenden into the Scotch dialect, and published in 1541. Shakespeare's Tragedy, it is well known, was drawn from Holinshead's account of the story, copied from this translation of Bellenden. Heywood's version of the story contains some curious variations in it, the most remarkable of which is that of making the witches

> three Virgins wondrous faire,
> as well in habit as in feature rare :

and of representing Macbeth as "slaine by Malcolme, Duncan's son," and not by Macduff. Mr. Hunter in his *New Illustrations*, vol. ii, p. 154, has pointed out the probability of the story of Macbeth being chosen as the sub-

ject of his tragedy by Shakespeare from the circumstance of King James I. when on a visit to Oxford in August, 1605, being complimented at St. John's College with a short dramatic entertainment on the subject of Macbeth, in which the King was met "by three youths personating the weird sisters who had the interview with Macbeth and Banquo, with appropriate song and dialogue"; and that it is not improbable that Shakespere himself might have been at Oxford on this occasion, when the King honoured the university with this visit, and have been present at this performance at St. John's. Let us now hear Heywood's version.

Two Noblemen,
Mackbeth and *Banco-Stevart*, passing then
Vnto the Pallace where King *Duncan* lay;
Riding alone encountred on the way
(In a darke Groue) three Virgins wondrous faire
As well in habit as in feature rare.
The first of them did curtsie low, her vaile
Vnpinn'd, and with obeisance said, All haile
Mackbeth Thane Glanius. The next said,
All haile *Caldarius Thane.* The third Maid,
Not the least honor vnto thee I bring,
Mackbeth all haile, that shortly must be King.
These spake no more. When *Banco* thus reply'de,
Ill haue ye done, faire Ladies, to diuide
Me from all honors: How comes he thus growne
In your great grace to promise him a Crowne?
And I his sole companion, as you see,
Yet you in nothing daigne to guerdon mee.
To whom the first made answer, Yes, we bring
To thee much happier Fate; for though a King
Mackbeth shall be, yet shall he reigne alone,
And leaue no issue to succeed his Throne.
But thou, ô *Banco*, though thou dost not sway
Thy selfe a Scepter, yet thine Issue may,
And so it shall: thine Issue (do not feare)
Shall gouerne Scotland many an happy yeare.
This spoke, all vanisht. They at first amas'd
At the strange Nouell, each on other gas'd;
Then on they rode, accounting all meere fictions,
And they vaine Spectars, false in their predictions:
And sporting by the way, one jeasted thus,
Haile King of Scotland, that must gouerne vs.

To whom the other, Like salutes to thee,
Who must of many Kings the Grandsire bee.
Yet thus it happen'd after: *Duncan* slaine
By *Mackbeth*, he vsurpt and 'gan to raigne,
Though the dead King had left two sonnes behinde.
More seriously then pondring in his minde
The former apparition casts about,
How *Banco* (of the Scotch Peeres the most stout)
Might be cut off, doth solemnely inuite
Him and his sonne *Fleanchus* one sad night
Vnto a banquet, where the Father dies;
But shadow'd by the darknesse, the Sonne flies.
Now the small sand of *Mackbeths* glasse being run,
(For he was slaine by *Malcolme, Duncan's* son)
In processe, the Crowne lineally descended
To *Banco's* Issue; and is yet extended
In ample genealogie, remaining
In most renowned CHARLES, amongst vs reigning.

Other strange stories are told in this book, of the spirits of the air and of water, and also in the Illustrations, but too voluminous to notice; and we pass on to the ninth book, the argument of which thus begins:

To Spirits call'd Lucifugi
(From shunning Light) I next apply
My ne'ere tyr'd Pen; of which be store
In Mines where workmen dig for Oare.
Of *Robin Good-fellow*, and of *Fairies*,
With many other strange Vagaries
Done by *Hob-goblins*. I next write
Of a *Noone-Diuell*, and a *Buttry-Sprite*,
Of graue *Philosophers* who treat
Of the Soules essence and her seat.
The strange and horrid deaths related
Of learn'd *Magitians*, animated
By Sathan, the knowne truth t' abiure,
And Study Arts blacke and impure. &c.

The book opens with a narration of the story of the three young men of the court of Darius, recorded in 1 *Esdras*, chap. 3, who contended for the reward of a problem or question, "What thing should strongest be?" One arguing for the power and strength of wine, another for that of the king, and the third for that of women, but shewing that truth transcends them all, and is the greatest and strongest of all. The author goes on in a very

desultory manner concerning subterren spirits — that they are the cause of earthquakes — and of treasure hid in the earth, and kept by spirits; and relates a strange story of a butcher from Stumpsius, and another of Cabades, King of Persia. The following description of the spirits called Lucifugi is not undeserving of notice.

These in obscurest Vaults themselues inuest,
And aboue all things, Light and Day detest.
In *Iohn Milesius* any man may reade
Of Diuels in Sarmatia, honored
Call'd *Kottri* or *Kibaldi*; such as wee
Pugs and Hob-goblins call. Their dwellings bee
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood: and these conuented,
Make fearefull noise in Buttries and in Dairies;
Robin good-fellowes some, some call them Fairies.
In solitarie roomes these vprores keepe,
And beat at dores to wake men from their sleepe,
Seeming to force locks, be they ne're so strong,
And keeping Christmasse gambols all night long.
Pots, glasses, trenchers, dishes, pannes, and kettles
They will make dance about the shelues and settles,
As if about the Kitchen tost and cast,
Yet in the morning nothing found misplac't.
Others such houses to their vse haue fitted,
In which base murthers haue been once committed.
Some haue their fearefull habitations taken
In desolat houses, ruin'd, and forsaken.

Various other stories are told, especially a long and strange history of the spirit of the Buttry. Certain marks are then described by which good spirits are distinguished from the bad — what shapes the last assume, their actions — and a special mark by which to know them. The poetical part of the book closes with an account of the Academicks, the Pyrhonicks, and the Stoicks; opinions concerning the soul, its seat and immortality; and a recommendation in endeavouring to find the truth, to search the Scriptures.

The prose illustrations contain a large number of curious tales of superstitions concerning Witches and Magicians, Sylvans, Fauns, Satyrs, and Paredrii, commencing with some exhortations against covetousness and avarice; and some historical examples of these vices, such as Nero, Vespasian, Crassus, Caligula, Commodus, and others. Heywood then makes allusion to the case of the Witches of Warboys in Huntingdonshire, which

happened in his own time. "To giue the histories past," says he, "the more credit, as also those which follow, concerning Witches, Magitians, Circulators, Juglers, &c., if we shall but cast our eyes backe upon ourselves, and seeke no further than the late times, and in them but examine our owne Nation, we shall vndoubtedly finde accidents as prodigious, horrid, and euery way wonderfull, as in the other. Concerning which whosoever shall desire to be more fully satisfied, I refer them to a Discourse published in English, Anno 1593, containing sundry remarkable pieces of Witchcraft, practised by *Iohn Samuel* the father, *Alice Samuel* the wife and mother, and *Agnes Samuel* the daughter (commonly called The Witches of Warboys in the County of Huntingdon) vpon the fiue daughters of Mr. *Robert Throgmorton* Esquire, of the same towne and County, with diuers others in the same house, to the number of twelve; as also the Lady *Cromwel* by them bewitched to death. The names of the Spirits they dealt with, Plucke, Catch, and White; The manner of their effascinations strange; their Confessions vpon their examinations wondrous; their conuiction legall, their execution just and memorable."

Some amusing stories are then recorded of the Sylvans and Paredrii, or familiar spirits. First, of a Silesian nobleman, who, having prepared a great feast, and invited many guests, being horribly vexed that none of them came, wished, "that so many Diuels of hell would feast with him that day, and eat vp the victuals prouided for them"; and so went to church. During the sermon, a servant came in haste to inform him that "a great troupe of horsemen, very blacke, and of extraordinarie aspect and stature had arrived at his house." All the servants had, with great affright, departed from the house, and in their haste had left behind the nobleman's son, sleeping in the cradle, and now surrounded by the devils, who "looked through the casements, one with the head of a Beare, another a Wolfe, a third a Cat, a fourth a Tygre," &c. On the nobleman asking what was become of the child, they shewed him out of the window, when an old faithful servant rushed in among them, determined to save him or perish with him; and, calling on the name of God, he snatched him from the devil, brought him away, and delivered him up to the father; and "after some few dayes the Spirits left the house, and the Lord re-entred into his ancient possession."

The next is a story of the Sylvans, in which one Gordianus "travelling with a neighbour of his, they lost their way, and fell into desarts and vninhabited places, insomuch that the very solitude bred no small feare. The Sunne being set, and darknesse growing on, they imagin they heare men

talking; and hasting that way, they fixed their eyes vpon three strange humane shapes, of a feareful and vnmeasurable stature, in long loose gownes, and habited after the manner of mourners, with blacke and grisley haire hanging ouer their shoulders, but of countenance most terrible to behold;" who calling to them, they were forced to fly, "till at length they light vpon a poore countreymans cottage, in which they were relieved and comforted." Another is of the father of Ludovicus Adolisius, Lord of Immola, appearing after his decease to his secretary, in the shape of "a Sylvan Spirit on horseback, attyred like a huntsman, with an hawke vpon his fist,"—and giving warning to his son, "That after two and twenty yeares, one moneth, and one day prefixed, he should lose the government of that City which he then possessed;" which was accomplished by "Philip Duke of Mediolanum besieging the City, and by the help of Ice (it being then a great frost) past the moat, and with ladders scaled the wall, surprised the city, and tooke Lodowicke prisoner."

Other similar stories follow, too numerous to quote, and then a question is asked, Whether a spirit can take away a man's sense of feeling, or have power to cast men into long sleeps, which are answered in the affirmative. "Some vsing for these purposes naturall Vnguents and Oiles extracted from Opium, Nightshade, and other herbes and mineralls of wonderfull operation. Some haue this power from a Contract made with the Divell, vsing medicines or applications made of the small bones, the ashes, or fat of Infants, or of men slaine or executed; or by swallowing a King of the Bees, who is prime Ruler of the Hiue, and bigger than the rest: or by binding about certaine parts of their body scrolls of parchment inscribed with diabolicall characters; or by the muttering of some inchantment." The seven Sleepers, whose names are given, are mentioned as examples of long sleep; and other observations are made by which the good Spirits or Angels may be distinguished from the bad Genii or evil Dœmons, and the remedies against the subtle temptations of the Devil by fasting and prayer.

The book concludes with an account of the miserable and remarkable ends of the most notorious magicians, commencing with Simon Magus, the chief of all, who, "after all his cheating, jugling and prestigion, flying in the aire; at the prayers of St. Peter his spells failed, and his incantations deceived him, so that falling precipitate from on high, he brake all his bones to shiuers." The wretched ends of others is related: of Gilbertus; of Zedechias, a Jew, who "tossed a man into the aire, and dismembred him peece-meal limbe from limbe, and after gathering them together, re-jointed

him, and made him whole and sound as at the first. He seemed also to deuour and eat up at once a cart full of hay, the carter and horses that drew it, with their teame-traces and all. But in the end, for poysoning Charles the Bold King of France, he was drawne to pieces by foure wild horses;" of Iamblicus, who drank poison and so died; of Empedocles, of Agrigentum, who "ended his dayes most wretchedly in the sulphure flames of Ætna;" of Michael Sidecita, a sorceror, who was drowned; of "an English Magician called Eumus, an Heretique, who being condemned by the Council of Rhemes, suffered by fire, notwithstanding his many and loud inuocations on the Diuel for helpe to deliuer him from that torture;" and concludes with the miserable end of "the great Archi-Magi of these our later times, Cornelius Agrippa, who having spent the greatest part of his life in the search and acquisition of this blacke mysticall science, continued in that execrable studie to his end; and having received a promise from the Diuel, that so oft as age came upon him, so oft his youth should be renewed and so liue, he commanded his owne head to be cut off, in hope instantly to revive againe. But (miserable that he was) he was cheated in his confidence by that great Deceiver in whom he most trusted; by which he made both soule and body a sudden, though long expected prey to the Diuel."

Heywood closes the work with the potent remark, "Thus we see, as well by the Scriptures themselues, as by the Ciuill Lawes of Kingdomes, all such as shall separate themselues from God, and enter into conuerse and fellowship with Sathan, are cursed in the act, and ought to be extermined from all Christian Churches and Commonweales."

Our notices of this singular work have extended to some considerable length, but not more than the multifarious and curious nature of its contents justly merited. It furnishes another proof of the great and varied extent of Heywood's reading, of his strong powers of memory, of the remarkable fertility of his genius and conception, and of his wonderful industry and application, who, in addition to this large volume and other publications, was daily pouring forth his numerous plays and pageants, and supplying the craving wants of the stage with the fruits of his fertile and ready pen. The reader who wishes for further information respecting this work and its author, may consult an article in *Blackwood's Mag.*, vol. iv, p. 171; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 269; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 131, note; and *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vii, p. 129.

Copies of it have sold in Sir Mark M. Sykes's Sale, pt. i, No. 1384, for 1*l.*

1*s*.; Gardner's do., No. 1112, 1*l*. 5*s*.; Gordonstoun do., No. 1103, 1*l*. 6*s*.; Roscoe's do., No. 1335, 1*l*. 11*s*.; Bright's do., No. 2901, 1*l*. 12*s*.; Skegg's do., No 896, 2*l*. 2*s*.

Collation: Sig. ¶ six leaves, A to G g g 3 in sixes.

Fine copy. Bound by C. Murton.
In Russia, elegant. Gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.) — The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells. Their Names, Orders, and Offices. The fall of Lucifer with his Angells. Written by Tho. Heywood.

Vita scelesta vale, cœlica vita veni.

London Printed by Adam Islip. 1635. Folio.

It has been noticed by Langbaine in his *Account of the Dram. Poets*, p. 269, that Heywood in his illustrations to book iv, p. 245, when speaking of poets and of the honour done to them of old, declared his intention hereafter, by God's assistance, to commit to the public view the Lives of all the Poets, Forreine and Moderne, from the first before Homer, to the *Novissimi* and last, of what Nation or Language soever: so farre as any Historie or Chronologie would give him warrant." But that this work, notwithstanding the author's intention, was never completed. It is probable that besides being, as Oldys justly observed, on too wide a plan, his numerous other avocations both as an actor and an author, and especially the continual calls upon his time for the supply of the theatres, prevented him from ever carrying his plan into execution. He had too many irons in the fire already to be able to attempt a work of so extensive and wide a magnitude.

The present is another copy of this voluminous work, with the engraved frontispiece and all the plates, and is in the original calf binding.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.) — Pleasant Dialogves and Drammas, selected ovt of Lucian, Erasmus, Textor, Ovid, &c. With sundry Emblems extracted from the most elegant Iacobus Catsius. As also certaine Elegies, Epitaphs, and Epithalamions or Nuptiall Songs; Anagrams and Acrosticks; With diuers Speeches (upon seuerall occasions) spoken to their most

Excellent Majesties King Charles, and Queen Mary. With other Fancies translated from Beza, Buchanan, and sundry Italian Poets. By Tho. Heywood.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.

London, Printed by R. O. for R. H. and are to be sold by Thomas Slater at the Swan in Duck Lane. 1637. Sm. 8vo, pp. 298.

This little work, another of the numerous contributions to our poetical literature from the prolific pen of Heywood, is dedicated "To the Right Honourable Sir Henry Lord Cary, Baron of Hunsdon, Viscount Rochford, Earle of Dover," &c.; and has also prefixed a prose address "To the Generous Reader," "A Table of Contents, and commendatory verses by Sh. Marmion, D. E., and S. N.," in the first of which, by Marmion, he thus alludes to the well known versatility of Heywood's pen.

Thy pen commands all history, all actions,
Counsels, Decrees, men, manners, States, and factions,
Playes, Epicediums, Odes, and Lyricks,
Translations, Epitaphs, and Panegyricks
They all doe speake thy worth. Nor dost thou teach
Things meere prophane; but thy great Muse does reach
Aboue the Orbes, unto the utmost skie,
And makes transition unto Deitie.

Each poem, for the better illustration of it, has prefixed before it, "its proper Argument with Annotations and Observations of all such things as may appear difficult to the Reader." The first poem in the work is "The Shipwracke" from Erasmus's Dialogue called "Naiagaion, or Naufragium"; Then "Procus and Puella" from the same author; a dialogue between "Earth and Age"; and "The Man-hater." Dialogues betwen Jupiter and Ganimede; Iupiter and Iuno; Iupiter and Cupid; Vulcan and Apollo; Mercury and Apollo; Mercury and Maia; Vulcan and Iupiter; Neptune and Mercury; Diogenes and Mausolus; Crates and Diogenes; Charon, Menippus and Mercury; Menippus, Œacus, Pythagoras, Empedocles and Socrates; Nereus, Thersites and Menippus; Iupiter, Mercury, Iuno, Pallas, Venus and Paris, entitled *Deorum Iudicium;* Iupiter and Io, from *Ovid;* Apollo and Daphne, from the same; and the dialogues are closed with a Pastorall Drama, called *Amphrisa the forsaken Shepheardesse.* At the end

of the dialogues, on p. 203, are forty-six emblems derived from Jacob Catsius, which are given in a "Discourse or Emblematicall Dialogue between Anna and Phillis." After this are "Sundry Fancies writ upon severall occasions. These are speeches spoken before their majesties and other noble persons at several times, including a Maske presented at Hunsdon House; and Prologues and Epilogues on other occasions. These are followed by "Funerall Elegies and Epitaphs," by some "Epithlamions or Nuptiall Songs," and Acrostics, by Epigrams from Theodore Beza, Geo. Buchanan, and other authors, and the volume closes with "Sundry other Fancies," including a poem "In praise of Archery."

From this multifarious collection, the reader must be content with one or two short songs. The first is at the end of the dialogue between Apollo and Daphne, from *Ovid*:

Howso'ere the Minutes go,
Run the houres or swift or slow:
Seem the Months or short or long,
Passe the seasons right or wrong:
All we sing that *Phœbus* follow,
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

Early fall the Spring or not,
Prove the Summer cold or hot:
Autumne be it faire or foule,
Let the Winter smile or skowle:
Still we sing, that Phœbus follow,
Semel in anno ridet Apollo.

The following song is taken from the dialogue between Pelopœa and Alope in the Pastoral Drama, called *Amphrisa the forsaken Shepheardesse*:

We that have knowne no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate:
For Courtly silkes in cares are spent
When Countries russet breeds content.
The powers of Scepters we admire:
But sheep-hookes for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition;
For here with us is no ambition.
We with the Sunne our flockes unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
Our musick from the birds we borrow;
They bidding us, we them, good morrow.

Our habits are but coarse and plaine,
Yet they defend from wind and raine.
As warme too, in an equall eye
As those be, stain'd in Scarlet dye.
Those that have plenty weare (we see)
But one at once; and so doe we.

The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse
As many merry houres doth passe
As Courtiers with their costly Girles
Though richly deckt in gold and pearles:
And though but plaine, to purpose woo,
Nay oft-times with lesse danger too.

There is an airy sprightliness in the subjoined Nuptial Song which is very pleasing, and which, although it has been already quoted by Mr. Ellis, may well bear repetition:

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet ayre blow soft, mount Larks aloft,
To giue my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the Larke I'le borrow:
Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing,
To giue my love good morrow.
To giue my love good morrow,
Notes from them both I'le borrow.

Wake from thy nest Robin redbrest,
Sing birds in ev'ry furrow:
And from each Bill let musick shrill
Giue my faire love good morrow.
Blackbird and Thrush, in every bush,
Stare, Linet, and Cock-sparrow:
You pretty Elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my faire love good morrow.
To giue my loue good morrow,
Sing Birds in euery furrow.

The lines below, with which our extracts close, are not without merit. They are "upon the Tomb-stone in Clarkenwell Church of Mistris Mary Littleboyes, Daughter to Master George Littleboyes of Ashburnham in Sussex, Esquire."

Hereunder lies a Casket, that containd
A life unspotted, and a soule unstaind,

A virgin chaste, beyond example faire,
For outward gifts remarkt, for inward, rare,
Of natures pieces, one the prime and choice;
So nurtur'd, that for needle, booke, and voice
She was unpeer'd: matchles in mind and face,
And all the vertues that her sex most grace.
Who after twenty yeares scarce full expird,
Arriv'd at that safe port she most desird:
In life, to friends and parents fresh joyes bringing:
In death, to God sweet *Halelujaes* singing.

Obiit Die Mart. 8. Anno Ætat. 20. An: salutis 1636.

There is a notice of this work by Mr. Fry of Bristol in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 450, and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 331. See also Fry's *Bibliog. Memoranda*, p. 228; and Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. iii, p. 31.

It sold in Reed's Sale, No. 6915, for 10*s.* 6*d.*; Utterson's do., No. 861, 1*l.* 1*s.*; White Knight's do., No. 1986, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Roxburghe do., No. 3891, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1080, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Bright's do., No. 2905, 1*l.* 9*s.*; Bindley's do., pt. ii, No. 339, 1*l.* 19*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 331, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title A 2, Sig. A to T 6 in eights, pp. 298, or reckoning the blank leaf A 1, pp. 300.

Bound by C. Smith. In Russia. Gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.)—Londini Speculum: or, Londons Mirror, Exprest in sundry Triumphs, Pageants, and Showes, at the Initiation of the right Honorable Richard Fenn, into the Maioralty of the famous and farre renowned City London. All the Charge and Expence of these laborious projects both by Water and Land, being the sole undertaking of the Right Worshipful Company of the Habberdashers. Written by Tho. Heywood.

Imprinted at London by I. Okes dwelling in little St. Bartholomews. 1637. 4to, pp. 20.

Heywood appears to have commenced writing the *Lord Mayor's Pageants* in 1631, when he produced the one got up by the Haberdashers' Company on the entrance of George Whitmore into the mayoralty. He also furnished those in 1632, 1633 and 1635. The present is the fifth which he produced,

and has on the title page a large woodcut of the arms and supporters of Richard Fenn, to whom the work is dedicated in a short prose Epistle by Heywood. It commences with a brief account of the fabulous antiquity of London as "derived from *Brute*, lineally descended from *Œneas*, the sonne of *Anchises* and *Venus*, and by him erected, about the yeare of the world two thousand eight hundred fifty five; before the Nativity of our blessed Saviour, one thousand one hundred and eight: first cald by him *Trinovantum* or *Troynovant*, *New Troy*, to continue the remembrance of the old, and after in the processe of time *Caier Lud*, that is, *Luds* Towne, of King Lud, who not onely greatly repaired the City, but increased it with goodly and gorgeous buildings; in the West part whereof, he built a strong gate, which hee called after his owne name *Lud-gate*, and so from *Luds Towne*, by contraction of the word and dialect used in those times, it came since to be called *London*."

After describing the antiquity of the titles of Mayor and Alderman, and speaking of the *Speculum or Mirror*, the author alludes to "the fellowship of the Merchant Adventurers of England, who were first trusted with the sole venting of the manufacture of Cloth out of this kingdome, and haue for above this 400 years traded in a priviledged and wel governed course, in Germany, the Low Countries &c. and haue beene the chiefe meanes to raise the manufacture of all woollen commodities to that height in which it now existeth, which is the most famous staple of the Land: and of this Company his Lordship is free; as also of the Levant, or Turkey, and of the East India Company, whose trading hath beene, and is in these forraine adventures: also who spent many yeares and a great part of his youth abroad in other Countries."

The first show by water is presented by St. Katherine, the patroness of the Haberdashers Company, who, "being lineally discended from the Roman Emperors, as she lived a Virgin so she dyed a Martyr under the Tyrant Maxentius, whose Empresse with divers other eminent persons she had before converted to the Faith: she rideth on a Scallop, which is part of his Lordships Coate of Armes, drawne in a Sea-Chariot, by two Sea-horses, with divers other adornments to beautifie the peece." Her speech by water thus commences:

Great *Prætor*, and grave Senators, she craves
A free admittance on these curled waves,
Who doth from long antiquity professe
Her selfe to be your gratious Patronesse:

Oft have I on a passant Lyon sate,
And through your populous streets beene borne in state:
Oft have I grac't your Triumphes on the shore,
But on the Waters was not seen before.

She states, that having been present at a councel of all the marine gods and goddesses, Jove sent an order for them to attend the Lord Mayor's "Royall Arke,"

A royal Arke, whose bright and glorious beams
Rivall the Sunnes, ready to proove your streames:
A vessell of such beauty, burthen, state,
That all the high Powers were amaz'd thereat:
So beautified, so munified, so clad,
As might an eight to the seaven wonders adde:

and adds, that Neptune had sent her with "two of his best Sea-horses to excuse his absence," and assure him of safety to convey his traffic from the maine. The author then says, "These few following lines may (and not impertinently) be added unto Jupiter's message delivered by Mercury, which, though too long for the Bardge, may, perhaps, not shew lame in the booke, as being lesse troublesome to the Reader than to the Rower."

Dance in thy raine-bow colours *Proteus*, change
Thy selfe to thousand figures, 'tis not strange
With thee, thou old Sea-prophet, throng the seas
With *Phorcus* Daughters, the *Nereides*,
And all the blew hair'd Nymphes, in number more,
Than Barkes that float, or Ribbles on the shore:
Take *Œolus* along to fill her sailes
With prosperous windes, and keepe within his gailes
Tempestuous gusts: which was no sooner said,
But done: for all the Marine gods obey'd.

"The second show, but the first by land, is presented by the great Philosopher Pythagoras"—and is a very learned discourse on the number four, declaring that the strength and vertue of all numbers consisteth in the quaternion; and alludes to the four kingdoms over which his majesty beareth title, viz., England, Scotland, France, and Ireland; and to the soul of man, which has four faculties—Mind, Knowledge, Opinion, and Sense. The speech of this show was delivered in Paules Church-yard, and runs throughout on the sacred number, four.

"The third Pageant or Show meerly consisteth of Anticke gesticulations dances, and other Mimicke postures, devised onely for the vulgar, who are

better delighted with that which pleaseth the eye, than contenteth the eare, in which we imitate *Custome*, which alwaies carries with it excuse," &c.

The fourth show beareth the title of an Imperiall Fort, which is the City of London. The speaker is Bellona, who reminds the Lord Mayor, that this Fort "apt for that spheare

In which you now moove, borrowing all her grace,
As well from your owne person, as your place;
For you have past through all degrees that tended
Vnto that height.
  You have beene in this *City* ('tis knowne well)
A *Souldier*, *Captaine* and a *Colonell.*
And now in times faire progresse, to crowne all,
Of this *Metropolis* chiefe Generall.
You, of this Embleme, which this day we bring,
To represent the Chamber of the King
Are the prime governour: a *Royall Fort,*
And strongly seited, as not built for sport,
But for example and defence: a *Tower*
Supported by no lesse than Soveraigne power."

"The fifth show is cald *Londons Mirrour.* This beareth the title of the whole Triumphe: and has Glasses of severall sorts, as Opticke, Perspective, Prospective, Multiplying, &c. The presenter is *Visus*, or Sight: for what the minde is to the soule, the same is the eye to the body, being the most precious part thereof." "The Pageant itselfe is decored with glasses of all sorts: the persons upon or about it are beautifull Children, every one of them expressing their natures and conditions in the impressions of their shields, eight of the prime of which beare these severall Inscriptions: *Aspice, Despice, Conspice, Prospice, Perspice, Inspice, Circumspice, Respice." Opsis* is the speaker, and declares the delight she feels in viewing the beauty of London.

"The L'envoy or last Speech, when his Lordship, after his dayes long and tedious trouble, retires to his rest at night, is spoken by Pythagoras, who briefly runs over all the passages of the Pageants. And at the end there is a complimentary note respecting the Artists.

"For the Artists, and directors of these Pageants and Showes, John Christmas and Mathias, the two Sonnes of Gerard, their now deceased Father, a knowne Master in all those Sciences he profest: I can say no more but thus, that proportioning their Workes according to the limits of the gates through which they were to passe, being ty'de not to exceede one Inch either in height or breadth: My opinion is that few workemen

about the Towne can paralell them, much lesse exceede them. But if any shall either out of curiosity or malice taxe their ability in this kind of Art, I referre them to the Carving of his Majesties *Great Ship* lately built at *Woolwitch*, which Worke alone is able both to satisfie Emulation, and qualifie Envie."

The reader may see an account of this Pageant, by Heywood, in Mr. Fairholt's entertaining *History of Lord Mayors' Pageants*, pt. i, p. 58, published by the Percy Society in 1843, and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 332. See also Herbert's *Hist. of the XII. Great Livery Companies.*

Like all the rest of the Pageants by Heywood, *Londons Mirror* is of great rarity. A copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 332, was priced at 3*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's Sale, pt. ii, No. 2078, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's do., pt. i, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Rhodes's do., No. 1289, 9*l.* 9*s.*

Collation: Sig. A two leaves, B and C four leaves each.

Bound by Winstanley in Red Morocco. Gilt leaves.

HEYWOOD, (THOMAS.)—

Reader, here you'l plainly see
Iudgement perverted by these three:
A Priest, a Iudge, a Patentee.

Written by Thomas Heywood.
Printed in the happy yeare of Grace, 1645. 4to, pp. 8.

Another small poetical tract by Heywood, who, besides being one of our most voluminous dramatic writers, was also the author of several other works both in prose and verse. On the title page is a woodcut containing portraits of Archbp. Laud, Lord Chief Justice Finch, and Alderman Abel, to whom the tract refers. It is without any introduction, and the subjoined quotation, in answer to the query,

Can Iudges be corrupt, or staggering stand,
Who should be fathers both of lawes and land?

will sufficiently show the nature and object of the tract.

But to our former *Quære;* May it bee,
That in these times we any Iudge shall see,
Who on the Bench being seated as a god
Should be call'd thence, and beat with a Blacke Rod,
Nor wonder is't; when some as grave and great,
Have in the same or like Judiciall Seat

(Only to give his wit some vaine applause)
Jested and jeer'd a poore man from his Cause.
But O you Judges, that your selves forget,
And in the high seat of the Scornfull sit;
Who with the wicked have gone hand in hand,
You in the future judgement shall not stand.
But how of late are things growne out of order?
When we shall see one from a bare Recorder
Rais'd into such an eminence of state,
That quite forgetting what he was but late,
He shall through all all judiciall seats aspire,
Even till he gaines the height of his desire:
And then, through guilt of conscience, none accusing
(His place of soveraigne trust so much abusing)
When standing eminent in the World's broad eye,
Then like a Finch to take his wings and fly,
Leaving the Purse and the Broad Seale behind him,
As had they bin meere toyes, and did not mind them.
But all have not the fortune to evade
Their triall: for though some fly, some are stay'd.

The tract closes with the lines annexed on the frandulent scheme of Alderman Abell and Richard Kilvert for obtaining a monopoly of sweet wines, by patent, in the time of Charles I., for which they were afterwards severely punished. These kind of monopolies were greatly abolished during his reign.

Abel and *Cain* were shepheards (the Text saies)
But which is strange, turn'd Vintners in these days.
The wicked *Caine* his brother *Abel* slew:
Which in these brother Vintners proves not true.
For unto this day, *Caine* keepes up his signe,
But *Abel* lies drown'd in his *Medium* wine.
Projecting *Kilvert* (some say) was the cause
Who making new Lords, had devis'd new lawes.
But those that would the ancient custome vary,
Shall now ('tis thought) be made exempleary.

See Granger's *Biogr. Hist.*, vol. iii, p. 248, for another cut of Abel and Kilvert, and for notices of some other pamphlets on the same subject, now become scarce. A copy of this tract sold in Heber's Sale, pt. iv, No. 1002, for 11*s.*; Jolley's do., pt. iii, No. 496, 1*l.*; and in Townley's do., pt. ii, No. 1580, 1*l.* 5*s.* It has been reprinted.

Half-bound in Blue Morocco.

HODDESDON, (JOHN.) — Sion and Parnassus, or Epigrams on severall Texts of the Old and New Testament. To which are added, a Poem on the Passion, a Hymn on the Resurrection. Ascention, and feast of Pentecost. By John Hoddesdon.

Horat. de arte Poet.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

London, Printed by R. Daniel for G. Eversden, and are to be sold at his shop over against the little north gate of S. Pauls Church. 1650. 8vo, pp. 140.

. Prefixed to this scarce volume of poetry is a portrait of the author, ætatis 18, in an oval, with a pen in his hand, writing in a book, a coat of arms at the side, and six English verses underneath:

Though in this darker Shade, there something lyes,
Might be the loadstone of all learned eyes;
There's ne'r a leafe in which I cannot spie
Th' Author in's more true Anatomie:
Yet all's too little: — Hee is but made less
By th' Painters Pencil, or the Printers Press.
R. M.

These verses are subscribed R. M., probably intended for R. Marsh, one of the contributors to the commendatory verses prefixed to the poems. The portrait is a good deal in the style of Cross, but it is said in Granger to be engraved by Fillian, and it has been well copied by Richardson.

These poems were written by Hoddesdon when very young, and these attempts were his first *enterprise* in verse, as we learn from some of the complimentary verses preceding them. The volume commences with a dedication in prose, "To my worthy friend and honoured Uncle Christopher Hoddesdon Esquire Secundary of the Upper Bench." Then follow verses in commendation of the author in Latin, "Ad Juvenem optimæ spei atque indolis Johannem Hoddesdon hujus libelli autorem," signed "Tuis amicus studiis Henricus Bromley," and in English by R. Marsh, W. James, and J. Dryden, of Trinity College. We quote the last of them entire, for the sake of the illustrious author, and because it would seem to be one of Dryden's earliest, if not his earliest, attempts in poetry. Dryden was born in 1631, so that the following lines must have been written before he was nineteen:

Thou hast inspir'd me with thy soul, and I
Who ne're before could ken of Poetry

Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend:
Yet 'tis but of the second hand, if ought
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
Good thief who dar'st Prometheus like aspire
And fill thy poems with Celestiall fire:
Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their layes
Adde a bright lustre to thy crown of bayes,
Young Eaglet who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin:
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sunne of righteousnesse i' th' face.
What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast!
Scriptures at first; Enthusiasm at last!
Thou hast commenc'd, betimes a saint:—go on,
Mingling Diviner streams with Helicon:
That they who view what Epigrams here be
May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
Reader, I've done, nor longer will with hold
Thy greedy eyes: looking on this pure gold
Thou'lt know adult'rate copper, which like this,
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

The poetry in this volume is very mediocre, and there is a false and conceited attempt at wit or punning, which, in poems on sacred subjects, is altogether painful and offensive. The following may be taken as specimens of this sad affectation:—

33. *Jacob getting the blessing. Gen. ch.* 27.

Whilst Esau ranging seekes for Venison,
Mean space the blessing which he sought is gone,
For *Harts* and fallow *Deer* seeks everywhere
And loseth what is to his *heart* most *deare.*

56. *The Israelite gathering sticks on the Sabbath day stoned. Numbers ch.* 15.

Why didst thou break his precept, who doth say
Abstain from labour on the Sabbath day?
These *sticks* send thee to *Styx*, fool make thy mone,
Thus looking for a *stick*, thou'st got the *stone.*

128. *The Giant slain by Jonathan.* 1*st Chron. ch.* 20. *v.* 7.

Though thou thyself a *man* art of thy *hands*:
Six fingers and six toes: and yet th' art *dead,*
Thy *steddy* feet have *stood* thee in small *stead.*

The subsequent lines are the commencement of "A Divine Poem on the cruell death and passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

And now the time is come, dear Lord, is come
When not by Pilate's doom, but thy fore-doom
Thou art to suffer; 'twas not his decree,
But thine, ordain'd from all Eternity.
Thy subject, man, infring'd thy Laws just force
And thou, the Law-giver, sustaind'st the curse
When we so farre had from thy precepts swerv'd
That little we desir'd, this lesse deserv'd.
When we were di'd in sinne of so deep grain
Only thy *dying* could us cleanse again
When we were all be-purpled ore, yet none
Could blush at those offences he had done.
Strange miracle, that crimson bloud should so
Turn our souls crimson hue to purest snow!
Beyond expression, that he tastes of death,
Whose breath infus'd in every creature breath!
To which sad joyfull narrative we come,
Drawn by his agonies preludium.

We conclude our quotations with "An Hymn on the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

1.

He's rose, not death the power could have
To keep him longer in the grave,
    His dusty spoils among.
He's rose who set before to rise
With greater splendour in our eyes;
    And with him rise my song.

2.

This tomb in which inclos'd did lie
Mortall immortalitie,
    Left widdow'd since he went
Though him it could not keep, shall be
Conserv'd it self in memory;
    Be its own monument.

3.

How dire a journey did he take
Of three dayes travell for our sake,
    Riding his progresse on!
Conquering even death itself, and making
The damned fiends, agast, stand quaking
    In their own region.

4.

Who could a fitter Nuncius choose
Then some bright cherub for this news?
Tidings so sweet they are
As might create a strife to tell
Which doth the other most excell
The news, or messenger.

5.

Let superstitious Persians follow
With bent knees their ador'd Apollo,
From his Sabeans nest;
But my devotions course shall run
An heliotropium, to that Sun
Arising in the East.

6.

Nor let astrologers divine
Because two sunnes together shine
Death will ensue; but rather
Life, which benignely flows from hence,
Shown by combined influence
Of Spirit, Son, and Father.

We are unable to furnish any biographical particulars respecting the author of these poems, nor are they noticed, that we are aware of, in any bibliographical work, excepting the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 363, where a copy, with the portrait, is priced at *3l. 3s.* A Christopher Hoddesdon was a zealous political agent for the Government about the year 1580. Perhaps the author of this work was a descendant of his. Several documents relating to Christopher Hoddesdon are preserved amongst the Cottonian manuscripts.

The volume is chiefly attractive on account of the portrait, which has sold in collections of British portraits for high prices, having brought at Sir Mark Sykes's Sale of Portraits, No. 592, *2l. 3s.*; and at Mr. Bindley's do., *2l. 8s.* The present copy has a fine impression of this portrait, and is

Bound in Crimson Morocco. Gilt leaves.

HOLLAND, (ABRAHAM.)—Navmachia, or Hollands Sea-Fight.

Non equidem invideo.

London, Printed by T. P. for Thomas Law, and William Garrat. An. Dom. 1622. 4to, pp. 38.

Abraham Holland, the author of this little poem of exceeding rarity, was

one of the sons of Philemon Holland, a physician and schoolmaster for many years at Coventry, and the celebrated translator of Livy, Pliny, Plutarch, Suetonius, Xenophon, and other authors. He was educated at Trinity College in Cambridge, where he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. He was one of a large family of ten children, descended from a Lancashire race of the same name, his grandfather, Philemon Holland, having fled from England in the time of Queen Mary, with Miles Coverdale, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, on account of religion, became on his return vicar of Great Dunmow in Essex, where he died in 1578. Abraham Holland appears to have resided at one time at Chelsea, and probably followed his father's profession. He dictated his own epitaph, in verse, to his brother Henry, on the 18th February, 1625–6, and died early in life about that time, his father surviving him for some years. He published a poetical version of one of the Psalms, and wrote some other pieces, which were printed by his brother after his death, and are noticed in the next article.

The title is within a woodcut border, underneath which is a woodcut of a ship in full sail. Then a prose dedication "To the Right Honorable and Noble George Lord Gordon Sonne and Heire to the Right Generous and Potent, the Marquesse of Huntley"; another in Latin to George, Earl of Elgin; two acrostic stanzas in English to the same; and some lines "In Honor of the Noble Marquesse of Huntley, and his true Generous Sonne the Lord Gordon." These are followed by commendatory verses by Michael Drayton, Ed. Cory, his brother Henry Holland, Ed. Petl. (Petley, a cousin), and J. W., T. C., and a rather long poem by the author, entitled "A Caveat to his Muse." The poem of "Navmachia, or the Poeticall Description of a Bloody Sea-fight," is written in heroic verse of ten syllables, and is a metrical account of the celebrated Battle of Lepanto. It was an early attempt of the author in verse, and does not lay claim to our notice on the score of its excellence, as the following extract will witness:

As when by sound of hollow brasse or tin
The scatter'd bees, buzzing with murmurous din,
Throng in one heape, to some well-branched tree,
Leauing their sweet, and harmlesse theevery;
And so by craft betray'd, are in a trice
Captiu'd all in their narrow edifice.
Thus at their Captaines voice, the vulgar sort
To their assigned stations resort;
With quicke confused host the tumult's led,
And speed, by too much speed, is hindered.

All to their charge with trembling boldnes run,
With quaking hand one charges first his gun,
Another girds his threatning sword on's side;
Some clasp their steelie helmets, shields are tied
On trembling armes apace, that one might then
Haue thought th' had been all mouing Iron men.

Take another specimen from the speech of the General in command exhorting his followers to the fight.

Courage, braue friends, and that is all I pray,
Strength cannot want, where Courage leads the way.
But what need I th' vndaunted hearts excite,
Of them whose eies me thinks already fight;
Looke as ye doe, and ye shall neuer need
Weapons, or hands to make your foes to bleed.
Your looks shall strike 'em dead, and warlike sight
Shall put your fearefull enemies to flight.
What ere ye aime at, heere before you lie,
Honour, Reuenge, Spoile, Riches, Victorie:
Which if they mooue not, see your Natiue Land,
Your Nurse, your Mother, see how she doth stand
A farre to marke, which of you best shall render
The meed of Nurture, who shall best defend her,
Them will she honour; brauely then driue backe
This vast Sea-monster, which is come to racke
Your Nursses entrailes, com't but once to Land,
The very Earth will be affraid so stand
Its cruell brunt, whither if reach it can,
The blood and teares will make an Ocean
Deeper than this: I see 'em now repaire
(O let my *Omen* vanish into aire)
Vnto our Land: see how like Wolues they rage
About the Coasts, sparing nor sex, nor age.
See how they pull strong wals of Citties downe,
Leauing the men as naked as the Towne.
They raze your sacred Temples, and not leaue
A hallowed place, where after ye may heaue
Your hands for aide to heau'n: Your Altars frames,
These wicked wretches, with prophaned flames
Sacrifice to their anger; yea they dare
To open Ghostly Tombs, and thence lay bare
Your Ancestors sad Coffins: whose dead ashes
Instead of teares, their Childrens blood be-dashes.
They dragge our ancient Parents vnto slaughter,
Answering their dying grones with cruell laughter.

Mr. Collier has noticed this very rare little poem in his account of the succeeding work in his *Bibliog. Catal.*, vol. i, p. 377. See also some account of the author and his family in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 386; and in his *Fasti Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 233. It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor was it in the collections of Bindley, Perry, Sykes, Heber, Hibbert, Rice, Jolley, Bright, Bliss, or other eminent collectors. There is a copy in the Bodleian Library.

Collation: Sig. A four leaves, ¶ three leaves, then B to D 4 in fours.

In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

HOLLAND, (HUGH).—A Cypres Garland. For the Sacred Forehead of our late Soveraigne King Iames. By Hugh Holland.

P. Ouid; Naso.
Infœlix habitum temporis huius habe.

London, Printed for Simon Waterson. MDCXXV. 4to.

The title is within an arch on a white ground, the rest of the leaf on both sides being black. The poem is dedicated "To my Lord: the Duke of Buckinghams Grace; Whom God preserve," filling three pages, the fourth left blank being in black. In his dedication Holland acknowledges his obligation to the Duke for the favours he had received. "But all the noble Fauours which I haue receiued at your Gracious Hands I haue layd vp in a gratefull Heart. It was you that led me by the hand, not once, nor twice, to kisse that awful Hand of his, to which I durst not haue else aspired. With what sweetenesse and brauery the Great Majesty of Brittaine, imbraced then his meanest Vassal, and those my humble Compositions, our young Souereigne (then Prince of my Country) your Grace and the Honourable Lords then present, perhaps remember: (sure I am, I can never forget) and if I do, let my right hand forget her cunning. But I will represse myselfe, least I may seeme to haue pickt occasion, rather to boast myselfe, then to bewaile him. And yet in spight of mine owne modesty, in spight of others malignity, in the approbation of *Iames the great*, I do, I must, I will euer triumph." The poem is printed in the *Italic* letter, and commences thus:

Who now wil reade my Rimes, and with exceeding
Sweet grace, and accent, mend them in the reading
So would he praise the manner, and the matter,
Nor did they him, he rather them did flatter.

For with his sugred lips my eares he charmed:
And with his snowy hand my lips he warmed.
But now the frost of Death my heart hath chilled:
My blood is through my eyes to teares distilled.
This ague hath me whole, that for enditing,
I neither haue a head nor hand for writing,
 Great Britany, that knowes no other bounders
But Heau'n and Sea, lost lately both her Founders:
My Master King of Armes, by mans apointment:
My Soueraign King of Peace, by Gods anointment.
Oh that my Souveraigne had bin longer liued
Or had my *Camden* yet a while suruiued:
With Angells quill (what else can reach his glory?)
To write this mortall God's immortall story.
But in that other world, which never endeth,
Him with his Lords his Herald he attendeth.

The author then refers in his poem to some other melancholy instances of mortality amongst the nobility of the country, which had lately taken place:

How many great ones here not meanly graced,
In thirteen months the dance of Death have traced?
Three Earles, two Dukes, a Marquis, and a Baron:
(Who then may scape thy boat uncurteous *Caron*)
Besides young *Wriothsley*, who the Earle his Father
Then to suruiue, chose to associate rather.
Two of the House were Stewards, iust and loyall:
But of the Realme *Iames* was the *Steward* royall
In cares, no lesse than Name: but euer heedefull
To furnish it with noble things, or needefull.
If Heau'n and Earth did all their Forces muster,
You should not finde a gentler nor a juster.

After making allusion to the siege of Breda in the Netherlands and its loss and the sorrows which England had suffered, the writer introduces his own griefs, and the losses he had sustained in his own family:

Why was the fatall Spinster so vnthrifty?
To draw my third foure yeares to tell and fifty?
Why did not *Atropos* in peeces rauil
My string of life; and cut it with my Nauil?
Curs'd be the day that I was borne, and cursed
The nights that haue so long my sorrows nurced:
Yet griefe is by the surer side my brother:
The child of payne, and *Payne* was eke my mother:

Who children had, the Arke had men as many,
Of which, my selfe except, now breathes not any.
Nor *Vrsula* my deere, nor *Phil* my daughter:
Amongst us death hath made so dire a slaughter.
Them and my *Martyn* haue I wretch suruiued:
But all their deaths, my Soueraigne's hath retriued.
Each yeare, moneth, weeke, day, houre, I loose some fleeces,
So from my selfe, and all, I part by peeces:
The whilst I stand in controuersy, whether
More sigh and weepe, I, or the winde and weather.
This is the yeare that all good hearts hath galled,
Let it no yeare of IVBILE be called:
This is the moneth of Mars to him so bloudy,
Because he still the arts of peace did study:
This is the dismal day, the seau'n and twenteth,
That of no kinde of Spring, or sweetnesse senteth:
When as the Sun (no Sunday that, nor holy)
Did set at noone, and was eclipsed wholy.

The reader will perhaps pardon one more quotation from this most vain and conceited writer, in which he brings forward the claim of the pedantic monarch to the title of Poet and Patron of literature.

His kingdome was of wits, in euery knolledge
An Academy, and his Court a Colledge.
Where *Cynthia* sometimes shone, *Apollo's* sister,
Apollo selfe did with the Muses glister.
Be proofe his prose, and well accented Sonets,
To which the brauest witts may vaile their bonets.
Not euery day, nor euery yeare I tro it,
Is either borne a King, or yet a Poët:
The best of either, him but hardly matched:
"In euery nest the Phœnix is not hatched."
No King with matter fit his Muse could furnish,
No Poët could his Kingly actions burnish.
  His Holy Soule to see the parts and factions
That in the Christian Corps, made such distractions,
Was inly vext: for as his pen hee wreathed
With endles bayes, his sword he would haue sheathed
Within those bowels, that in part haue eaten
Thine Heritage ô *Christ*, and all do threaten.
Of Christendome though hee abhor'd the cumbers,
A battell yet he sung in haughty numbers:
That all may gather how that Heauenly poëm
Was of his great intentions but the proëm.

Lepanto, which he did so loudly warble,
That it surmounts *Messina* brasse, and marble
When heau'n the childe of *Austria* so inflamed
That halfe the *Turky* pride, he quickly tamed.
While he and his, of Heau'n and Earth were parters,
For Earth the victors had, and Heau'n the martyres.
A happy man to do such acts renouned:
But happy more to leaue his acts so crowned.

Holland was a native of Denbigh, the son of Robert Holland by a lady of the name of Payne, and was educated, according to Anthony Wood, at Westminster school, while Camden was a teacher there, to whom he alludes in the passage already quoted. From there he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1589, of which college he was shortly made a Fellow. He became afterwards a great traveller, visiting Italy, the Holy Land, and Constantinople; and on his return to England, spent some time at Oxford for the sake of the public library there. He was considered an excellent Latin poet, but we are not aware of any other poetical English work that he published, beyond occasional copies of verses prefixed to other persons' works. Of these he contributed verses to *Coryates Crudities*, 4to, 1611; and to the first folio edition of *Shakespeare's Plays*, 1623. He has a copy of Latin verses before Dr. Alabaster's *Roxana*, in 1632. He published "*Ecclesia Sancti Pauli illustrata.* The Monumental Inscriptions, Epitaphs of Kings, Nobles, Bishops, and others, buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London. By Hugh Holland. 4to, London, 1633." He has four Latin lines prefixed to Chapman's *Epicede or Funerall Song on Prince Henry.* 4to, 1612. He also wrote the long inscription and the Latin verses on the Monument of Dr. George Mountaigne, Archbishop of York, in the Church of Cawood in Yorkshire; and was the author of several works still in manuscript, among which is a Life of his former Master, William Camden.

It was much the custom in those days to become members of both Universities, and it is not unlikely that the Hugh Holland, who, according to Wood, was the son of an esquire in Denbighshire, and matriculated as a member of Balliol College in 1582, aged 24, might be the same person. He died at Westminster in 1633, and was buried in the Abbey Church there on the 23rd of July, where his monument still remains at the entrance of Poets' corner. Both Wood and Fuller speak of his having a leaning to the Romish religion; and the latter mentions particularly that when abroad at Rome, he had spoken too freely against Queen Elizabeth, for which, when at Constantinople, he had been called to account by Sir Thomas Glover,

Ambassador from King James, and imprisoned. Fuller describes him as a disappointed man after his return home, who "grumbled out the rest of his life in visible discontentment." He appears to have survived his brothers and those of his own family, and also his wife Ursula and his own children, and was sixty-two years old when he published the present poem, and about seventy when he died.

See *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv, p. 168; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii, p. 559; and Fuller's *Worthies*, Wales, p. 16, folio, 1662. Lloyd's Sale, No. 755, *1l. 5s.* This was from Sir Francis Freeling's Collection, No. 1330.

Bound in Black Calf.

HOLLAND, (ROBERT.) — The Holie Historie of our Lord and Sauiour Jesus Christs natiuitie, life, actes, miracles, doctrine, death, passion, resurrection, and ascension: Gathered into English meeter, and published to withdraw vaine wits from all vnsauerie and wicked rimes and fables, to some loue and liking of spirituall songs and holy Scriptures. By Robert Holland Maister of Arts, and Minister of the Church of Prendergast.

> Be filled with the spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalmes and hymnes and spirituall songs, singing and making melodie to the Lord in your hearts. *Ephes.* v, 18.

[Device of an anchor between two branches, with the motto round it, "Anchora Spei."]

London, Printed by George Tobie. 1594. Sm. 8vo.

Rare to excess, this small volume of our early sacred poetry was unknown to Warton, and is so slightly and incorrectly mentioned by Herbert, by whom the author is called Henry Holland, that it is evident he had never seen the work. The prose part of the volume, containing a long dedication "To the Right Worshipful Mistres Anne Philips of Picton," and an address "To the Godly and Christian Reader," is given at length, but very incorrectly, in the *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 153. In the former, which is dated "From Prendergast the first day of August 1594," the author, after speaking of his own afflictions, "when he had bene foure yeares or more tossed with sundrie trouble and adversities," obtained "at length a breathing time after his travels," and

bestowed his vacant time "in penning the whole history of Christ our Saviour plainly and as he could, according to his simple capacitie and knowledge in English meeter, to be applied to the tunes of sundrie of Dauids Psalmes." This having finished, he states his two reasons for dedicating the first fruits of his labors to this lady. "The first is, her godly zeale and forward affection to the hearing and reading of Gods word, much like that noble Romane *Cæcilia*, which let no day passe without reading some part of Gods booke, and euer carried about her, whither soeuer she went, (the touchstone of our faith) the new Testament." Then, after some observations on the book of God, "which deliuereth the receauer from the poysoned cup of that great *Circe* the Bishop of Rome, who hath infected so many thousands, and transformed them into swine"; and on "the trash and trumperies of Rome," the author remarks, "Nouelties in these dayes delight daintie eares, and fine filed phrases so fit some fantacies, that no booke except it abound with the one or th' other, or both of these, is brookt of them. Some reade *Gascoine*, some *Gueuara*, some praise the Pallace of Pleasure, and the like, whereon they bestow whole dayes, yea some whole moneths and yeares, that scarce bestow one minute on the Bible, albeit the booke of God.". . . . But, "if their forefathers had considered that the word of God is a sea, wherein both the elephant may swimme, and the lambe may wade, the greatest Doctour may dayly learne in, and the simplest man continually haue comfort, and that in the same there is a soueraigne salue for euery sore, they would not (as I thinke,) haue forbidden the reading of Gods booke, and in stead thereof commaunded to be read (yea and that openly in churches) the legend of lyes, rather then lives of Saints: not vnlike in most places, for method and matter, to the monstrous fables of *Garagantua*, *Huon of Burdeaux*, and the like."

"The second reason that moved him to take this worke in hand (besides the hope to benefit many, and especially such as haue delight to be reading and singing of Ballades and other English meeters, by giuing them better matter to reade and sing, then such commonly do yeeld vnto them) is to signifie in some part, his greatfulnesse to God and her Worship, for the manifold benefites and fauours that he and his had receiued at their hands."

After these prose addresses are commendatory verses in Latin "In Christianam Roberti Hollandi Chronographiam carmen," subscribed "H. Smartus Axoniansis," and in English by John Carion and John Pine; the former of which runs as follows:

If Maro who did treate of Mars,
And Lucan ciuill warres,

If Naso for his wanton verse,
And change of men to stars
Possest great praise and endlesse fame,
What then deserueth he,
That treats of him who brought vs blisse,
And bond did make vs free?
Whose life he lou'd not as our health,
And vs transforms to Angels wealth.
So let his praise the brasen posts
And Pyramis outweare,
Nor let not Momus canckred tooth
The worke praise-worthie teare:
But as the Phœnix shall it liue,
Though birth renuing new:
And as the fire which waterie thorns
And greene wood doth subdue,
Doth flame at length: so maugre spite,
It flourish shall to goods delight.

The poem is divided into six parts, written, with the exception of the first book, which is in eight-line verses, in six-line stanzas, the first and last parts "to the tune of the 81. Psalm," and the others "to the tune of the Lords prayer," and the volume concludes with a Table of the Contents of each part. The quality of the poetry in this volume (if poetry it may be called) is of the most inferior and prosaic kind, and fully realizes the just opinion of Warton, that "every attempt to clothe sacred Scripture in verse, will have the effect of misrepresenting and debasing the dignity of the original." The author has evidently taken Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms for his model, but his language is even weaker and more languid than theirs, and displeases us with its feebleness of versification and its frequent mean interpolations to complete the verse, thus forming "a species of poetry," as has been elsewhere observed, "which even impoverishes prose." A short specimen of this poem has been given by Mr Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii, p. 137, in a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, and the subjoined quotation from the first book on the "Birth of our Saviour," will, we doubt not, fully suffice to satisfy both the taste and patience of our poetical readers.

An Angell declareth to the sheapheards the birth of Christ,
and they are made witnesses of it.

His birth the Lord did first bewray
To shepheards poore and base;
Which day and night in field did stay,
Their flocke of sheepe to grase.

An Angell came most glorio uslie
Vnto those silly men,
Saluting them (though graciouslie)
Yet were they fearefull then.

Let not your mindes be so affraid,
For tidings of great ioy
I bring to you: the Angell said,
Nothing shall you annoy.
All people may reioyce at this,
and praise the Lord for aye:
For Christ the Lord is borne, I wis,
in Bethlehem this day.

And this (as signe) you shall espie,
The Sauiour shall be laid,
All swadled, in a cratch to lie,
in poorest sort araid.
Disdaine not you his pouertie
The Sauiour is the same;
He will his saue most certainly,
From everlasting blame.

Then with the Angell straightway were
A multitude surely:
Of heauenly souldiers, praising there
One God in trinitie.
All glorie be to God on high
And in the earth be peace,
And towards men continually,
Good will may still increase.

So when the Angells all were gone
To heau'n melodiouslie:
The shepheards of their newes anone
Would trie the veritie.
They went, and saw what they had heard,
And published the same:
All wond'red at what they declar'de,
Though few beleeu'd the fame.

They praising God, not now affraid,
Did thence againe depart:
But Marie kept what they had said,
And pondred in her heart.
For she brought foorth the Lord, the Prince,
The prophet, and the priest:
That did the diuell, and death conuince,
Our Sauiour Iesus Christ.

We are unable to furnish any account of the author of this volume, beyond the circumstance of his having been the minister of the church of Prendergast, a parish in Pembrokeshire, not far from Haverfordwest; and whether he published any other work, or when he died, is also equally unknown. There was a copy of this work in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 391, priced at 25*l.*, where it is doubted whether another copy is known. The same was afterwards sold at Midgley's Sale for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, and again in Sir Mark M. Sykes's do., pt. ii, No. 8, for 10*l.* The present is the same copy, no other in fact being known, and formerly belonged to Mr. Park, but how it came to be represented as being printed by Richard Field, in all the publications which mention it, is quite inconceivable, as it is printed by George Tobie, whose name does not occur in any other work, and appears, as a printer, to be entirely unknown. It has since been bound

In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

HOOKES, (N.) — Amanda, a Sacrifice to an unknown Goddesse, or, a Free-will offering of a loving Heart to a Sweet-Heart. By N. H. of Trinity College in Cambridge.

——— Unus et alter
Forsitan hæc spernet juvenis ———
——— Sed quisquis es accipe chartas
Scribe.

London Printed by T. R. and E. M. for Humphrey Tuckey, at the signe of the black Spread-Eagle, near St. Dunstan's Church. 1653. 4to, pp. 214.

Opposite to the title page is a beautifully engraved frontispiece, representing an altar borne on the shoulders of four Cupids, while a fifth above is putting a torch to a heart in flames on the top of the altar, which is inscribed "To an Unknowne Goddesse." The work is dedicated "To the Honourable Edward Mountague Sonne and Heire Apparent to the Honours, Estate, and Vertues of the Right Honourable Edward Lord Mountague, Baron of Boughton." This was the celebrated parliamentarian general in the civil wars, who, after the battle of Newberry, was suspected of favouring Charles's interest, and was consenting to the restoration of Charles II. He was afterwards Viscount Mandeville, and Earl of Manchester, and died in 1671. The dedication is written throughout in a violent strain of flattery,

even almost beyond the license of those days, and makes the object of it not only a judge of poetry, but a poet himself.

"But to give you," says the writer, "the main reason of this present to your *Honour*, beside the many private obligations, which enforce me, I know none a more competent judge in *Poesie* then your self. You have surveyed more ground in the sweet *Temple* of the *Muses*, and to better purpose, then many who have walk't *Parnassus*, as often as Duke *Humphreys* spider-catchers do *Pauls*, only to tell steps, and take the height of a cob-web fancie. You might better have writ man at fifteen, then not a few, (and those of no mean thoughts) who have half doubled your age: At those yeares when others do usually ride Hobbies, and swagger astride broom-sticks; Your *Honour* was mounting the *great horse*, and learning to manage the noble swift-winged *Courser*. Me thinks I see the best wits strive to be your Lackeys, as if you only could create *Laureats*, which is no small preferment, for every *Poet* is *Apollos* footman, and consequently *Worshipful*, and an *Esquire* by his place. You differ as much from an ordinary Poet, as a Traveller from a Map-*Geographer*, who by the help of old *Ortelius*, or *John Speed* our English *Mercator*, hath gone beyond sea, and rid post over the *Alpes* in his chamber. *Thalia* is proud you admit your self her Familiar, your hands must be kist, when others stand aloof, bareheaded like her waiting Gentlemen: you carouse with the frolique *Lady* at the Fountain, and sip *Helicon* in gold goblets, while poor vulgar Students only refresh their temples with a wet finger, and beg rithmes in a night-cap. Had you liv'd sooner at *Sucklings* Sessions, you had saved *Sir W. Davenant* an oath, and wiser *Apollo* would have known better where to bestow his Laurel, and given more content to the lesser wits. * * * * You are borne to that which others must ditch and hedge for, and yet come short, as if *Poeta nascitur* were your birthright; For my part, if your Honour shall but smile on *Amanda*, and entertaine the chaste Girle as your Handmaid, I shall think her better adopted, then if she had brave old *Ben*, or some pregnant famous Court-wit for her father."

This is followed by commendatory verses by M. P. Midd. Temp. Gent., R. Moyle Trin. Col. Soc., C. Ireton of Trin. Col. Cambr., Tho. Adams. Trin. Coll. D., and J. A. Gent. Then some verses, "The Author to the Reader," and "The Author to the Ladies," and a list of errata. The work itself consists of a number of short amatory effusions, not distinguished by any poetic excellence, nor by much delicacy of taste, for what can be thought of such subjects for love poems as "To Amanda not drinking off her wine,"

"To A. desirous to go to bed," "To A. undressing her," "To A. washing her hands," "To A. after she had washt," "To A. desirous to drink *i.e.* calling for beer," &c. We cannot say of Hookes what he said of his patron, and apply *Poeta nascitur* to him, but must account him only "a hedger and ditcher in Poesie."

At p. 91, after a blank leaf, a second title occurs in Latin:

"Miscellanea Poetica: Carmina exequialia, Epigrammata et diversi generis Pöemata colligata in Manipulum; cui annectuntur Epistolœ Rosamuadœ Henrico, et Henrici Rosamundœ, quas clarissimus olim Pöeta nostras Michael Draiton Armiger nostratibus dedit; Carminibus Latinis redditœ: Quarum quœ secunda est Ovidiano planè stylo nobilitatur ab Elegantissimo et Honoratissimo Juvene D^{no} Edvardo Montacutio.

Dic quis Patronus, quis nunc erit?
Nos tamen hœc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos
Ducimus.

Londini, Excusum Anno Dom. 1653. 8vo.

This second part has a Latin Dedication, "Ornatissimo Viro, M^{ro} Alexandro Akehurst S. S. et Individuœ Trin. Col. Cantab. Vice-Prœsuli Dignissimo." The poems in this portion are partly in Latin, and partly in English — the whole very indifferent specimens of the author's taste and abilities. The work in, however, scarce, and is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 373, at 4*l.* 10*s.*; and Bindley's copy, pt. ii, No. 482, sold for 2*l.* 9*s.* See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, and Fry's *Bibliog. Mem.*, art. xxxi, p. 213. This copy, which contains a fine impression of the frontispiece, and is bound in calf by Charles Lewis, was obtained from Mr. Heber's Library in 1834.

Hookes is believed to have written one of the Elegies in Henry Fitzgeffrey's *Certain Elegies done by sundrie excellent Wits, Satyricall Epigrams in two bookes*, &c., 8vo, London, 1620, under the signature of N. H. See *Brit. Bibliogr*, vol. ii, p. 121.

HORNBY, (WILLIAM.)—The Scovrge of Drvnkennes. By William Hornby Gent.

London Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Baylie, and are to
be solde at his Shop, in the Middle Row in Holborne, neere
unto Staple-Inne. 1618. pp. 32.

This is a poem by "a repentant drunkard," of excessive rarity, and also

not devoid of intrinsic merit. On the title page is a woodcut of a wild man of the Ape species, smoking a pipe with his left hand, and holding a scourge in his right, of which there is a somewhat similar print in Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, 8vo, 1617, and in Bishop Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, 16mo, 1602. After the title is an "Epistle Dedicatorie" in verse, inscribed "To his loving Kinsman and approved Friend, Mr. Henry Cholmeley Esquire: William Hornby wisheth all health and happinesse." This is followed by a metrical address, "To all the Impious and relentlesse-harted Ruffians and Roysters vnder *Bacchus* Regiment: *Cornu-apes* wisheth remorse of Conscience and more increase of Grace," and signed "Yours if you will turne to Grace, else not, *Cornu-apes*." In this he speaks of his own remorse and repentance.

View here the farewell of my youths greene folly,
Which breedes my ioy, but your sad melancholy.
'Tis ioy to mee, because I now doe leaue them:
But griefe to you, that I no more receiue them.

* * * * *

Once I was vaine, yet now I doe abhorre it:
But I may blame such wicked tempters for it.
Now by the light of Grace my faults I see
How vaine, how vilde, and how corrupt they be.

The introduction is closed by some verses to Drunkenness, which are given at length in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p, 151, commencing

Come Drunkennesse, untrusse,
    and naked strip thee:
For without mercy
    I will soundly whip thee

and concluding

Ile use thee like a Dogge, a Iew, a Slaue,
Expect no mercy from my hands to haue.

The poem now commences, and is entitled, "The Scovrge of Drvnkennes. Cornu-apes his Farewell to Folly, or his Metamorphosis, wherein hee doth shew his vnfaigned hatred to euill Company such as bee Drvnkards, Swearers, and such like, which God doth hate: And also, where hee doth briefly display the effects of Drunkennesse, with his Detestation of frequenting Ale-houses: profitable to all, and hurtfull to none."

The following is a humorous description of the "most admirable rich faces" which drunkards have:

Some hath his face most curiously bedeckt,
With Carbuncles, and buttry buttons fine,
And some will haue his face most strangely sleckt
Like Creame and Strawberies or Claret wine:
 And some will haue his nose most rich bespred
 With Pearles and Crinkoms mixt with crimson red.

Some to maintaine his huge red bottle nose
Least that the fire* should bee extinct and dye,
Ere hee want cash to drinke he'ele paune his cloaths,
So make his back, out of his belly crye,
 And bitterly the same to ban and curse,
 That by his paunch his back should fare the worse.

Again he says, "There is noe resisting against Death":

Not all the costly rich Arabian gold
Can ransome them from Death's strong Prison place
Nor all the treasure that our eyes behold,
No bonds, no baile, can helpe them in this case:
 No strength of men, no pollicies, no lawes
 Can once redeeme them out of death's strong clawes.

After recounting the various ways in which drunkards are suddenly cut off from life, there is a spirited description of "An Ale-house rightly decyphered," and the following stanza on gentlemen drowning

Their wealth, their wits, and vertues, all in drinke

is also not devoid of merit:

How much, Oh how much, doe they dimme I say
Their Orient vertues which might else appeare
As bright as *Cynthia* in her glorious ray
When gentle windes the night from cloudes do cleare:
 Ay me, that Vertue should lie so obscure,
 And Prisoner-like such pennance great indure.

The book is concluded by two other short poems, entitled, "A Meditation of the Flesh and Spirit," and "A Prayer against Temptation," the whole consisting of sixteen leaves.

The present is the Roxburghe copy, No. 3343, which was bought at that Sale for 21*l.*, by Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart., at whose Sale, in 1824, pt. ii,

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* This expression will put the reader in mind of Falstaff's address to Bardolph, in pt. i, *Henry IV*, act iii, sc. 3: "If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire.*"

No. 79, it was purchased by Mr. Thorpe for Mr. Heber, and with the commission, cost him 9*l.* 4*s.* The copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 349, was priced at 30*l.* There was also a copy in Archdeacon Wrangham's valuable collection. See Cole's *Bibliogr. and Descriptive Tour*, No. 60, probably the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* I am not aware of another copy.

From the *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, No. 1139.

Bound in Crimson Morocco.
Gilt leaves, with the Roxburghe Crest on the sides.

HUME, (ANNA.) — The Triumphs of Love; Chastitie; Death; Translated out of Petrarch by M^{ris} Anna Hume. Edinburgh, Printed by Evan Tyler, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majestie. 1644. Sm. 8vo.

To these translations from Petrarch, by Mrs. Anna Hume, are prefixed two separate metrical dedications to the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter to the King of Bohemia, and granddaughter to James I., and an address of eight lines "To the Reader." *The Triumph of Love* is divided into four chapters, each preceded by an argument of two lines, and at the end of each chapter are some "annotations" in prose, chiefly relating to the classical and historical personages mentioned in the poem. There are separate title pages to each of the other parts, the "Triumph of Chastitie" consisting of one chapter only, with annotations as before, and the "Triumph of Death," filling two chapters. At the end is the following "Advertisement to the Reader": "The first title page should have told thee that all the three Triumphes were translated out of the *Italian*, a circumstance I considered not then, since it is thought necessary to say so much, I will now say more: I never saw them, nor any part of them, in any other language but *Italian*, except the poore words in which I have cloathed them. If they afford thee either profit or delight, I shall the more willingly bestow some of my few leasure hours on turning the other three Triumphs of *Fame*, *Time*, and *Divinitie* or *Heaven*. Farewell." A leaf of errata concludes the volume. In case the reader may wish to be favoured with a specimen of this learned lady's poetical talent in translating the strains of the Italian poet, it will be as well to premise that only disappointment, we fear, will be the result, and therefore we shall confine our extract to a very short passage, taken from the close of the third chapter of the "Triumph of Love."

Now know I how the minde it selfe doth part,
(Now making peace, now warre, now truce) what art
Poore Lovers use to hide their stinging woe:
And how their blood now comes, and now doth goe
Betwixt their heart and cheeks, by shame or feare:
How they be eloquent, yet speechlesse are:
And how they both wayes leane, they watch and sleep,
Languish to death, yet life and vigor keep:
I trode the pathes made happy by her feet,
And search the foe I am afraid to meet.
I know how Lovers metamorphos'd are,
To that they love: I know what tedious care
I feele; how vain my joy, how oft I change
Designe, and countenance; and (which is strange)
I live without a soul: I know the way
To cheat my selfe a thousand times a day:
I know to follow whiles I flee my fire:
I freeze when present; absent my desire
Is hot: I know what cruel rigour Love
Practiseth on the minde, and doth remove
All reason thence, and how he racks the heart:
And how a soul hath neither strength nor art
Without a helper to resist his blowes:
And how he flees, and how his darts he throwes:
And how his threats the fearful Lover feels,
And how he robs by force, and how he steales:
How oft his wheels turne round (now high, now low)
With how uncertain hope, how certain wo:
How all his promises be voyd of faith,
And how a fire hid in our bones he hath:
How in our vains he makes a secret wound,
Whence open flames and death doe soone abound.
In summe, I know how giddy and how vain
Be Lovers lives; what feare and boldnesse raigne
In all their wayes; how every sweet is paide,
And with a double weight of soure allaide:
I also know their customes, sighs, and songs,
Their sudden mutenesse, and their stammering tongues
How short their joy, how long their pain doth last,
How Wormwood spoyleth all their hunni's taste.

This volume is extremely rare, and sold at Bindley's Sale, pt. ii, No. 660, for 7*l.*; and in Perry's do., pt. i, No. 2210, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* Not more than two other copies are known, one of which is in the British Museum.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Hynd, (John.)—Eliosto Libidinoso: Described in two Bookes: Wherein their imminent dangers are declared, who guiding the course of their life by the compasse of Affection, either dash their Ship against most dangerous shelues, or else attaine the Hauen with extreame Preiudice. Written by Iohn Hynd.

> *Hor. Art. Poet.*
> Aut Prodesse volunt, aut delectare Pœtæ
> Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.

At London, Printed by Valentine Simmes, and are to be sold by Nathaniel Butter. 1606. 4to.

This extremely rare volume is described by Haslewood in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 228, and by Mr. P. Collier in his *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii, pp. 5–20. It is in prose, with the exception of six pieces of poetry interspersed in the volume, four of which are attributed to the author. It is dedicated "To the Right Honourable, and truly innobled Lord, Philip Herbert, Earle Mountgomery, and Baron of Shurland, &c. John Hind wisheth all happinesse that either this world affoords, or the heavens conteine." Then follow seven lines in Latin, "Ad Lectorem," signed Johannes Hind, and "Verses in praise of the Booke" by "Alexander Burlacy Esquire." The subject of the work is a tale of illicit love, in which Cleodora, the wife of Amasias, King of Cyprus, entertains an unnatural passion for her son-in-law, Eliosto, who, becoming equally enamoured with her, a guilty intercourse ensues, which, being afterwards discovered, they are both condemned and executed on a scaffold. This is a subject which has often formed the groumd work of the writings of the older poets and novelists, and has been frequently dramatised from the times of Euripides and Seneca to that of Horace Walpole. The work is divided into two books, and at the commencement of the second there is another short episode of secret love, which ends in a violent and tragical manner. The style of the prose is forced and affected — full of extravagant conceits and euphueisms, intermingled with numerous old saws and proverbs, and frequent similies and classical allusions — a short example of each of which will probably prove sufficient.

In this heaven of happinesse they had not long been, but a Ladie that attended the Queene, brought her word the King was comming into the Parke which place hee had chosen to recreate himselfe, where resting on a hill that over-peered the great

Mediterraneum, hee noted how *Phœbus* fetched his *Lauoltos* on the purple plaines of *Neptunus*, as if he had meant to have courted *Thetis* in the royaltie of his Robes, the Dolphins (the sweete conceitors of Musicke) fetcht their carreers on the calmed waves, as if *Arion* had touched the strings of his siluer-sounding Instrument: the Mermaides thrusting their heades from the bosome of *Amphitrite*, sate on the mounting banks of *Neptune*, drying their watrie tresses in the Sun-beames: hee marked likewise howe *Æolus* forbore to throw abroad his guests on the slumbring browes of the Sea-god, as giving *Triton* leave to pleasure his Queen with desired melodie, and *Proteus* libertie to follow his flockes without disquiet. *Amasias* looking over the champain of *Cyprus*, to see if the continent were as full of smiles as the Seas were of favours, saw the shrubs as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birds that chanted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a favourable *Zephyrus*. Seeing thus the accord af the land and sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Nymphes, hee began to consider how *Venus* was faigned by the Poets to spring of the froth of the seas, which drave him strait into a deepe conjecture of the inconstancy of love, that as if *Luna* were his load-starre, it had everie minute ebbes and tides, sometime overflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious looke, lightned from the eyes of a favourable lover, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelfe of despaire, with the piercing frowne of a froward Mistresse. By this time nights duskie mantle shadowing the earth with a darksome coverture, had bewrayed heavens disguise, and the twinckling starres whose sight the Sunnes brightnesse doth in the day time obscure, did now plainly appeare, while *Phœbus* reposing in his Pallace, waited the dewie-uprising of *Aurora*, for that the King was for that time constrained to desist his walke.

The following may be taken as an example of the *proverbial* style:

Prorogue no longer the time, hunger is a sharp sawce to those that have good stomackes, and I measuring his desires by mine owne, imagine that meate can not be more pleasing to the hungry, than the unexpected tydings of consent from his new acknowledged Love. Soft fire, Madam, (said Lucilla) makes the sweetest mault, say our huswives: You are far wide: what! no sooner at the stile, but over; haste makes waste, looke before you leape, lest a blocke unthoght of chance to breake your shinnes. What if these letters impart his love, how are you thereof assured? Men are subtile, and can cast many colors to deceive women; al is not gold that glisters; under the greenest grasse lurkes the poisoned adder; the crocodile sheades most teares, when he seeketh most to deceive; Trie ere you trust Madam, repentance comes too late; therefore howsoever you affect him, conceale it; lightly wonne is as lightly lost. The Laborer that gaineth his mony by hard toile, is more chary in parting therewith, than the purloyning thiefe, or the riotous youth, which by subtill practises draweth all he can from his kinde parents, to maintaine his dissolute expences. Let him bite on the bridle a while, yet gently line his curbe that he gall not; a little thing pleaseth a childe, and a good countenance is woorth golde to him that regardeth it as he professeth.

Hind appears to have been a great admirer of the writings of Robert

Greene, and to have imitated his style in its faults and exaggerations without his imagination and poetic fancy. Mr. Collier has remarked that even the title page of this work is almost a copy of that to Greene's *Gwydonius the Card of Fancies*, published in 1584, and one of the six pieces of poetry interspersed in the volume, entitled *Eliostoes Roundelay*, is also borrowed entire from Greene's *Never too Late*, where it is called *Francescoes Roundelay*. This is given at length in the *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii, p. 12. Another of the poems, also quoted in the same volume, p. 8, and in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 230, and inserted by Hind as "a fancie which that learned author N. B. hath dignified with respect," has been generally attributed to Nicholas Breton. The following may be taken as a specimen of Hind's own composition.

The description of Eliosto in an Ode.

Ganimede the Idæan Boy
Second glory of the day :
Phrygiaes wonder, fathers ioy,
Love's content, Ioves wishfull pray.

Blyth *Adonis*, Beauties treasure,
Venus darling, Fancies fire :
In whose lookes were heavns of pleasure
Fruit too fowle of faire desire.

Both these would, though both were rare,
Both the mirrors of their time,
Blush if they should make compare
With this wonder of our clime.

In whose eyes Love lodg'd his darts,
But he did with glances aime them,
That he might subdue all hearts,
And his owne by conquest claime them.

Such his face, such is his stature,
Locks resembling burnish't gold,
That his like astonish't nature,
Framde not since of earthly mold.

Nature at herselfe amazed,
O what influence then did guide her!
Sith in want such worth was blazed
Worth which heav'ns have since denide her.

May not then this lovely boy,
For he is a louely creature,

Well be tearm'd our *Cyprus* ioy,
Blest in bearing such a feature?

Well he may, and if not he,
Who shall then our wonder be?

Some of the names of the characters introduced in the story appear to be derived from transposing the letters of other names: thus, Lewesohilu may be either Iohn Llewes or Iohn Sewell; Rawcikew is evidently Warwicke; and Dihnohin, who figures as the principal character of the tale in the second book, is doubtless intended for the author himself, Dihnohin being merely the letters of Iohn Hind transposed, who, at p. 77, "utters this passionate Dittie":

Dihnohins Sonnet.

I rashly vow'd (fond wretch why did I so)
When I was free, that Love should not inthrall me:
Ah foolish boast, the cause of all my woe,
And this misfortune that doth now befall me.
Loves God incens'd did sweare that I should smart,
That done, he shot, and strooke me to the heart.

Sweet was the wound, but bitter was the paine,
Sweet is the boudage to so faire a creature
If coie thoughts doe not Beuties brightnesse staine,
Nor crueltie wrong so diuine a feature.
Love, pittie mee, and let it quite my cost,
By Love to finde, what I by Love have lost.

Heau'ns pride, Earths wonder, Natures peerelesse choice
Faire harbour of my soules decaying gladnesse
Yield him some ease, whose faint and trembling voice
Doth sue for pittie overwhelm'd with sadnesse.
In thee it rests, faire Saint, to save or spill
His life, whose love is ledde by Reasons will.

Mr. Collier, in his p. p. Catalogue of the Bridgewater Collection, p. 183, has given an account of another similar Romance, supposed to be written by John Hind, entitled *The most excellent Historie of Lysimachus and Varrona, daughter to Syllanus Duke of Hypata in Thessalia*, &c., 4to, blk. lett., 1604, published two years earlier; a work of such rarity that no other copy is known than the one he describes, which, like the present, is also interspersed with several pieces of poetry. Hind is also the author of another small work, called "*The Mirrour of Worldly Fame.* Composed by J. H. œ." 12mo, Lond. 1603, containing sixty pages, which has been reprinted in the

eighth vol. of the *Harleian Miscellany.* It is dedicated to his uncle, Mr. William Hynd, and makes grateful mention of his kindness and "fatherly affection" to the author, and of his regard for learning, "whereof he had been a loving patron, and a bountiful Mecænas." We do not know of any other work by Hynd, who hints in the conclusion of the present volume, that he wrote chiefly for amusement, and alludes to its imperfections as being "loath to pollish a toie whereon he never bestowed more labour, than sometimes an idle houre of recreation."

In *Harl. MS.*, No. 375, art. 51, in the British Museum, is a letter in Latin from one John Hind to Sir Symonds Dewes, dated *ex ædibus Lamethanis*, 4. Id. Mart. 1644–5. Whether our author was living at this period, and was the writer of this letter we are unable to say, but the circumstance is worthy of notice. There is an old pedigree of the Hind family in the British Museum *MSS.*, addit. 14049.

See Collier's *Bridgw. Cat.*, p. 1813, and his *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii, pp. 1–20; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 228; and Longman's *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 920, where it is priced at 15*l.* There is an imperfect copy in the Bodleian Library. It sold at the Roxburghe Sale, No. 6393, for 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.;* and at Mr. Settell's Sale in 1820 a copy was bought by Mr. Heber, No. 1037, for 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, which was sold at his sale, pt. ix, No. 1540. Mr. Heber, who was insatiable in collecting, possessed two copies of this rare work, the present one having been purchased by him at Nassau's Sale in 1824, pt. i, No. 2148, for 3*l.* 3*s.* See *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii, No. 1230.

Bound in Calf.

JENNER, (THOMAS).—The Soules Solace; or Thirty and one Spirituall Emblems.

Sold by Thomas Ienner at the South entrance of the Royal Exchange. 1631. 8vo.

This is believed to be the first edition of these Emblems by Jenner, and probably his first effort in this illustrated and entertaining style, to which he appears to have confined himself in his subsequent productions. A second edition was published in 1639, "Printed by E. P. for Henry Overton," a copy of which is noticed by Mr. Collier in the *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 151. And the same author, who appears to have been his own bookseller and publisher, also gave to the world some other similar works, two of which

are noticed in the next articles. Another, entitled *Wonderful and Strange Punishments inflicted on the Breakers of the Ten Commandments*, 4to, 1650, with curious plates, was in Mr. Hibbert's Collection, No. 4318. The Emblems, which, with the exception of the last, are chiefly of a religious cast, are preceded by a short address "To the Reader," signed by his initials, T. J., in which the author says, "Hearing many Ministers, I have pluckt from some of their Gardens, flowers which I have put together, and made a Posie (if not for thee, yet for myselfe) to smell on: if they profit not thee, yet I am sure they have done mee good, counting one by one I have found out the number thirtie and one. And as they shall be accepted in the world, I shall be encouraged to adde as many more, for often hearing, will bring them to my hand; and because men are more led by the eye, then eare, it may be, thou looking upon these little Prints mai'st conceive of that which many words would not make so plaine vnto thee." In the centre of each Emblem is a well engraved copper plate, the eighth being repeated in the thirtieth, and at the end of each certain initials, which may perhaps refer, as Mr. Collier supposes, to the names of the ministers from whose gardens he had pluckt his posie. We now present our readers with one of the flowers culled from this spiritual nosegay:

7. *A Caveat against raigning sinne.*

The *Hog* ty'd by the leg, with a small cord,
Is to the slaughter driven to be goar'd.
This every man may to himselfe apply
Though not in all grosse sinnes, I live, and die,
Yet brought, I may be, to the depth of *Hell*,
With some *one raigning sinne*, with one, as well,
As if my soule with many more were fraught:

The Hog ty'd by the leg

And cry with *Cain, This* my damnation wrought.
The *Ships* at sea are made so tight, and sure,
From every little *leake*, to be secure;
Least one, as well as more, them cast away.
As one disease, instead of more, will slay
The impotent. For there's not any sinne
That thou canst say, *God's* not offended in.
Then thus I argue; If *God* be displeas'd,
That wrath of his must some way be appeas'd;
Which onely comes by *faith*, and *sinne forsaking*;
Which, if thou give not ore; there is no slacking

But die thou must, for that foule darling *one*;
Though all the others thou hadst long for-gone.
With a *small Cord* the *Swine's* to slaughter driven
By one *grosse sinne, the soule's* of heaven depriven.

T.

We also quote the last of the Emblems, entitled "Tobacco," the engraving to which represents a person in gay attire, with hat and plume, seated at a table and smoking. This has been supposed by Mr. Bindley and others to be a portrait of Wither, but without much probability, that author having had a known aversion to the use of the narcotic weed. In the present copy there is a duplicate of this engraving, on the back of which it is said (by mistake) to be the portrait of Dr. Everard:

31. *Tobacco.*

The Indian weed withered quite
Greene at noone, cut downe at night,
Shewes thy decay, all flesh is hay,
Thus thinke, then drinke *Tobacco.*

The Pipe that is so lily white
Shewes thee to be a mortall wight
And even such gone with a touch,
Thus thinke, then drinke *Tobacco.*

And when the Smoake ascends on high,
Thinke, thou behold'st the vanitie
Of worldly stuffe gone with a puffe:
Thus thinke, then drinke *Tobacco.*

And when the Pipe growes foule within,
Thinke on thy soule defil'd with sinne,
And then the fire it doth require
Thus thinke, then drinke *Tobacco.*

The ashes that are left behinde
May serve to put thee still in minde,
That vnto dust, returne thou must,
Thus thinke, then drinke *Tobacco.*

Answered by G. W. thus:

Thus thinke, drinke no Tobacco.

This work is unnoticed by Watt in his *Biblioth. Britannica*, and like all Jenner's tracts is of great rarity. A copy sold in Bindley's Sale, pt. iii, No. 2238, for 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; resold at Hibbert's do., No. 7545, for 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The present copy is rather closely cropped, but otherwise perfect, and is

Half bound in Green Morocco.

Jenner, (Thomas.) — The Ages of Sin, or Sinnes Birth and growth. With the Stepps, and Degrees of Sin, from thought to finall Impenitencie.

No printer's name, place, or date. 4to.

Another equally rare and curious volume, composed of nine emblematical engravings, each accompanied with six metrical lines in explanation of the subject, and engraved underneath. These are in all probability the production of Thomas Jenner, by whom the volume, although without any printer's name, place, or date, is believed to have been published. The plates, which are on copper, are beautifully engraved by Jacob van Langeren, a foreign artist, who also executed the maps in another work by Jenner, called *The Direction for the English Traviller*, 4to, 1643, and probably also those in the last work. The subject of the cuts are Suggestion, Rumination, Delectation, Consent, Act, Iteration, Gloriation, Obduration, and Finall Impenitency. The following is the fifth of the series, entitled Act:

Tiger swallowing a Cavalier.

Sin and the *Soule* (thus) having stricken Hands,
The Sinner now for *Action* ready stands;
And *Tyger*-like swallowes-up, at one-bitt,
What ever impious Prey his Heart doth fitt:
Committing *Sin*, with eager greedyness,
Selling his *Soule* to worke all wickedness.

The work is supposed to have been published by Jenner about 1656. Mr. Bindley's copy, pt, i, No. 154, sold for *5l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Perry's do. pt. i, No. 195, *5l.* 10*s.*; Skegg's do., No. 992, 4*l.* 7*s.* The present fine and beautiful copy, which came from the latter collection, is

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Brown Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Jenner, (Thomas.)—A Work for none but Angels and Men, that is, To be able to look into, and to know ourselves. Or a Book shewing what the Soule is, Subsisting, and having its operations without the Body; its more then a perfection or reflection of the Sense, or Temperature of Humours; Not traduced from the Parents subsisting by itself without the Body: How she exercises her powers in the Body the vegetative or quickning power of the Senses.

Of the Imagination or Common sense, the Phantasie, Sensative Memory, Passions, Motion of Life, the Locall Motion, Intellectual Power of the Soul. Of the Wit, Understanding, Reason, Opinion, Judgement, Power of Will, and the Relations betwixt Wit and Will.

Of the Intellectuall memory, which is the Souls store-house, wherein all that is laid up therein, remaineth there even after death, and cannot be lost; that the Soule is Immortall, and cannot dye, cannot be destroyed, her cause ceaseth not, violence nor time cannot destroy her; and all objections answered to the contrary.

Thomas Jenner has lineas composuit.
Infœlix qui pauca sapit spernitque doceri.

Such knowledge is too wonderfull for me, it is high, I cannot attaine unto it. *Psal.* cxxxix, 6.

London: Printed by M. S. for Thomas Jenner at the South Entrance of the Royall Exchange. 1650. 4to, pp. 48.

Amongst the more remarkable literary practices which may be considered peculiar to our early authors, and find few if any parallels at the present day, it would be difficult to indicate one of greater curosity and ingenuity, than the occasional custom of framing a book, and passing it off as original, by merely turning a poem by some other author, into prose. A system of this kind appears rather startling now, but at a period when intercommunication was so slow and difficult, literary impositions of this kind were frequently successful, — and remained undetected by contemporary writers. Thus, as was discovered by Mr. Collier, *Greenes Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 4to, 1592, is merely a prose transfer of Francis Thynne's remarkable poem, called, "Debate betweene Pride and Lowlines," published many years before. In the same manner, the first portion of the present work is literally Sir John Davies's poem on the Immortality of the Soul, "Nosce te ipsum," 4to, 1599, turned into prose. On comparing Jenner's book carefully with the poem, we find it is merely a verbal rendering of the latter into prose. Here and there some of the illustrations in the poem are omitted,— but the alterations or omissions are very few. The marginal references or headings of the subjects treated of in the poem, are also copied verbatim in the margins of the prose work. The whole extends

to forty-eight pages. It is without any prefix — but commences at once with the prose version. This part extends to seventeen leaves or thirty-four pages, and is embellished with eight copper plates the full size of the page, representing the various faculties of the soul, Understanding, Memory, Will, Fancy &c., somewhat in the style of those engraved in Thos. Heywood's *Lives of Remarkable Women.* Memory is represented by a man in a large hat sitting at a table and writing; Fancy by a painter sitting before an easel pursuing his art. At the end of this part is another prose tract of six leaves, without any embellishments, entitled "What Heaven is, Vindicated from the vulgar mistakes, and grosse conceivings of many; of some which mistakes is mention made in this Title, the rest of them manifested and enlarged in the ensuing Treatise," &c. Whether this portion is original, or, as is not unlikely, taken from some other work, we are unable to say. The book is very rare, but as it went through two or three editions, copies of it may probably exist elsewhere, though we are not able at present to specify any. A copy of it with the curious plates sold at Bindley's Sale, for 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Another of the edition of 1658, sold at Nassau's ditto, pt. ii, No. 1540, for 3*l.* 4*s.* This copy had also a *poetical* Tract (?) on the same subject, illustrated with similar plates, and of the same date. The present one is from the library of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart.

Half bound in Brown Calf.

IENYNGES, (EDWARD.) — The Notable Hystory of two faithfull Louers named Alfague and Archelaus. Whearein is declared the true fygure of Amytie and Freyndshyp. Much pleasaunte and delectable to the Reader. Translated into English meeter by Edwarde Ienynges. With a Preface or Definytion of Freyndshyppe to the same.

¶ Such as are troubled in Publyque afayres,
About common welthes by offyces and cares:
In faythfull freindshyp can neuer abyde,
For so sayth Tully the thinge hath ben tryde.

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreat beneath the Conduyt at the sygne of S. John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell. Anno Domini 1574. 4to, pp. 104, **blk. lett.**

Although not printed until 1574, this poem had been licensed to Colwell

nine years earlier in 1565, but the reason why it did not make its appearance sooner we are unable to state. Warton, in a very slight mention of this work in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 249, 8vo edition, is disposed, on the authority of Ames, to ascribe this production to Bernard Garter, who had written an earlier work, *The tragicall and true Historie which happened betweene two English Lovers*, 1563, and printed by Richard Tottell in 1565; but in this, as we see, he was mistaken, Jenynges's name as the rightful author being given on the title. And it is evident, that neither Warton nor Ames had ever seen the book. The history turns on the old and well known subject of two friends sacrificing their lives for each other, an incident which was frequently versified at that period. After the title occurs a metrical address in praise of friendship, by "Edward Jenynges to the Reader," in twenty-two seven line stanzas, of which the following forms a portion:

But, gentle Reader, I praie you haue pacience
In this my labour not worthy of praise,
Accepting well my mynde and dillygence
Occupyenge my pen thus on many idle daies:
Whereby some profit doth come manie waie
For unto all men it sheweth the vertue
Of amytie and freyndshyp parfecte and true.

Many yonge wyts desyre for to read
Historyes olde, in Meeter delectable,
Of dyuers good knyghtes and such as be dead
Leauyng behynde them a fame much commendable
Yet is the readynge therof nothinge profitable
But in this small treatise a man maie beholde
How freyndshyp is better then syluer or golde.

The vertue of freindshyp in this shal be seene
Betweene two persons most worthy of fame
More truer in freindship hath neuer none ben
Then these *Alfagus* and *Archelaus* by name:
Many yeres lyuynge wythout anie blame
The one of Rome, of Carthage the other
Lyuing more truly then brother and brother.

Colwell succeeded Robert Wyer at the sign of St. John the Evangelist, and made use of several of his old woodcuts. Thus, at the end of this address to the reader, are two of these old cuts which had been before used by Wyer in some of his smaller tracts, and are of a very coarse description.

The poem is in black letter, and is composed in eight line stanzas. The following is the argument of the story. Alfadus, the son of Lypodus, a

knight of Rome, being sent when young for instruction to Carthage, is lodged with a senator of that city, called Olympus, who has a son named Archelaus, between whom and Alfagus, agreeing in form and likeness and general tastes, there grows up a strong and intimate friendship. Olympus dying soon after, Archelaus succeeds to his wealth, and is much importuned to marry, but from his friendship for Alfagus, and his love for philosophy and study, he hesitates for a long time, but at last he consents. A lady suitable for him being found, Archelaus visits her secretly at first, but afterwards communicates his love to Alfagus, and takes the latter with him, who, seeing the lady named Andromyca, becomes so enamoured of her, that he pines away in sickness and pain. Archelaus goes to see his friend who was lying sick in bed for love, and Alfagus confesses the cause, reproaching himself for his unkindness and ingratitude to his friend. Archelaus in return accuses himself of folly, renounces his title to the lady in favour of Alfagus, and points out the way by which he might have her to wife unknown to all his friends. Archelaus and Alfagus being apparelled alike, and resembling each other in form and speech, the former goes through the ceremony of marriage by day for his friend Alfagus, who, being secretly substituted at night for Archelaus, confirms the matrimony by passing the night with Andromyca, and placing on her finger his own gold ring, according to the custom of the country. Alfagus then makes an oration before the nobles and chief men of the city, explaining all that had taken place, and telling them that they should have a picture, set about with gold, taken of Archelaus, and placed on a pillar in the most public part of the city, as a memorial of such great and unexampled friendship. Soon after this had occured, Alfagus is sent for home, to Rome, to receive his father's dignity and inheritance, and offers half his lands and fortune to Archelaus, if he will accompany him. This, however, he declines, so taking an affectionate leave of his friend, Alfagus departs for Rome with his wife Andromyca, and continues to live there, surrounded by his children and friends, in great happiness and respect.

Archelaus meanwhile is deprived of every thing he has by his kindred, and banished from Carthage. And wandering up and down in extreme wretchedness and misery, he at length betakes himself to Rome in search of his friend. Arriving there, and placing himself in the public way, Alfagus and his wife ride by, but he being in filth and rags they take no notice of him: at which, thinking himself despised, he swoons away, and on his recovery resolves to leave the city, and wander through the world. Overcome with fatigue he enters into a barn, lamenting his misfortunes and the neglect of Alfagus, and

falls into a deep sleep with his knife by his side, intending on waking to put an end to his life. A common robber, having slain a merchant travelling by, enters into the barn where Archelaus is asleep, and taking up the knife and plunging it into the dead man's wound, lays it again by the side of Archelaus, who, being so found by the officers that came in search of the murderer, is publicly accused of the crime. Preferring to die rather by the law than by his own hand, he acknowledges the crime and is brought before Alfagus and the Senate, where he is speedily recognized by Alfagus, who, on hearing the accusation against him, resolves to save his friend's life, and accuses himself of having committed the murder from some old rancour and hate, and offers himself to die. The senate and the people are confounded at these representations; but the real murderer being moved with compunction comes forward, and declares the whole truth. Alfagus takes Archelaus to his house, feeling exceedingly sorrowful for his late adventures. The people rejoice that the real truth is known, and the murderer is set at liberty. Archelaus then relates to Alfagus an account of all his troubles and misery; and the latter, sorrowfully lamenting his case, raises a great army of twenty thousand men, and goes with Archelaus to Carthage, where, having slain all his foes and punished the rebellious party, and having reinstated his friend in power, he leaves him in quiet and happiness, and returns again to Rome.

Having thus briefly stated the argument of the tale, a short specimen of its metrical composition will be sufficient.

The early mornynge in the east
began then to unclose
Her purple gates, and shewed her house
deckt red with many a Rose.

The twynklynge stars withdrew anon
which by the mornyng starre
Lyke as the Captayne of an hoste
is lead both nye and farre:
So he abydeth last of all
within the heauenlye watche
And Phebus with all the haste he maye
his matters doth dispatche.

That by hys wonted course he myght
gyue lyght unto the skye
So he approched and his beames
did spread both farre and nye, &c.

The following is a portion of the oration made by Alfagus to the Carthaginians in explanation of the extraordinary marriage:

It was loue, o Carthagines,
  euen that same loue I saye.
Which as your Poettes doth declare
  hath wounded many a waye.

The cheifest part of all the Gods
  to whom ye honour giue,
The whylst they were on earth, and here
  lyke earthly men dyd lyue:
Thy loue constrayned Jupiter
  to swym as doth a Swan,
And be transformed lyke a Bull
  to hyde his shape of man.

Hercules eke the vanquysher
  of monsters great and stronge,
Lyons fearce and Gyantes huge:
  wyth bodyes large and longe:
The same loue caused hym by force
  uppon a Rocke to spyn,
Sittyng amongst the maydens clad
  a womans clothyng in.

The same loue also which did cause
  the Prynces ferse and stoute,
Of Greece and eke all Asya to
  assemble in a route:
Encampyng in the fyeldes of Troy
  with many a cruell fyght
And many a storme and tempest they
  did sustayne day and night.

The same loue I do say agaynst
  whose ferse assaultes to stryue,
May no resistaunce be at all
  that reason can contryue,
Hath wounded me so suddenlye
  and stroake my hart so sore
That remediles I should haue died
  no man could me restore.

Had not Archelaus holpen me
  through his freindship &c., &c.

We may here notice another version of this tale, all of them founded on

the classical Orestes and Pylades of old, viz., the story of the two Knights Amys and Amylion, which is given in Ellis's *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii, p. 384, supposed to be translated from the French, of which a copy is preserved in a *MS.* in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh,— but Mr. Ellis's abstract of this romance is taken from a *MS.* in the collection of the late Mr. Douce, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, No. cccxxvi, which formerly belonged to Dr. S. Pegge. Goldsmith also has related this tale with some variations in one of his Essays under the title of "Love and Friendship: or, the Story of Alcander and Septimus. Taken from a Byzantine Historian."

We are unable to communicate any particulars respecting the writer of this poem, or whether it was his only production. But it is not unlikely that he was the author of *A briefe Discovery of the Damages that happen to their Realme by disordered and unlawfull Diet*, &c., printed in 1593, 4to, and dedicated to Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England — a copy of which is in the British Museum. And in *Lansdowne MSS.*, No. 101, is a discourse by Edward Jennyngs, addressed to Lord Burghley, "on the Utility to the Realm by observing days for eating Fish only." See Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 257; and Collier's extract from the *Reg. of the Stat. Comp.*, vol. i, p. 119. The volume is of the greatest rarity, no other copy having occurred for sale than the present, which was formerly in the Roxburghe collection.

Bound in Calf, extra.
Gilt leaves, with the arms of the Duke of Roxburghe on the sides.

JONES, (JOHN, M.A.) — Ovid's Invective or Curse against Ibis, Faithfully and familiarly Translated into English Verse. And the Histories therein contained, being in number two hundred and fifty (at the least) briefly explained one by one. With Natural, Moral, Poetical, Political, Mathematical, and some few Theological applications. Whereunto is prefixed a double Index: one of proper names herein mentioned; another of the Common Heads from thence deduced. Both pleasant and profitable for each sort, Sex, and Age, and very useful for Grammar Schools: By John Jones, M.A., Teacher of a private School in the City of Hereford.

Ραδιον εϛι μωμεῖσθαι, η μιμεῖσθαι.
Carpere vel noli nostra vel ede tua.

Printed by J. G. for Ric. Davis in Oxon. 1658. Small 8vo, pp. 192.

This is a work not often met with, but of little intrinsic value. It commences with some dedicatory verses from the author to his friends in England and Wales, occupying three pages, which are succeeded by a prose address "To the Reader," in which the author says, "This youthful study (thus some novelists have childishly nicknamed Poetry) for a man who has already lived more years than Ovid, &c. . . . easie for my riper age. . . . The most that I have stollen in composing this small piece of Illustration was many hours, &c. . . ." After this address are commendatory verses by Silas Taylor, Reece Morrys, Jo. Hill, and Edward T. Bosworth. These are followed by "An Index of all the proper names in the Histories recited by Ovid in his Invective against Ibis," and "An Index of the common Heads deduced from the Histories recited in this book." A very short specimen of the author's verse translation will suffice:

> Ibis put on thy sacrificing weed:
> Here stands the altar for thy death, make speed,
> The pomp is prepared, &c. P. 9.

A copy of this scarce work is marked at 3*l.* 3*s.* in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 398.

Bound by C. Lewis.
Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Jordan, (Thomas.)—Death dis-sected: or, a Fort against Misfortune in a Cordiall, compounded of many pious and profitable Meditations on Mans Mortality. In severall Poëms written by Thomas Jordan.

Fortiter ill facit, qui miser esse potest.

Printed by Authority for the use of the Author. 1649. Sm. 8vo.

This exceedingly scarce work, to which, though bearing his name, Jordan has not the slightest pretension, is not to be found in the rich collection of

that writer's productions in the Bodleian Library. "Death dis-sected" was originally written by E. B., Minister of G. B., supposed by Mr. Collier to be Edward Browne, and published under the title of "*A Buckler agaynst the feare of Death, or Pyous and Proffitable Observations, Medytations, and Consolations on Mans Mortality* by E. B. Minister of G. B.," 8vo, Lond., 1640, eighteen leaves. See Collier's *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 41, for a further account of it. From this it appears that Jordan having obtained possession of some of the waste copies, prefixed a new title and dedication to impose upon such as would pay him, — and thus palm it off to the public as his own composition. The plagiarisms of this writer are certainly to be numbered amongst the phenomena of the literature of the seventeenth century,— and a reason must rather be sought in the "idleness of genius,"— or we may perhaps in this case add, want of principle, than in any deficiency of talent in Jordan himself, as is proved from his other acknowledged productions. The fraud practised in this instance, although we may hope far from common, was by no means peculiar to Jordan. Dekker, in his *Lanthorne and Candle Light*, 4to, 1609, thus alludes to the practice: "You shall haue fellowes, four or five in a country, that buying up any old booke, especially a sermon or any other matter of divinity, that lies for wast paper, and is clean forgotten, add a new printed epistle to it, and with an alphabet of letters, which they carry about them, being able to print any mans names for a Dedication on the suddaine trauaile up and downe most shires in England and liue by this hawking." This is precisely the course which Jordan has adopted in the present instance. The rest of the book is very neatly printed, — but the new title and dedication prefixed by him, are in a different and very inferior type. The present copy is dedicated to Thomas Marsh, Esq., the space for the name having been left blank, and then inserted afterwards by Jordan as occasion served to suit such different patrons as would pay him. The title was also altered for fear of detection,— and Lowndes apparently refers to a copy without date.

The Meditations are divided into three parts. 1. Of Deaths certainty; 2. Of Deaths impartiality; 3. Of Deaths suddennesse.

They are partly written in six-line stanzas, — but more generally in a singular one of eight lines, the first half having ten feet, and the other seven or eight. The verse is somewhat hobbling, though here and there are fine thoughts worthy of a nobler poet, and requiring a stronger power of expression to give them their due effect. We may cite for example the following lines:

I am not of their minds in whom appears
No care for any world but this below:
Who lay up goods in store for many years,
As if they were at home: but will bestow
Neither care nor industry
Upon heaven, as if there
They were strangers, but had here
A lease of eternitie.

The banish't Naso weeps in sable strain
The woes of banishment: nor could I tell
If Death and it were offer'd, of the twain
Which to make choice of. O! to take farewell
Of our native soil, to part
With our friends and children dear,
And a wife that is so near,
Must needs kill the stoutest heart.

What is't then to be absent from that house,
Eternall in the heau'ns, not made with hands!
From Angels, Saints, God, Christ himself, whose Spouse
Our soul is! from a haven where nothing lands
That defileth; where's no danger,
No fear, no pain, no distresse!
What is't to be here a stranger!

I have been oft abroad, yet ne'r could find
Half that contentment which I found at home;
Methought that nothing suited with my mind
Into what place soever I did come:
Though I nothing needed there,
Neither clothes, nor drink, nor meat,
Nor fit recreations, yet
Methought home exceeded farre.

Thither did my affections alwayes bend;
And I have wish'd, before I came half way,
A thousand times, my journey at an end,
And have been angry with a minutes stay;
Sunne-set I did ever fear;
And a hill, or dirty mile,
That delay'd me but a while,
Seem'd to set me back a yeare.

I built not tabernacles in mine inne,
Nor ever cry'd out, '*Tis good being here.*
No company would I be ever in
That drown'd but half an hour in wine or beer.

I haue wish'd my horse would runne
With a farre more winged speed
Then those skittish jades that did
Draw the chariot of the Sunne.

From carnall self-love, Lord, my heart unfetter
And then shall I desire my heavenly home
More then this here, because that home is better,
And pray with fervency, *Thy kingdome come.*
Lord, had thy poore servant done
What thou hast set him about,
I would never be without
Holy longings to be gone.

After shewing that "pleasures cannot protect us from the stroke of death," by the examples of Solomon in his lusts, of the epicure, and the miser, he introduces the following song of the latter:

I'll eat, drink, and play,
And I'll freely enjoy
My pleasures before I am old:
I'll be sorrie no more,
For my soul hath in store
Abundance of silver and gold.

In this day and night
Will I place my delight;
It shall fatten my heart with laughter:
No man shall excell me;
For who is't can tell me
What pleasures there will be hereafter?

The reader will also find on Sig. F 1 and 2, some curious and amusing descriptions of the necessary paraphernalia of a rich lady's wardrobe, and the various ornaments of the toilet worn by the fair sex at that period, which are enumerated in an entertaining manner; but as Mr. Collier has already quoted one or two stanzas from this passage in his *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 42, it will be unnecessary to repeat them here.

Although not the author of this work, Jordan was a voluminous writer. Originally bred up a player at the Red Bull Theatre, before the civil wars brought confusion and ruin on the theatrical world, and occasioned the closing of the theatres in 1642, he yet lived to see their restoration with the return of Charles II., and wrote a prologue soon after that event, to introduce the first female actor that ever performed on the stage in England,

who appeared as Desdemona in the tragedy of the *Moor of Venice.* On the death of John Tatham, the city poet, about 1667, Jordan was appointed to that office, and wrote the city pageants for a period of fourteen years. He died about 1685, and was succeeded in his office as city poet by Matthew Taubman, who was himself followed in that office by the last who held it, Elkanah Settle, in 1691.

Jordan's first work, the *Poeticall Varieties*, was published in 1637; his latest pageant in 1684, so that he was before the public for nearly the long period of fifty years. Lowndes does not mention, nor is it generally known, that Jordan's *Royal Arbor of Royall Poesie*, &c., 8vo, 1663, is merely a new edition of the *Rosary of Rarities planted in a Garden of Poetry*, 8vo, 1659, with a different title. An unnoticed poem by this writer, entitled *An Eligie on his Mistris Fidelia*, is preserved in *MS.*, No. 38, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. In Thorpe's *Catalogue of* 1400 *MSS.*, for 1836, p. 118, was inserted a volume of poetry by Thomas Jordan, *Divine Poesie, or Poetick Miscelanie of Sacred Fancies*, in 4to, the author's autograph *MS.*, a part of which only had been printed. This was no doubt the one from Mr. Heber's collection; see *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. xi, No. 604. And in the same bookseller's Catalogue for 1850, p. 43, was another volume by Jordan, called *Poeticall Varieties, or Varietie of Fancies*, 4to, 1637, which is described as "containing at the end a Manuscript of 110 Pages, comprising upwards of thirty songs, the greater part set to music, wholly in the autograph of Jordan, which are entirely unpublished." But whether this is the same volume as the preceding, we are unable to state.

See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. iii, p. 86, and vol. vii, p. 128. See also *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 171, for an account by Mr. Park of some of Jordan's poetical volumes, and for a collective list of his various publications; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, pt. ii, p. 417.

Fine copy. Bound in Olive Morocco. Gilt leaves.

JORDAN, (THOMAS).—Wit in a Wildernesse of Promiscuous Poesie. By the author Tho. Jordan.

Hunc novere modum nostri servare Libelli
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

London Printed by R. A. n.d. Sm. 8vo.

There is no date to this publication by Thomas Jordan, the City Poet,

but from the circumstance of one of the copies being dedicated to George Griffiths, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, it must have appeared during the time he held that see, viz., between 1660 and 1666; another was dedicated to Dr. Thos. Turner, Dean of Canterbury, who died at an advanced age in 1672. The present copy is inscribed to "Sir Tho. Hussey Kt. &c.," whose name has been filled in, according to Jordan's constant plan of dedicating the same work to as many patrons as he could, in the hope of obtaining money from each. It is a small miscellany of (Jordan's) Poems, and includes, among other shorter epigrams and epitaphs, "A Poem composed and spoken by the author to the late King at the Dedication of Mr. Tho. Bushel's Rock, at Enston in Oxon 1638 in the person of Calliope." The reader will find some account of this Rock and of Mr. Tho. Bushel in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii, p. 1007, where, in reference to the verses spoken on this occasion of the dedication of the Rock to Queen Henrietta Maria, in the presence of Charles I., they are said to have been set to music by Saml. Ive, and to have been all made by Mr. Bushel, no mention being made of Jordan's name. The volume contains also "A double Acrostick and Anagram on the noble name of the much honoured Sir Tho. Fisher Baronet," "An Epithalamium on the Names and Nuptials of Mr. William Drayton, and the most devoutly vertuous Mrs. Grace Drayton," "An Encomium to the much honored Rich. Cheyney of Hackney Esquire, his bountiful Patron, and to his incomparably vertuous Consort," "An Epitaph in an Acrostick, on the Name of his worthy Friend Thomas Milward Gent, whose face (by general conception) was very like the late King." Then a short epistle and copy of verses in praise of Jordan, by his friend Henry Stonestreet, Gent., on London Bridge; and lines by Jordan "To Mr. H. S. in answer to his ingenuous Poem," "An Acrostical Eulogy composed on the name of his much respected Cozen Mr. Francis Jordan of Ensham in the County of Oxon," "An Elegy and Epitaph on the death of the right worshipful Sir Nath. Brent Knight, Doctor of Law, and Judge of the Prerogative Court, who exchanged this present life in the year 1653," "To his faithful ingenuous friend and old acquaintance J. T. Gent." This was John Tatham, whom Jordan succeeded in the office of City Poet, and of whom he says—

The Sun hath twenty Summers strew'd the earth
With flowers, since our acquaintance first took birth
It was a season when our Drums and Flutes
Did give precedency to Love and Lutes
When men by Piety were so restrain'd
They durst not think a K. could be arraign'd:

Plays were in fashion too, they did not fear
To have these Plots brought to the Theater :
Ere *Austin* was put down, and *Burton* sainted
(Thanks to my destiny) we were acquainted
Since then (I have observ'd) this annual Race
Hath put no wrinkles, &c.

Besides these are "An Epithalamium on the noble Nuptials of Mr. Will. Christmas Merchant and Mrs. Elizabeth Christmas," "To the much honored Pair, and most pious Preservers of Love and Loyalty in Wedlock, Mr. Nathaniel Lownes Merchant Adventurer &c.: 2 the perfect Patern of Vertüe, Mrs. Melior Lownes his beloved Consort," "An Elegy and Epitaph on the deplored death of the much worthy William Barklay Esquire, one of the Aldermen of the City of London: dedicate to Mr. Hen. Barklay," and the volume concludes with verses on "The happy estate of the Blessed. Matth. v. and The wretched estate of the cursed. Deut. xxvii."

Jordan's pieces are now all very scarce, and this perhaps is one of the rarest. A collective list of his numerous publications has been given by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 176. See also *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vii, p. 128; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 930, 4*l.* 4*s.*

Bound in Brown Calf. Gilt leaves.

IOY (THE) of Tears or Cordials of Comfort, springing vp in the reign of sorrow.

Psal. cxxvi, 5.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Matth. v.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Published with the most gracious licence and priviledge of
GOD Almightie, King of Heaven and Earth, the penult day
of Iuly, Anno Dom. 1635. 12mo.

Of this extremely rare anonymous work, consisting only of sixteen pages, we are unable to trace any other copy. It has a small coarsely executed woodcut on the title, representing some tears, and the sun appearing out of the clouds; with the motto, "Gaudia post lachrymas" on a scroll.

It is without any printer's name or place, but relating as the poem does to the Scotish Church, it may possibly have been printed in Edinburgh, but

more probably abroad in Holland. On the reverse of the title is a short poetical address "To the Christian Reader" with two lines underneath:

Since blameless *Truth* dar scarce appear
No Marvell I my name forbear.

The poem is written in stanzas of fourteen lines each, and commences thus:

Both night and day, my bones are pierced with grief
Oh! if my wounds be deep! who can them cure?
No sweetnes now no joy, peace nor relief;
Ease is away, mirth I may not endure.
My paines encrease, sins guilt doth them procure
Fears mee beset, belike God is my foe:
Faith hope and love are hid with clouds impure
Expect I can nothing but wrath and woe.
Entrusting much my heart I truth forgoe,
Menstrous I am, no creature more vile,
More foule, more filthie: yea, though earth no moe
In it contain'd, yet I would all defile.
   Great cause I have each moment to deplore
   My want of that which should my soul decore.

Judgements I justly merite and deserve
Oft do I faile, oft hear I *Peter's* cock:
From GOD'S commands most frequently I swerve,
I love to dwell within a rotten stock.
Trifling allurements hold mee from Christ's flock,
False foolish pleasures do beguile my sight:
Lost is my strength, through bearing of sins yoke
Hourely I erre, in taking wrong for right.
Excuse myself I will not: for my might
My thoughts, my words, my wayes, my works, my pains,
My wit, my will, are great unfriends to light
I can not see what profite mee constrains.
   In mee no worth which Wisdome can commend,
   Good Lord, I pray thee help, reform, amend.

The poem appears to be a supplicatory address by the unknown and Puritan author to the Almighty in behalf of the Kirk of Scotland for deliverance from the threatened restoration of Episcopacy, and the woes which it was supposed would befall her in consequence. To this is subjoined "The Lords exhortatorie and expostulatorie reply," in eight stanzas, followed by four more of praise and thanksgiving to God for His unnumbered mercies. At the end is

The Author's epilogue.
I am but sinfull dust
From God is my record
To mee belongeth shame
All glorie to the Lord.

Underneath is a small woodcut of the burning bush.

It is in such strains as the following that the author mourns and laments over the woes and sufferings of his Church:

I have a pleasant birth, yet I must cry
O Ichabod! O captive Ark once free!
Now Philistines with peace possesse, all my
Excellencie is gone, I wish to die.
Life, pleasure, joy, withdraw yourselves from mee
Fraughted I am, and overcharg'd with grief:
Light of mine eyes is faild, I can not see:
Elies last end, nought else can bring relief.
Entred in Bethell have men of mischief
Making GODS lawes to bee of no respect:
Though once they seem'd well setled in belief,
Yet now their craft and falshood they detect.
  With filthie smoak the house of pray'r they fill,
  And there intend to change all things at will.

Jerusalem is of her freedome spoil'd,
Orders of men's devising there bee plac'd:
True *Christ* is bound, thief *Barrabas* assoild
Esaw much praised, *Jacob* much disgraced.
The heritage of GOD is all defaced,
Formalities to substance are preferd;
Lawes are imposd grievous to bee embraced,
Earths fatnesse upon *Judas* is conferd.
Eye weep, heart groan, *black birds* my mirth have mard
Moon hath no light, the Sun his beames withdraweth:
The mouth of godly *Zephanie* is bard,
Because the truth in honestie hee showeth.
  Fountains of life which make GODS citie glad
  Are fild with earth, clear springs can not be had.

* * * * *

Gods captive *Ark* I long to see restord:
Old days of mercy doubtlesse then would come
No land like *Scotland* was so well decord,
Each hungrie soul did there receive a crum.

Tabrets of power now dead pypes are become.
Flames of strange fire provoke GODS jealousie :
Locusts of hell prevaile much over some,
Edens fair orchard wants fertilitie.
Exilements, fines, confines commissions bee
Made 'gainst all these who would their hearts keepe pure
Time-servers get honour and dignitie
Idolaters full libertie procure.
  None of an upright judgement dar appear,
  The hands are weakned which Christ's image bear.

This little poetical tract was unknown to Mr. Laing when he printed his selection of "Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the 17th Century," or he would have included it in the same collection. It is not noticed by Watt or Lowndes, and appears to be unknown to bibliographers.

Bound in Maroon Coloured Morocco. Gilt leaves.

KALENDER (THE) OF SHEPHERDS. — Here begynneth the Kalender of Shephardes.

Without Place or Printer's Name. (London. By Rychard Pynson, n.d.) Folio, **blk. lett.**

Of this very curious and extraordinary work, so popular in the annals of our early literature, so able and particular an account has been given by Warton, that we cannot do better than transcribe from it the opening sentences. He says, that "it seems to have been translated into English about the year 1480, from a French book entitled, *Kalendrier des Bergers*. It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the year 1497. This piece was calculated for the purposes of a perpetual almanac, and seems to have been the universal magazine of every article of salutary and useful knowledge. It is a medley of verse and prose; and contains, among many other curious particulars, the saints of the whole year, the moveable feasts, the signs of the Zodiac, the properties of the twelve months, rules for blood-letting, a collection of proverbs, a system of ethics, politics, divinity, physiognomy, medicine, astrology, and geography. Among other authors, *Cathons the great Clarke*, *Solomon*, *Ptolemeus the Prince of Astronomy*, and Aristotle's *Epistle to Alexander*, are quoted. Every month is introduced respectively speaking, in a stanza of *ballad royal*, its own panegyric." Of the original French edition, Dibdin has noticed one printed at Paris by Guy Marchant,

in 1499, fol., and another of the date of 1524, printed at Lyons, fol. (Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 530), but it is most probable that there were earlier foreign impressions than these. A beautiful copy of an edition in English, " The Kalendayr of the Shyppars," printed at Paris in 1503, was purchased in the Roxburghe Sale, 1754, for the large sum of 180*l.*, by the Duke of Devonshire, and is now in the Library at Chatsworth. It is described by Dibdin in his *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 535. It was from this early edition, printed in France, that most of the singular woodcuts in the English impressions were introduced, although Warton seems to think that the printer, Wynkyn de Worde, probably procured them from some German engraver in the infancy of the art. A specimen of the language of this foreign edition is given by Dibdin, which being so barbarous and corrupt that no Englishmen could understand it, it was again translated from the original French at the cost and charge of Wynkyn de Worde, as it appears, by his servant, Robert Copland, who in the Prologue of an edition by that printer, in 1508, 4to, of which there is a copy in the Library of Magdalen College, Oxford, says of this translation—" Not long time passed, I being in my chamber, where as were many pamphlets and books, which, in avoiding idleness, mother of all vices, I intently beheld, thinking to pass the long winter's night, and suddenly there came to my hand one of the said books of the Shepherds Kalender, in rude and scottish language, which I read: and perceiving the matter to be right compendious, and remembering how the people desire to hear and see new things, I shewed the said book to my worshipful master Wynkyn de Worde; at whose commaundement and instigation, I, Robert Copland, have me applied directly to translate it out of French againe into our maternal tongue, after the conceit of mine understanding according to mine author," &c. Of the early editions of this curious production by our own English printers, Dibdin has presented us with a copious account in his work before mentioned, and has fully described this rare edition by Pynson from the present copy, which was formerly in the collection of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., who obtained it from Mr. Gutch, the bookseller of Bristol. It has not Pynson's name attached to it, nor is there any edition of this work known with his name subjoined as the printer, but there is ample internal evidence that it came from his press.

The title is printed in black letter over a woodcut of a shepherd with his right arm elevated, and contemplating the heavens, a bagpipe under his left arm and his sheep-hook lying under his feet, two dogs coupled behind him,

some sheep in the distance on the right, and a wolf on the left stealing a lamb, a church on a hill in the back ground, and the sky divided into portions of three circles, with sun, moon, and stars. This cut is rather more than five inches and a half high, and is surrounded with borders of different patterns. On the reverse of the title is a large woodcut, designed to represent the author sitting in his study leaning on his right arm, with an open book in his left hand; a *plutus*, as Herbert calls it, or reading desk, with a clasped book on it, before him, and surrounded with a border like that on the title page. This woodcut was afterwards inserted in *The Introduction of Knowledge*, by Dr. Andrew Boorde, printed by Will. Copland, and in the *Breviary of Health*, by the same, printed by Will. Middleton in 1547, 4to, and has since been copied, and described by Granger as the portrait of this ancient physician. But it is evident from its frequent repetition, having been also introduced for one of Skelton in the frontispiece to one of that author's works, that it has no pretension to be received as a representation of the portrait of either Skelton or Boorde. On the next leaf after the title, Sig. A ii, is the Prologue, commencing as follows:—"Here before tyme this Boke was prynted in Parys into corrupt Englysshe (and not by no englysshe man) wherefore the Bokes that were brought into Englande, no man coulde understande them parfytely, and no meruayle, for it is unlykely for a man of that countre, for to make into good and parfyte Englisshe as it should be. Therefore newely nowe it is drawen out of Frenche into Englysshe at the instance, cost, and charge of (Richarde Pynson) and for by cause he sawe y^{t} men of other Countrees intermedellayd with that, that they coulde haue no skyll in, and therefore the foresayd Richarde Pynson and suche as longeth to hym hath made it into playne Englysshe to the entent that euery man may understande it, the which that this boke is very profitable both for clerkes and ley people to cause them to haue great understandynge, and in especiall in that we be bounde to lerne and knowe on payne of euerlastynge dethe," &c. It would seem from this Prologue, which is nearly a copy of the one used by Wynkyn de Worde, with the change only of the name to that of Richard Pynson, enclosed, as we see, within brackets, as if these two printers were joined together in the expense of this new translation by Copland, each, however, printing the work separately, and using his own name. The Prologue is followed by the Table, three pages, containing the heads of 56 chapters; "also a good drynke for the pestylence which is not chapterde." On Sig. A iiii is "a great questyon asked bytwene the Shepardes touchynge the sterres, and an answere

made to the same." This is over two rude woodcuts, each of a shepherd with his crook in one hand, and pointing to the stars with the other, a *fac simile* of one of which is given by Dibdin, vol. ii, p. 527. On the reverse of this leaf is a woodcut of "Husbandrye"—oxen ploughing in a field—for a *fac simile* of which see Dibdin, vol. ii, p. 503, where it is prefixed to the first edition of Fitzherbert's *Treatise upon Husbandry*, 1523, 4to.

On the top of the next leaf, with a beautiful capital letter P representing an eagle devouring a hare,

Howe plowmen shuld do.

Peers go thou to plowe, and take with y^e^ thy wyfe
Delue and drawe, sowe barly whete and rye
Of one make x. this is a parfyte lyfe
As sayth Arystotyle, in his phylosophy
Thou nede not studye, to knowe astrology
For if the wether be not to thy plesaunce
Thanke euer God, of his deuyne ordenaunce.

Thus endeth the plowman.

Below, on the same page, is a sort of ballad or address by "The Auctour," commencing thus, by the side of a woodcut, representing him as seated before a desk with various books about him:

In the ende of this boke
Who so lyste for to loke
Therin shall he see
A balade that sayth this
He that many bokes redys
Cunynge shall he be
Wysdome is soone caught
In many leuys it is sought
And some doth it fynde
But sleuth y^t^ no boke bought
For reason takes no thought
His thryfte comes behynde.
&c., &c.

On the reverse of this leaf is a repetition of the cut which adorns the title-page, followed by "The prologue of the Auctoure that put this boke in wrytynge." At the end of this is another prologue of the Master Shepherd, chap. ii, with a woodcut of the Master Shepherd, with a bagpipe under his left arm—the other extended before him in the act of addressing other shepherds sitting on the ground, with their crooks and pastoral pipes, and sheep, &c., in the distance. Then commences an account of the four

quarters or seasons of the year, of the different months, and the division of the Kalender, which is divided into five parts.

The firste of our sygnes of the compost and the kalender
The seconde is the tre of vyces with the paynes of helle,
The thirde is the waye of helthe of man: the tre of vertues,
The fourthe is phesyke and gouernaunce of helthe:
The fyfte is astrologye and physnomy, &c.

There are also directions for finding the golden numbre, the letter dominicall, the new moone, the feestfull dayes, &c. We have then some verses relating "Howe euery moneth prayseth itselfe of some good propryete," written in seven line stanzas, with varying woodcut borders at the sides, one for each month, with a closing one at the end for "The begynnynges and endes of the foure seasons of the yere." We quote the one for the month of May as a specimen, and the reader will find the whole printed in Dibdin, vol. ii, p. 591.

May.

Of all the monthes in the yere I am kynge
Flowrysshynge in beaute excellently
For in my tyme, in vertue is all thynge
Feldes and medes sprede moste beauteously
And byrdes synge with right swete armony
Reioysynge louers with hote loue all endewed
With fragraunt flowres, all aboute renewed.

These verses are followed by "the figure to knowe in what sygne the moone is euery day," and on Sig. B iiii, with some Latin verses on the signs of the Zodiac, with a declaration in English below. On the reverse of this leaf is a large woodcut of a person with a table spread before him, partaking of rich Christmas fare, an attendant by his side bringing in what looks like a good minced pie. At the side in circles are figures of Aries and Aquarius, and underneath this verse:

Called I am Januyere the colde
In cristenmas season good fyre I loue
Yonge Jhesu, that somtyme Judas solde
In me was circūcysed for mannes behoue
Thre kynges sought the sone of God aboue
They kneled downe dyd hym homage with loue
To God theyr Lorde that is mannes owne brother.

Then "followeth a Kalendre with the Fygures of every Saynt that is halowed in the yere, in the whiche is the fygures, the houres, the months,

the newe moones," cap. iii. This is printed in red and black, each month having an emblematic woodcut and four lines of Latin verse at the top, with rude cuts of saints and martyrs on the right side of a woodcut border at the bottom. A *fac simile* of one of the pages, from another edition, executed with great care and nicety, is given by Dibdin, vol. ii, p. 594. We have then two leaves of figures explanatory of the Kalender, and for finding the golden number, the letter dominical, Easter, and other moveable feasts. After which are tables of the phases of the moon, illustrated with 54 cuts, of which there is a specimen given in Dibdin, vol. iii, p. 595, and at the end are these lines:

No meruayle that mannes mynde be mutable
And wyll ye knowe wherfore and why
For he is made of thynges variable
As of hote, colde, moyste, and dry.
The wyt is lyght, it passeth lyghtly
And sythe we be made of iiii. chaungeable
Howe shuld man be stedfast and stable.

An eclyps shall be meruaylous to beholde
Thorough whiche many shall be the worse
For many shall fynde neyther syluer ne golde
It shall be so derke within theyr purse.

A fresh set of Latin verses on each month now occurs, followed by others on the twelve signs and on the four seasons, of which we quote the concluding one as a specimen:

De hyeme.

Stabat hyems glacie canos hirsuta capillos
Cujus nix humeros circūdat flumina montes
Precipitant: semperque riget glacie horrida barba
Albentes hec duret aquas, et flumina nectit
Tristis hyems niveo montes velamine vestit.

The seventh chapter is inscribed thus:—"Hereafter foloweth the seconde part of the Compost and Kalender, whiche sheweth of the trees of vyces, and of the paynes of helle." This is a remarkable chapter, containing an exposition, in twenty-four pages, of the seven deadly sins—Pride, in seventeen branches; Envy, in thirteen branches; Wrath, in ten branches; Sloth, in seventeen branches; Covetyse, in twenty branches; Gluttony, in five branches; and Lechery, in five branches. On the left side of each branch, consisting of nine lines, are woodcuts of branches of trees. Chapter viii describes the pains of hell for the punishment of sinners which Lazarus

recounted after he was risen from death, as he had seen in the parts infernal. These are preceded by a woodcut of our Saviour seated at meat at a table with his disciples in the house of Simon, and Lazarus in the front relating his visions in the other world, and are introduced with the following extraordinary and fabulous narrative:

> Our Saviour and Redeemer Jesu Christ a little before his blessed passion, being in Bethany entered into the house of a man named Simon for to take his corporall refection. And as he was sitting at the table with his Apostles and disciples there being Lazarus brother to Mary Magdalene and Martha, the which our Lord had raised from death to life. The which thing Symon doubted; and prayed our Lord for to command Lazarus to shew afore the assistants what he had seen in the other world. And our Lord gave him leave to speak. And then the said Lazarus recounted how that he had seen in the parties infernals of hell many great and intolerable pains where as sinful and women were pained. First, of *Pride:* and consequently of all the vij. deadly sins, each pain by himself.

Warton has so fully and eloquently described the very curious subject of this chapter that we make no apology to our readers for quoting his account of it.

> In the eighth chapter of our Kalender are described the seven visions, or the punishment in hell of the seven deadly sins, which Lazarus saw between his death and resurrection. These punishments are imagined with great strength of fancy, and accompanied with wooden cuts boldly touched, and which the printer Wynkyn de Worde probably procured from some German engraver at the infancy of the art. The Proud are bound by hooks of iron to vast wheels, like mills, placed between craggy precipices, which are incessantly whirling with the most violent impetuosity and sound like thunder. The Envious are plunged in a lake half frozen, from which as they attempt to emerge for ease, their naked limbs are instantly smote with a blast of such intolerable keenness, that they are compelled to dive again into the lake. To the Wrathful is assigned a gloomy cavern, in which their bodies are butchered, and their limbs mangled by demons with various weapons. The Slothfull are tormented in a *horrible hall dark and tenebrous*, swarming with innumerable flying serpents of various shapes and sizes, which sting to the heart. The Covetous are dipped in cauldrons filled with boiling metals. The Gluttonous are placed in a vale near a loathsome pool, abounding with venomous creatures, on whose banks tables are spread, from which they are perpetually crammed with loads by devils. Concupiscence is punished in a field full of immense pits or wells, overflowing with fire and sulphur.

The present copy is imperfect, wanting the last five chapters. Some interesting *MS.* notes occur on the fly leaves.

Blue Morocco. Gilt edges.

Kendall, (Timothy.) — Flowers of Epigrammes, out of sundrie the moste singular authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. Pleasant and profitable to the expert readers of quicke capacitie: By Timothe Kendall, late of the Universitie of Oxford: now student of Staple Inne in London.

Horatius.
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetœ,
Aut simul et iucunda, aut idonea dicere vitœ.

Imprinted at London in Poules Churche-yarde, at the signe of the Brasen Serpent, by Ihon Shepperd. 1577. 8vo, **blk. lett.** 152 leaves.

Dr. Bliss has dwelt upon the extreme rarity of these poems in the account which he has given of this black letter volume in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv, p. 150, from a copy wanting the title page, which is correctly given above from the present perfect exemplar. He has also printed a short memoir of the author, chiefly drawn from this work, in his edition of the *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 484, whence it appears that Kendall was a native of North Aston, in the county of Oxford, where his family had been settled for some time, being the son of William Kendall of that place, who was buried there the 25th of May, 1570; and of Alice, his wife. He received his school education at Eton, after the completion of which, he became a member of the University of Oxford, but from having probably resided there only a short time, and left without taking a degree, it has not been ascertained to what college he belonged, and he has thus escaped the notice of the Oxford historian. He afterwards removed to Staples Inn in London, and although well known to many of the literary men of that period, no further particulars of his life and career are recorded, nor is the exact time of his death anywhere notified.

On the reverse of the title is a list of "The Names of all suche Aucthors out of whom these Flowers are selected," including Politian, Ansonius, Buchanan, Claudian, Erasmus, Walter Haddon, Henry Stephens, Joannes Secundus, John Parkhurst Bp. Norwich, Martial, Roger Ascham, Theodore Beza, Sir Thomas More, and others. Then "The Epistle Dedicatorie to the right honourable the Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Leycester, Baron of Denbigh, Master of the Queenes Maiesties horse," &c., whom he styles "a speciall Patrene of learning and learned men, accepting moste courteously their simple Poesies, whose Garden plots are not so gaily garnished either

with such plenty or such varitie as others be, that have more skill both to make choice of those flowers that have the sweeter and more fragrãt smell, as also to pick out such as for their fairenes and comely chaũge of colour breede speciall loue and liking in the eyes of the beholder." This is followed by an address "To the courteous and frendly Reader," in which we are informed, that in selecting from Martial and other writers, he had omitted all those epigrams that were wanton and immoral, and chosen those only that were chaste; and that if these were successful, he would "either augment these or publish more, as convenient leisure should serve," which intention, however, he does not appear to have ever executed. After this are commendatory verses by W. Seymour, gentleman, of Grayes Inne, George Whetstones, E. G. (qu. Edward Guilpin), Abraham Fleming, A. W., gent. (qu. Arthur Warren or Andrew Willet), and two sets of Latin verses — the latter a Sapphic ode by G. L. One or two short extracts will suffice from these translations, which are devoid of much poetical interest, and are without the point and force of the original. As Dr. Bliss has given the first translation from Martial "To hymselfe," we now quote the second to the same:

The thinges which cause man's life mee thinkes,
most full of blisse to be
Are these: when goods from frends do fall
and we from labour free.
When fertile field growes fast abroad
and mind is voyd of strife:
And merry Jhon by tostyng fire
may sit with Jone his wife.
When corps is sound and strong withall
and wisedome rules the mynde:
And frends in frenships faithfull knot
a faithfull hart doth bynde,
When fare is good, though not of cost
and night with pleasure prest
Not drowsy head, but merry minde,
doth cause a quiet rest.
To be as harte could wishe or craue,
thy state content withall:
Not feare, nor wishe for fatall day
but come when come it shall.

Pictorious.

To Sextus. Pittie: almes.

Proude Pallaces with battlements
thou hast erected hie:

Thy farmes and manor howses stor'de
with euery thyng do lye,
Thou dost abound in beddes of downe,
thy fare is passing fine:
Thy clothes are costly to thy backe:
all passyng that is thine.
Uppon thy selfe, thy goods and coine
thou spendest euermore;
Dost aske how best they may be spent?
how? marrie on the poore.

To Dionisius Feb. The Holy Scripture.

All thinges the fragrant field doth feed
accordyng unto kinde:
The birde hath seede: the oxe hath strawe:
the dog his praie doth finde.
Euen so the sacred Bible booke,
for euery kinde and sorte,
Hath store of foode and norishment
that list therto resorte.
Here tender babes haue milke and pap:
here ripe of yeares haue bred:
Here also wanteth not repast
for age with hory head.
Yet hereof small account is made
the cause may soone be knowne:
Each one doth seeke to feede his eares,
And let his hart alone.

B. Dardanius.

A lively description of Hope.

Thou that on totteryng globe dost stande
art thou a Goddes, tell,
Or els a mortall creature borne?
a goddes. Verie well.
Whence sprong, or how begotten, speake?
of darknesse spryng did I.
What nurse did feede, and give thee sucke?
that did credulitie.
Who at thy backe behinde thee bides?
ioyes, whiche doe glad and chere.
And what is he, that still so pale
doeth goe before thee?—feare.
Alofte, up to the loftie heauens,
thy lookes why doest thou caste?

I doe beholde the heauens, whereas
 I hope to dwell at laste.
But tell me now, what doeth deforme
 thy face so faire and bright?
I vexed am when my desires
 are voide, and frustrate quight.
By staffe why doest thou staie thyself?
 while hope doeth feede my mynde.
Old croked age with stealyng steps,
 encrocheth on by kynde,
Why reel'st thou staggeryng to and fro?
 hope still doeth slipperie stande:
The thyng whiche ofte I thinke to holde,
 doeth slip out of my hande.

Bruno.

A Iest of a Theefe.

A certain Theefe found guiltie, both
 of theft and periurie:
Was iudg'd to have his tong cut out
 with knife, most cruelly.
Oh, sayd the theef unto the Judge,
 your pointed purpose stay:
Oh, saue my tongue, with caruyng knife
 and cut mine eares away.
Twoo eares for one tongue I will lose:
 well, quoth the Judge, agreed:
And sent for executioner
 to cut his eares with speed.
Now when the executioner came,
 his hat from hed he threw:
And heares there did appear, but eares
 he there had none to vew:
(For he had lost his eares before)
 each laught to see his wile:
And hauyng thus deceyu'd the Judge,
 the theefe himselfe gan smile.

Cynthius Ioannes Baptista.

Of his straunge love.

In fire I freeze, in Froste I frie:
 How so, wouldst knowe? a lover I.

To Renata, a noble Dame.

For princely pompe, and riches greate,
 queen *Iuno* beares the bell:

Pallas for skill: for puritie
Diana doeth excell.
For beautie braue doeth *Venus* passe:
Renata learned well,
Riche, chast, of beautie braue beside,
all fower doeth farre excell.

In this work we have a stanza which not only affords a striking example of the old proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun," but also furnishes us with a remarkable instance of the antiquity of a well-known epigram ascribed, under a slightly varied form, to a comparatively modern writer. Every reader will at once recognise its original in the following epigram on fol. 5 of the present volume:

To Sabidius.
I loue thee not, Sabidius,
I can not tell thee why:
I can saie nought but this alone,
I doe not loue thee, I.

At the end of the *Flowers of Epigrammes* is the second part of the book, containing Kendall's own compositions, "deuised and written in his yong and tender age." This portion, which commences with fresh paging, but with a continuation of the signatures, has a separate title, enclosed within a woodcut border, "Trifles by Timothe Kendall deuised and written (for the moste part) at sundrie tymes in his yong and tender age. Tamen est laudanda voluntas." On the reverse of the title is an extract of six lines from Cornelius Gallus, followed by some lines, "The Author to his Pamphlets and Trifles," and some acrostic verses on his own name, "The author to hymself."

This part is chiefly interesting from the notices which it affords of the author's life and friends, being the principal source of the little information which is known on these points. Among others of this kind are "Verses written to his father when he was scholler in Æton," "To his vncle Henry Kendall," "Precepts written to Henry Knevet gent," "Preceptes written in his frend Richard Woodwards praier booke sometime his companion in Oxford":

R Refrain from sinne
I In vertue grow:
C Care for thy frend,
H Hate not thy foe:
A Abandon vice
R Regard the wise:
D Delight in loue,
E Enuy despise.

W Wyn wealth against
O Old age in youth:
O Order thy tongue
D Declare the trueth.
W Ware pride, 'twill haue
A Alwaies a fall.
R Remember death
D Despatcheth all.

"Preceptes written to his Cosen Paul Tooley," "Verses written at the request of his Cosen Mary Palmer, in her praier booke called The Pomander of Praier," "To his Cosen Ihon Kendall," "To his dere brother Iohn Sheppard gent. of Grayes Inne," "An Epitaphe vpon the death of the right wise and worthy Matron the Lady Alse Avenon," "An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare Mother Alice Kendall, which died and lieth buried at North Aston," "An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father William Kendall which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at North Aston in Oxfordshire," "An Epitaph vpon the death of his deare Aunt Ellen Kendall, which died, and lyes buried at Bloxam"; and the volume concludes with "A sorowful Sonet vpon the death of Walter, late Earle of Essex." The poetical merits of Kendall's original compositions are not superior to his translations, so that a single example will probably content the reader. It has, however, been remarked to his credit "that a strong moral sentiment runs through most of his productions, and that he has followed the same rules himself, which, in his preface, he prescribed to those authors he undertook to make speak English.

How to get the loue, bothe of God and men.

Who leaues, who loues, who liues, who lends:
  who spares, who spies, who speakes, who spends,
Shall purchase to hymself the loue
  of men beneath, and God aboue.

Exposition.

Who leaues to lead a lothsome life,
Who loues the Lazor poore to feede,
Who liues in loue, and hateth strife,
Who lends who lackes, and stands in neede.
Who spares to spende, and waxeth wise
Who spies the baite, and shūnes the hookes
Who speakes the truthe, and hateth lies:
Who spends his tyme in sacred bookes:
Hym GOD hym self in heauen aboue,
And men beneath shall like and loue.

At the end of the volume on a separate leaf is the following colophon: "Imprinted at London in Paules Churche yarde, at the Signe of the Brasen Serpent by Iohn Shepperd. Anno. 1577": and underneath a curious device of a swan playing on a violin, with a scroll of music before it, and these two lines from Martial beneath:

Martialis.

Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
  Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse sui.

A curious circumstance respecting this volume has never, I believe, been noticed by any writers on our old poetry, viz., that the style of the work is imitated from Turberville, and several of the pieces taken *verbatim* from that writer without the slightest acknowledgment. Thus, for example, the epigram on Asclepiades, fol. 66, is found in Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, 8vo, 1570, p. 72, one beginning "Stand with thy snoute," p. 64, occurs in Turberville, slightly altered, p. 83; another, "Of a deaf Judge, a deaf plaintiffe, and a deaf defendant," p. 64, is in Turberville, p. 74, with the conclusion altered, &c. A little research would perhaps discover other instances of plagiarism, so frequent in the sixteenth century, when the circulation of books was too limited to render detection very probable.

Kendall is numbered by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, 12mo, 1598, among the English epigrammatists, and is there coupled with Heywood, Drant, Bastard, and Davies. There seems to have been some connection between Sir Aston Cokaine and some of the Kendalls, who were at that time seated at Smithsby in Derbyshire, and to one of whom, "Henry Kendall the younger," he addressed some verses at his "honoured Kinsman," but whether they were connected with those at North Aston of the same name, we are unable to decide. See the *Topographer*, vol. ii, p. 158, and vol. iv, p. 112.

Ritson in his *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 259, has observed, that some verses "To the Reader," signed J. K., are prefixed to a book entitled, *Beware the Cat*, printed by Edw. Allde, 1584, 8vo, which he is inclined, and perhaps correctly, to attribute to Timothe Kendall. Mr. Ellis has noticed the present work in his *Specimens of Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 228, and has printed two of the poems on the "Precepts of Wedlock," containing "The Husbands Requests" and "The Wives Aunswere," fol. 90, translated from the Latin Poems of Walter Haddon, 8vo, 1567. See also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 259; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, p. 484; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv, p. 150; Collier's Extracts *Reg. Stat. Comp.*, vol. ii, p. 32; Herbert's *Ames*, vol. ii, p. 1115, and vol. iii, p. 1804; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii, pp. 246, 291; and Drake's *Shakespere and his Times*, vol. i, p. 690.

Mason's copy, wanting one leaf, fol. 93, sold in 1799, for 1*l.* 17*s.*; Pearson's do., in 1788, for 1*l.* 14*s.*; Bindley's do., pt. ii, No. 1105, wanting one leaf, for 16*l.*; Perry's do., pt. iv, No. 306, with *fac simile* title, for 11*l.* 11*s.*; Sotheby's, in March 1817, for 17*l.* 17*s.*; Heber's, pt. iv, No. 1315, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There is a copy in the Malone Collection, in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, and another in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Calf. Gilt edges.

Kennedy, (John.)—The Historie of Calanthrop and Lucilla. Conspicvovsly demonstrating the various mutabilities of Fortune in their loves, with every severall circumstance of ioyes and crosses, fortunate exploites and hazardous adventures, which either of them sustained before they could attaine the prosperous event of their wicked aimes. By John Kennedy.

Gratis Corycio, mihi nectar Castalis undæ,
Mnemosynes natæ, nocte dedêre novem.

Edinburgh Printed by John Wreittoun, and are to be sold at his shop a little beneath the Salt-Trone. 1625. Sm. 8vo, pp. 120.

Of this extremely rare little work only one other perfect copy besides the present is known, which was in the extensive library of the late Mr. Heber. It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable, truelie noble, magnanimous, and worthy Lord, Sir Donald Mackaye, of Stranever, Knight Lord Colonell," &c. This person was the son of Sir Hugh Mackay, of Stranever, by Lady Jane Sutherland, daughter of John, Earl of Sutherland, and was created Lord Reay the 20th June, 1628. In this dedication Kennedy speaks of the present work, or, as he styles it, "his Neophiticall labours, and his Poeticall Exordium, as the first perspicuous invention of my stirile braine: and therefore consequently fearing the insufficiencie thereof, I esteemed it, says he, my best to make choyce of your Lordship, as my worthy *Mecœnas*, whose grandour and great respect is of sufficient power to palliate all the infirmities of this Pamphlet, yea and to shrowd the very same from the impetuous obloquie, and preposterous scandall, of the most calumnious carper, or Satyricke inveigher." After the dedication is a prose address "To each Reader of whatsoever qualitie or condition," in which he appears to entertain a very superior opinion of his poetical talents, and not "to value his labour at too low a rate." This is followed by commendatory verses in Latin (two sets), signed Galterus Bellendinus and R. Fairlæus, and in English inscribed "The Mappe of this Muse," by Patrick Mackenzie. *The History of Calanthrop and Lucilla* is written in six-line stanzas, and commences thus:

One Summers day young *Calanthorp* sate downe
In pleasant grove, hard by a crystall brooke
A Bay by vmbrage, *Flora* by her gowne

Gaue such content, that great delight he tooke:
For here his smell was pleas'd, so was his sight,
His body safe from *Phœbus* scorching light.

Zephyrus motion 'moungst the fruitfull sprigges,
Made fall the Cherry, Apple, Prune, and Peare:
Feath'red confed'rates sate on tender twigges,
Ready prepared for to please his eare:
These wing'd Musitians strain'd their pretty throates
In divers ditties warbling forth their notes.

In yonder rock sits *Niobe* immur'd,
Here *Philomela* 'gins for to lament,
Pænæan Daphne there growes up obscur'd,
Phaetons sisters likewise doe relent
And with their amber teares through baske and rine
Their losse and brothers fall seeme to repine.

Looke, *Adons* floure, yet of Vermilion dye
Reteines the Staine received by his blood
The silver teares fell from faire *Venus* eye
Vpon the leafe stand yet, as then they stood,
For, seeing how the Boare her love had slaine
She weeping kist, and kissing 't weeps againe.

Narcissus next, presents it to his view
With drouping head, as he in fountaine gaz'd,
In signe he drencht, yet is it wet with dew
Without a breach, its head cannot be rais'd,
of colour white, small savour doth possesse
He foolish faire, his death doth well expresse.

The story, which is a love tale full of the usual difficulties and adventures, is interspersed with songs and relations, in different metres, one of which, entitled "The Forrester his relation," occupying six pages, is written in the long verse of fourteen syllables. Another, entitled "Calanthrop his Threnodie," begins as follows:

The silent night summonds each thing to rest
The schrieking Owle (nights herald) notes her hours,
In sable robes, when crystall welkin* loures,
Each fowle an little bird flie to their nest
The *Hamadriads* haste to shadie bowres,
Each beast opprest with labour, travell, paine,
House hold, or cave, to rest them in remaine.

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* Welkin was a poet's word, and if we may judge from the Clown's observation upon it in *Twelfth Night*, came into fashion towards the end of the sixteenth century.

Now dew discends, unseene in silver shoures,
Refreshing scorched plants, flours, grasse, and grain,
Each thing that lives, this season somway please,
The wearie *Phlegon* in the night findes ease,
Coolding in *Tethys* boure his fierie waine,
Yet I tormented by a deepe disease
In night find neither rest, nor yet reliefe,
Pale-fac't disdaine is cause of all my griefe
My frowning *Fate* I no way can appease
Fortune (aye me) hath made me, to be briefe,
A gazing-stock of discontented woe:
And still decrees I shall continue so,
Till death exhale my breath by lawlesse reife.

We have seen from the dedication, that Kennedy speaks of this work as his first poetical production. He is also known to be the author of another poetical volume, *A Theological Epitome, or Divine Compend, apparently manifesting God's great Love and Mercie towards Man*, &c. Edinb: Printed by John Wreittoun, &c., 1629, of which a copy was sold in the Gordonstoun Collection, No. 1328, for 2*l.*

An imperfect copy of the present work, wanting nine leaves, including the title, is described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 412, price 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* The only other perfect copy known was sold in Mr. Heber's sale, part iv, No. 1316, for 4*l.* 11*s.*, and is now in the valuable collection of William H. Miller, Esq. The present one came from the very curious Library of George Chalmers, Esq., F.R.S., S.A.

Half bound in Calf.

KING, (HUMPHREY.)—An Halfe-penny-worth of Wit, in a Penny-worth of Paper.—or, The Hermites Tale. The third impression.

London Printed for Thomas Thorp, by the Assignement of of Edw: Blount. 1613. 4to, pp. 48.

Although we are not aware that any earlier edition of this work than the above is at present known, there is no doubt, as Mr. Collier has remarked, that it was printed several years before—probably at the close of the preceding century—as it is alluded to by Nash in his "Lenten Stuffe, or Prayse of the Red Herring," 4to, Lond., 1599, who, in his humorous dedication of that work to King, at the close of it expressly mentions the

present publication by name, styling it "your sacred Poeme of the Hermites Tale, that will restore the golden age amongst us." The title is within a neat woodcut border, and is followed by a singular dedication of the volume to the Countess of Sussex, written in a humorous, but coarse and vulgar style, in which it is evident that he had taken a leaf out of the books of his witty and satirical friend Nash. After this is a prose address "To all Honourable Friends, or Honest dispersed Wel-wishers whereso-ever;" then three short copies of verses, the second being entitled, "In discommendation of the Author;" and three neatly expressed sonnets without signatures, the second of which we give for the sake of its allusion to Nash, with a conjecture that it might possibly have been written by Robert Greene, the mutual friend and companion of their revels:

That I haue lou'd and most respected thee,
True-honest *Humphrey*: I do heere protest,
And that the world shall witnesse it with me,
Embrace this signe of loue amongst the rest;
Wilt thou haue more? my word I will engage:
Nay further yet: I'le take a solemne oath
By the Red-herring thy true Patronage,
And famous *Nash*, so deere vnto us both:
By all the Bowers that we haue reuel'd in,
Our merry times, that gallop hence so fast,
By all the houres we haue together bin,
By all our vowes of friendship that haue past:
  By these I sweare my love, and thy worke grac'd,
  On her rich worth, and honour'd Titles plac'd.

"The Hermites Tale," which now commences, is a dialogue between a Hermit retired from the world and a young man concerning the vices and follies of the times, and in one part attacks the Puritans, who at that time begun to rail against the Maypoles, and other rustic sports and merriments. Without being elevated in thought or diction, this poem is written in an easy and flowing style which is not unpleasing. It opens thus:

Walking by a Forrest side
An ancient Hermite I espide,
White was his head, old was his face,
Pale were his lookes, obscure his place,
And in his hand I might behold
A booke all torne and very old;
I willing both to see and know
His place, and why he liued so,

Went to salute him, as vnknowne
To be a partner of his moane,
He being of an humble spirit,
As one that heauen would inherite,
A friendly welcome to me gaue,
And brought me to his homly Caue,
Where he had liu'd full twenty yeares,
And for his sinnes shed many teares:
Thinking every houre to die,
Knowing the world's vnconstancie.
Then sat he downe, and to me told:
I once was yong, but now am old,
And welcome is mine age to mee,
That no more changes I may see;
For I have seene from time to time
The highest fall, the lowest clime:
Contrary to that which we expect,
To make vs know the world's defect,
How time and death doth still presage
The ficklenesse of euery age.
Like to the Moone, that hath no power,
Loving to change, both day and howre.
Vnhappy men that liue therein
Where nought is found but death and sin.

The following description of the fading charms of female beauty is not without poetical merit:

She was the fairest Maide
  that euer Nature fram'd,
And all the Shepheards would reioyce
  when *Phillida* was nam'd.
But Time, the enemie to Youth,
  sent Sickenesse, Beauties crosse
As messenger, to tell her now
  she is not as shee was:
Her golden haire, her for-head smooth,
  her quicke full speaking eie,
Her comely nose, her lips
  where loue did banquet royally,
Haue chang'd their hue, for what can last,
  or hold that will alway?
Like *Iudas* fatall Elder-tree
  so lookes poore *Phillida*.

Her haire with Daffadillies dight
  enwreath'd with purple-silke
Is now within a night-cap tide,
  vnkemb'd, as white as milke.
Her fore-head all with furrowes fil'd
  that was so smooth and white
Her eies (the Cabinets of loue)
  haue lost their wonted sight;
Her nose is sharpe, her iawes are fal'ne,
  her lips that were so red
Now looke like Siluer-ore vntried,
  and no teeth in her head.
Ah! sonne, if they in Court that liue
  did once but thinke of this,
They soone would finde amongst themselues
  how they had done amisse,
In pampring vp their filthy flesh
  which is a slaue to time,
An enemy vnto the soule,
  a masse of filth and slime.
But come, my son, we'le now go home
  vnto our homely Caue,
And leaue poore *Phillida* to mourne
  that wisheth for her graue.

In the ensuing lines, besides the reference to Robin Hood, Little John, and to Skelton the poet, allusion is made to Richard Tarlton the jester, who had died a few years before, viz., in 1588, and to his love of the May games:

But what meane I to runne so far?
My foolish words may breed a skarre,
Let vs talke of *Robin Hoode*
And little *John* in merry Shirewood,
Of Poet *Skelton* with his pen,
And many other merry men,
Of May-game Lords, and Sommer Queenes,
With Milke-maides, dancing o're the Greenes,
Of merry *Tarlton* in our time,
Whose conceite was very fine,
Whom Death hath wounded with his Dart,
That lou'd a May-pole with his heart.
His humour was to please all them
That seeme no Gods, but mortall men,
For (saith he) in these our daies,

The Cobler now his Last downe laies,
And if he can but reade, (God wot)
Hee talkes and prates he knowes not what,
Of May-poles, and of merriments
That haue no spot of ill pretence
&c., &c.

The Hermit, after presenting the young man with "a volume of despaire," writ with his own hands, concludes with expressing a "wish to haue

For all his seruice done
a white sheete and a graue:"

and thus pathetically mourns his present state:

My Caske of steele is to a night-cap turn'd,
My shining Armour to a gowne of gray;
My youthful heart, which once with beauty burn'd
Like dreames, illusions, vading passe away,
Euen as the night doth from the glorious day.
My Naples Courser is a banke of earth,
Whereon I sit to manage all my sinnes,
'Twixt life and death, which are borne mortall twinnes.
My bridle now must be my Beades,
The golden bosses bookes,
And all my Sonnets must be prayers
Whereon devotion lookes.
My Launce turn'd to a Palmer's staffe
Which once was painted braue.
And all my followers by my sinnes
To bring me to my graue.
The shield which now my Page
Vnto my Prince must giue
Is (time mispent) *an aged man*
that can no longer liue.

Humphrey King, the author of this volume, was a Tobacconist in London, and is styled by Nash, in the dedication to his Lenten Stuffe, "Lustie Humfrey, according as the townsmen doo christen him; little Numps, as the Nobilitie and Courtiers do name him; and Honest Humfrey, as all his friendes and acquaintance esteeme him; King of the Tobacconist hic et ubique, and a singular Mecœnas to the Pipe and Tabor, as his patient liuery attendant can witnesse." He appears to be somewhat of a humourist, and to have been a companion of Nash and other witty and "choice spirits" of the age in their coarse and licentious revels — but nothing more is known

of his career, nor of the period of his death. It is not unlikely that he was descended from a branch of the family of King of Halstead, in the county of Essex. In an old common-place book of the time of Charles I. we once met with the following verses to King James I. by Humphrey King. They are quaintly entitled

H. King to a King.

The Lords craved all
The Queen granted all
The Ladyes of honour rule all
The Lord Keeper did seal all
The Parliment pass'd all
The Intelligencer marr'd all
He that opposed himself to all
The Bishops calm'd all
The Judges pardened all
The Lord Byrome spoilt all
Now Good King mend all
Or els the devill will take all.
H. King.

There is an old transcript of this poetical tract in the Bodleian Library, among Mr. Douce's *MSS.*, No. 190, taken from the present edition. The work is of rare occurrence, and is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 408, at 10*l.* 10*s.* A copy sold in the Roxburge Sale, No. 3359, for 5*l.*; and at Mr. Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1205, for 4*l.* 6*s.* It is unnoticed in the *Brit. Bibliog.*, *Cens. Lit.*, *Restituta*, &c.

Fine Copy. In Olive Morocco.

LANE, (JOHN) — Tom Tel-Troths Message, and his Pens Complaint. A worke not vnpleasant to be read, nor vnprofitable to be followed. Written by Jo. La. Gent.

Nullum in correcto crimine crimin erit.

London Imprinted for R. Howell, and are to be sold at his shop, neare the great north doore of Paules, at the signe of the white horse. 1600. 4to.

An exceedingly rare poem, which has escaped the researches of all bibliographers, and possesses what may be termed a biographical interest in

being Lane's earliest work. He acknowledges this fact in the dedication, in terms very similar to those in which Shakespeare mentions in the dedication to his *Venus and Adonis*, that that poem was "the first heir of his invention." It is addressed "To the Worshipfull Master George Dowse Gentleman," and, being short, we give it entire:

> If writings may quittance benefits, or goodwill more then common curtesie, then accept, I beseech you, these first fruites of my barren braine, the token of my loue, the seale of my affection, and the true cognizance of my vnfained affection. And for so much as the plot of my Pamphlet is rude, though true, the matter meane, the manner meaner, let me humbly desire, though slenderly I deserue, to haue it patronized vnder the wings of your fauour; in requitall whereof I will be
>
> Yours ever to command
>
> Io. La.

This dedication, with a poetical address of eight lines, "To the Gentlemen Readers," signed Jo. La., on the following page, are the only prefixes to the poem. The sins and follies of the age are professedly the object of Lane's satire, and the poem, which consists of one hundred and twenty stanzas of six lines each, bodies forth the vices, and contains, as might be supposed, several allusions to the manners and customs of the time in which Lane wrote.

After describing the low and grievous state to which the seven liberal sciences were reduced in the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge—"England's two lamps, and sacred founts"—the author introduces an invocation to Poesy, and the abuses it underwent from ignorant ballad makers and rhymesters in his day:

But how should I with stile poeticall,
Proceed to rime in meeter or in verse?
If Poetrie the Queene of verses all,
Should not be heard, whose plaint mine eare doth pierce.
  Oh helpe *Apollo* with apologie
  To blaze her vndeserued iniurie.

Horace did write the Arte of Poesie
The Arte of Poetrie *Virgill* commended:
Ouid thereto his studies did applie,
Whose life and death still Poetrie defended.
  Thrice happie they, but thrice vnhappie I,
  They sang her praise, but I her iniurie.

O princely Poetrie, true Prophetesse,
Perfectious patterne, matrone of the Muses,
I weepe to thinke how rude men doe oppresse

And wrong thine Art with their absurd abuses.
  They are but drosse, thine Art it is diuine,
  Cast not therefore thy pearles to such swine.

The sugred songs that sweete Swannes vse to sing
Floting adowne *Meanders* siluer shore,
To countrie swaines no kinde of solace bring:
The winding of an horne they fancie more,
  No marueile then though Ladie Poetrie
  Doe suffer vndeserued iniurie.

Like to *Batillus* euery ballad-maker
That neuer climbd vnto *Pernassus* Mount
Will so encroach that he will be partaker,
To drinke with *Maro* at the *Castall* fount.
  Yea more then this to weare a laurell Crowne
  By penning new gigges for a countrie clowne.

When *Marsias* with his bagpipes did contend,
To make farre better Musicke then *Apollo*:
When *Thameras* in selfe conceit would mend
The Muses sweete songs note, what then did follow?
  Conuicted both, to both this was assignde.
  The first was hangd, the last was stroken blinde.

And may it happen to those bastard braines
Whose base sinnes striue to better Poetrie,
That they may suffer like deserued paines
For these be they that worke her infamie:
  Thus hauing blazed false Poets in their hew,
  Deare Poetrie (though loth) I bid adiew.

The author then proceeds to describe

——— seaven sinnes which crost seauen Liberall Arts
Which with their fained shew doe men deceaue
And on the wide worlds stage doe play their parts.

These are Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony with her mate Drunkenness, and Lechery. The following verses from the description of the first are extremely interesting, as containing singular notices of the costume of the time:

Some couet winged sleeues like *Mercurie*
Others round hose much like to Fortunes wheele
(Noting thereby their owne vnconstancie)
Some weare short cloakes, some cloakes that reach their heele
  These Apish trickes vsde in their daily weedes
  Bewray phantasticke thoughts, fond words, foule deedes.

Bold Bettresse braues and brags it in her wiers
And buskt she must be, or not bust at all:
Their riggish heads must be adorned with tires,
With Periwigs, or with a golden Call.
  Tut, tut, tis nothing in th' Exchange to change
  Monthly as doth the Moone their fashions strange.

It seemes strange birds in England now are bred
And that rare fowles in England build their nest;
When Englishmen with plumes adorne their head,
As with a Cocks-combe or a Peacocks crest.
  These painted plumes men in their caps doe weare
  And women in their hands doe trickly beare.

Perhaps some women being foule, doe vse
Fowles feathers to shroude their deformitie:
Others perchance these plumes doe rather chuse
From weather and winde to shield their phisnomie.
  But whilst both men and women vse these feathers
  They are deem'd light as feathers, winde and weathers.

Some dames are pumpt, because they liue in pompe
That with *Herodias* they might nimbly daunce:
Some in their pantophels too stately stompe,
And most in corked shooes doe nicely praunce.
  But here I doubtfull stand whether to blame
  The shoomakers, or them that weare the same.

In countrie townes men vse fannes for their corne,
And such like fannes I cannot discommend:
But in great cities fannes by truls are borne,
The sight of which doth greatly God offend.
  And were it not I should be deem'd precise,
  I could approue these fond fannd fooles vnwise.

The deformity of drunkenness is well depictured in the three following stanzas, which are included under the sin of Gluttony:

Some men are drunke, and being drunke will fight,
Some men are drunke, and being drunke are merrie:
Some men are drunke, and secrets bring to light,
Some men are drunke, and being drunke are sorie:
  Thus may we see that drunken men haue passions,
  And drunkennesse hath many foolish fashions.

Fishes that in the seas doe drinke their fill,
Teach men by nature to shun drunkennesse:
What bird is there that with his chirping bill

Of any liquir euer tooke excesse?
  Thus beastes on earth, fish in seas, birds in skie,
  Teach men to shun all superfluitie.

Would any heare the discommodities
That doe arise from our excesse of drinke:
It duls the braine, it hurts the memorie,
It blinds the sight, it makes men bleare-eyd blinke,
  It kils the bodie, and it wounds the soule,
  Leaue therefore leaue O leaue this vice so foule.

A single stanzas more, with which our extracts from this work will be concluded, may possibly allude to Shakespeare's two poems then very popular:

When chast *Adonis* came to mans estate
Venus straight courted him with many a wile:
Lucrece once seene, straight *Tarquin* laid a baite,
With foule incest her bodie to defile:
  Thus man by women, women wrongde by men,
  Give matter still vnto my plaintife pen.

John Lane, the author of this poem, who is mentioned by Phillips in his *Theatr. Poet.*, p. xxiii, Ed. 1824, as "fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman, who was living within his remembrance," also wrote a completion of "the Squire's Tale," which Chaucer had left imperfect, a copy of which, in manuscript (a small 4to), is in the Ashmolean Library in Oxford (see *Black's Catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS.*, No. 53), with the following title:—"Chaucer's Piller, beinge his Master-Peece, called the Squiers Tale, which hath binn giuen up for lost for allmost thease three hundred yeares: but now found out, and brought to light by John Lane 1630." On the back of the title is an acrostick from "The Muse to the Soueraigne bewtie of our most noble and illustrious ladie the vertuous Queene Marie, wief of our dreadded Souereign lord King Charles," which introduces a Dedication, followed by some lines from "The Muse to the Fowre Winds," by J. L. Part of this poem is copied from Chaucer, and the remainder supplied very feebly and inefficiently by Lane.* There is another copy of this *MS.* in the Library of New College in Oxford. Dr. Farmer also possessed one with the date 1616. See the Catalogue of his Manuscripts, No. 8047.

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* Warton, in his observations on Spenser, speaking of Lane, says:—"I conceived great expectations of him on reading Phillip's account. But I was greatly disappointed, for Lane's performance, upon perusal, proved him to be not only an inartificial imitation of Chaucer's manner, but a week effort of invention." *Observ. on Spenser*, vol i, page 155.

Lane is also said by Phillips to have left behind him some other poems in manuscript which, had they been "in print, might possibly have gained him a name not much inferior, if not equal, to Drayton and others of the next rank to Spenser—viz., his 'Poetical Vision,' 'Alarm to the Poets,' 'Twelve Months,' and 'Guy of Warwick,' a heroic poem." Of these, the "Alarm to the Poets" was printed in 1648, Lond., 4to (but of which I am unable to trace any copy), of which a copy was sold in Heber's Sale, see Cat., pt. iv, No. 1210, but where it is now, I am unable to say. He was also the writer of "An Elegie upon the death of the high and renowned Princesse, our late Soueraigne Elizabeth. By J. L." 4to, Lond., 1603, six leaves, a copy of which is in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. His "Poetical Vision" appears to be entirely unknown, but the manuscripts of the two other poems are still in existence in the British Museum. There is a copy of the "Twelve Months" with the date of 1621 among the Royal Manuscripts there, 17. B. xv., of which the following is the proper title:—"Tritons Trumpet to the twelve Monethes husbanded and moralized by John Lane. Poeticalie adoucinge 1, The Seaven deadlie Sinnes practised into combustion. 2, Theire remedie by theire contraries the Virtues. Gratiously intendinge the Golden meane; so called of perfecting to felicitie. 3, The execrable Vices punished alludinge eternalie. Virtus perijt et inventa est. 1621." It is a very long and tedious poem, written in rhyming verse, and has prefixed to it an address in prose "To all the ingenious Lovers of the Muses," in which he makes mention of his other poetical works, his "Guy of Warwick," "Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale," "Poetical Visions," and the present poem.

In this poem of "Tritons Trumpet to the Twelve Monethes," Lane makes some interesting allusions to several of our earlier English poets, especially to Spenser and to his death, to Lidgate, Sidney, Hugh Holland, Sanford, Daniel, and to Chaucer, which, however, it is not necessary to transcribe, as the whole passage has been quoted by Mr. Halliwell in his Introduction to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 8vo, 1841., p. 61. He also descants on the praises of Oxford and Cambridge, and, from his placing Cambridge first, would lead us to think that he might possibly have been a member of that University. There is another *MS.* copy of this poem of "Tritons Trumpet" in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which had once belonged to Prince Charles O. ii, 68.

The manuscript of Lane's Poem of Guy Earl of Warwick is preserved among the *Harl. MSS.*, No. 5243. It is an oblong 4to in verse, apparently

prepared by him for the press, having an imprimatur dated July 13, 1617, signed John Taverner, and is entitled "The Corrected Historie of Sir Gwy Earle of Warwick, surnamed the Heremite, begun by Don Lidgate monck of St. Edmundes Berye, but now dilligentlie exquired from all antiquitie by John Lane 1621." In his preface to this work, after mentioning the classes of "poetical fiction," he says, "as well knoweth the classis of poets laureat, to whome I produce Chaucer's Tale by the Squier, never yet told out by anie in the same straine, the which formes I also in this poem shall, and in my Poetical Visions first and second partes, and in my Twelve Monethes observe and exemplishe." To this poem there is prefixed a complimentary sonnet by the father of John Milton, which has been quoted by Mr. Hunter in his interesting *Historical Tracts*, No. 3 Milton, p. 13, and which, notwithstanding the force of his remarks upon its demerits, we shall take the liberty of here repeating for their singularity, as being perhaps the only specimen extant of the poetical talents of the writer:

Johannes Melton Londiniensis Cives, amico
suo viatico in Poesis Laudem S. D. P.

If Virtewe this bee not! what is? tell quick!
For Childhode, Manhode, old age, thou doest write,
Loue, Warr, and Lustes quelld by arm Heroick:
Instanced in Gwy of Warwick (Knighthodes light.)

Heraltes, records, and each sownd antiquarie,
For Gwyes trewe beinge, lief, death, eake hast sought,
To satisfye those w^{ch} prœvaricari:
Manuscript, Cronikel (y) mote bee bought.

Coventries, Wintons, Warwickes monumentes,
Trophies, Traditions, delivered of Guy,
With care, cast, paine, as sweetlie thou presents,
To exemplifie the flowre of Chevalrye.

From cradle to the sadle and the biere
For Christian immitation all are heere.

J. M.

This poem also contains some further notices of several of our poets, of Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Rowland, and Brown.

We have been disappointed to find, that among the numerous manuscript and published workes of Lane, so few personal and biographical notices of himself are to be gleaned. Mr. Hunter is of opinion that he was a Somer-

setshire man, or at least from the West of England, from two lines in his poem of "Tritons Trumpet,"

> So heere ends Eastern Tussers Husbandrie
> Repeated by Lanes Western poetrie.

It is probable that he lived till near the end of the first half of the seventeenth century, having attained a good old age, as Edward Phillips, who was born in August, 1630, mentions his being alive within his remembrance. Mr. Hunter has clearly proved that he was on terms of intimacy with the father of Milton, by whom the lines were addressed to Lane which we have already quoted, and probably, also, with the poet himself. Lane was also intimate with Hugh Holland, and with Lodowick Lloyd, another well known writer of that period, and says, that Spenser would not have had any funeral honours paid him, after being suffered to die of want, but for Lloyd, whom he styles "his loving friend":

> Ne had that cost vppon him binn imploid,
> But for my lovinge frend Lodovick Lloyd.

The reader may consult further upon this subject Warton's *Observations on Spenser's Faery Queen*, vol. i, p. 213; Drake's *Shakespere and his Times*, vol. i, pp. 673–4; Hunter's *Historical Tracts*, No. 3, pp. 12–15; and Halliwell's introduction to Shakespere's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, pp. 25, 61–6.

With the exception of a very poor copy of "Tom Tel-Troths Message," sold in Mr. Heber's Sale, pt. iv, No. 1212, which is now in the valuable collection of the late Will. H. Miller, Esq., we are not aware of the existence of any other than the present remarkably fine and uncut copy of this exceedingly rare poem, which was met with in the west of England.

Bound in Brown Morocco. Gilt leaves.

LANYER, (ŒMILIA.) — Salve Devs Rex Judæorum. Containing, 1. The Passion of Christ. 2. Eues Apologie in defence of Women. 3. The Teares of the Daughters of Ierusalem. 4. The Salutation and Sorrow of the Virgine Marie. With diuers other things not vnfit to be read. Written by Mistris Œmilia Lanyer, Wife to Captaine Alfonso Lanyer, Seruant to the Kings Majestie.

At London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Richard

Bonian, and are to be sold at his Shop in Paules Churchyard,
at the Signe of the Floure de Luce and Crowne. 1611. 4to.

Prefixed to this extremely rare poetical volume are twenty-three leaves (including the title and one blank, or twenty-four reckoning Sig. A blank leaf before the title) containing metrical addresses to various persons, which, as the volume is seldom or ever found perfect, it will be necessary particularly to enumerate, viz., in verse, "To the Queenes most Excellent Majestie," "To the Lady Elizabeth's Grace," "To all vertuous Ladies in generall," "To the Lady Arabella," "To the Ladie Susan, Countesse Dowager of Kent, and daughter to the Duchesse of Suffolke," "The Author's Dreame, to the Ladie Marie, the Countesse Dowager of Pembroke," "To the Ladie Lucie, Countesse of Bedford," "To the Ladie Margaret Countesse Dowager of Cumberland" (in prose), "To the Ladie Katherine Countesse of Suffolke," "To the Ladie Anne, Countesse of Dorcet," and "To the Vertuous Reader" (in prose). From these addresses we select the one inscribed

To the Ladie Lucie, Countesse of Bedford.

Methinkes I see faire Vertue readie stand
T' unlocke the closet of your louely breast,
Holding the Key of Knowledge in her hand,
Key of that Cabbine where your selfe doth rest,
To let him in, by whom her youth was blest:
  The true loue of your soule, your hearts delight,
  Fairer than all the world in your cleare sight.

He that descended from celestiall glory
To taste of our infirmities and sorrowes,
Whose heauenly wisdom read the earthly storie
Of fraile Humanity, which his godhead borrows:
Loe here he comes all stucke with pale deaths arrows:
  In whose most pretious wounds your soule may reade
  Saluation, while he (dying Lord) doth bleed.

You whose cleare Iudgement farre exceeds my skil,
Vouchsafe to entertaine this dying louer,
The Ocean of true grace, whose streames doe fill
All those with Ioy, that can his loue recouer;
About this blessed Arke bright Angels houer:
  Where your faire soule may sure and safely rest,
  When he is sweetly seated in your brest.

There may your thoughts as seruants to your heart
Giue true attendance on this louely guest,
While he doth to that blessed bowre impart
Flowers of fresh comfort deck that bed of rest,
With such rich beauties as may make it blest:
 And you in whom all raritie is found,
 May be with his eternall glory crownd.

In "The Authors Dreame to the Ladie Marie, the Countesse Dowager of Pembroke," the fair writer thus alludes to the Version of the Psalms written by the Countess of Pembroke, and to her brother, the heroic Sidney:

He trayld along the woods in wanton wise,
With sweet delight to entertain them all,
Inuiting them to sit and to deuise
On holy hymmes: at last to mind they call

Those rare sweet songs which *Israels* King did frame
Vnto the Father of Eternitie;
Before his holy wisedome tooke the name
Of great *Massias*, Lord of vnitie.

Those holy Sonnets they did all agree
With this most louely Lady here to sing;
That by her noble breasts sweet harmony,
Their musicke might in eares of Angels ring.

While Saints like Swans about this siluer brook
Should *Hallelu-iah* sing continually,
Writing her praises in th' eternall booke,
Of endlesse honour, true fames memorie.

Thus I in sleepe the heauenli'st musicke hard
That euer earthly eares did entertaine;
And durst not wake, for feare to be debard
Of what my sences sought still to retaine.

Yet sleeping, praied dull slumber to vnfold
Her noble name, who was of all admired:
When presently in drowsie tearmes he told
Not onely that, but more than I desired.

This nymph, quoth he, great *Pembroke* hight by name
Sister to valiant *Sidney*, whose cleare light
Giues light to all that tread true paths of fame,
Who in the globe of heau'n doth shine so bright;

That being dead, his fame doth him suruiue,
Still liuing in the heartes of worthy men:
Pale Death is dead, but he remaines aliue,
Whose dying wounds restor'd him life agen.

And this faire earthly goddesse which you see,
Bellona and her virgins doe attend;
In virtuous studies of Diuinitie,
Her pretious time contiuually doth spend.

So that a Sister well shee may be deem'd
To him that liu'd and di'd so nobly;
And farre before him is to be esteem'd
For virtue, wisedome, learning, dignity.

Whose beauteous soule hath gaind a double life,
Both here on earth, and in the heau'ns aboue,
Till dissolution end all worldly strife:
Her blessed spirit remaines of holy loue.

The poem itself consists of 230 eight-line stanzas, in which the devotion and piety of the writer are superior to her poetical powers and genius. The poem is dedicated "To the Ladie Margaret Countesse Dowager of Cumberland," and the descriptions of the attributes of the Almighty, with which it commences, are chiefly taken from the Psalms of David. Alluding then to the retirement of the Countess from the Court to the Country, the author introduces "an Invective against outward beauty unaccompanied with virtue," and brings forward as instances of this the examples of Helen and the Trojan War, Tarquin and Lucrece, Anthony and Cleopatra, the fair Rosamund, and holy Matilda and King John.

Faire *Rosamund*, the wonder of her time,
Had bin much fairer, had shee not bin faire;
Beautie betraid her thoughts, aloft to crime,
To build strong castles in vncertaine aire,
Where th' infection of a wanton crime
Did worke her fall; first poyson, then despaire,
  With double death did kill her periur'd soule,
  With heauenly Iustice did her sinne controule.

The poem then, after another invocation to the Countess of Cumberland, and a preamble of the author, describes the Passion of Christ, from the narratives of the Evangelists, introducing Eve's Apology for women, and the tears of the Daughters of Jerusalem, with the sorrows and salutation of the Virgin Mary. It then relates the Death and Resurrection of our

Saviour, and "the terror of all creatures at that instant when Christ died": and the poem closes with another address "To my Lady of Cumberland," and a comparison of her divine love for her Saviour, with the earthly love of Anthony for Cleopatra, and also with some of the Scripture characters, Deborah, Esther, Susannah, the Queen of Sheba, &c., &c.

A short extract from this poem, taken at random, will, we imagine, prove sufficient to content our readers, as a further specimen of the author's talents for writing verse.

Prepar'd by him, whose euerlasting throne
Is plac'd in heauen, aboue the starrie skies,
Where he that sate, was like the Iasper stone,
Who rightly knowes him shall be truely wise,
A Raiuebow round about his glorious throne;
Nay more, those winged beasts so full of eies,
 That neuer cease to glorifie his Name,
 Who was, and will be, and is now the same.

This is that great almightie Lord that made
Both heauen and earth, and liues for euermore;
By him the worlds foundation first was laid:
He fram'd the things that neuer were before;
The Sea within his bounds by him is staid,
He judgeth all alike, both rich and poore:
 All might, all majestie, all loue, all lawe
 Remaines in him that keepes all worlds in awe.

From his eternall throne the lightning came,
Thundrings and Voyces did from thence proceede;
And all the creatures glorifi'd his name,
In heauen, in earth, and seas, they all agreed,
When loe that spotlesse Lambe so voyd of blame,
That for us di'd, whose sinnes did make him bleed:
 That true Physition that so many heales,
 Opened the Booke, and did vndoe the Seales.

He onely worthy to vndoe the Booke
Of our charg'd soules, full of iniquitie
Where with the eyes of mercy he doth looke
Vpon our weakenesse and infirmitie:
This is that corner stone that was forsooke,
Who leaues it, trusts but to vncertaintie:
 This is Gods Sonne, in whom he is well pleased,
 His deere beloued, that his wrath appeased.

He that had powre to open all the Seales
And summon vp our sinnes of blood and wrong,
He vnto whom the righteous soules appeales
That haue bin martyrd, and doe thinke it long,
To whom in mercie he his will reueales,
That they should rest a little in their wrong,
  Vntill their fellow seruants should be killed,
  Euen as they were, and that they were fulfilled.

At the end is another short poem, "The Description of Cooke-ham." This is in ten syllable verse, and is interesting, not only from its descriptive notices, but from its connexion with the illustrious names renowned in history, that then possessed the place, and have rendered it classic ground. We therefore present our readers with the opening lines, and with one or two other short passages.

Farewell (sweet *Cooke-ham*) where I first obtain'd
Grace from that Grace where perfit Grace remain'd;
And where the Muses gaue their full consent
I should haue powre the virtuous to content:
Where princely Palace will'd me to indite
The sacred Storie of the Soules delight.
Farewell (sweet Place) where Virtue then did rest,
And all delights did harbour in her breast:
Neuer shall my sad eies againe behold
Those pleasures which my thoughts did then vnfold:
Yet you (great Lady) Mistris of that Place,
From whose desires did spring this worke of Grace;
Vouchsafe to thinke vpon those pleasures past,
As fleeting worldly Ioyes that could not last:
Or, as dimme shadowes of celestiall pleasures
Which are desir'd aboue all earthly treasures.
Oh! how (me thought) against you thither came
Each part did seeme some new delight to frame!
The House receiu'd all ornaments to grace it,
And would indure no foulenesse to deface it.
The Walkes put on their summer Liueries,
And all things else did hold like similies:
The Trees with leaues, with fruits, with flowers clad,
Embrac'd each other, seeming to be glad,
Turning themselues to beauteous Canopies,
To shade the bright Sunne from your brighter eies:
The cristall Streames with siluer spangles graced,
While by the glorious Sunne they were embraced:

The little Birds in chirping notes did sing,
To entertaine both You and that sweet Spring.
And *Philomela* with her sundry layes,
Both You and that delightfull Place did praise.

Now let me come vnto that stately Tree,
Wherein such goodly prospects you did see:
That Oake that did in height his fellowes passe,
As much as lofty trees, low growing grasse:
Much like a comely Cedar, streight and tall,
Whose beauteous stature farre exceeded all:
How often did you visit this faire tree,
Which seeming joyfull in receiuing thee,
Would like a Palme tree spread his armes abroad,
Desirous that you there should make abode:
Whose faire greene leaues much like a comely vaile,
Defended *Phebus* when he would assaile:
Whose pleasing boughes did yeeld a cool fresh ayre,
Ioying his happinesse when you were there.
Where being seated, you might plainely see
Hills, vales, and woods, as if on bended knee
They had appear'd, your honour to salute,
Or to preferre some strange vnlook'd for sute:
All interlac'd with brookes and cristall springs,
A Prospect fit to please the eyes of Kings:
And thirteene shires appear'd all in your sight,
Europe could not affoard much more delight.

* * * * *

In these sweet woods how often did you walke
With Christ and his Apostles there to talke;
Placing his holy Writ in some faire tree
To meditate what you therein did see:
With *Moyses* you did mount his holy Hill,
To know his pleasure, and perform his will.
With louely *Dauid* you did often sing,
His holy Hymnes to Heauens Eternell King.
And in sweet musicke did your soule delight,
To sound his prayses, morning, noone, and night.
With blessed *Ioseph* you did often feed
Your pined brethren, when they stood in need.
And that sweet Lady sprung from *Cliffords* race,
Of noble *Bedfords* blood, faire streame of Grace;
To honourable *Dorset* now espows'd,
In whose faire breast true virtue then was hous'd:

Oh! what delight did my weake spirits find
In those pure parts of her well framed mind.

* * * * *

Therefore, sweet Memorie, doe thou retaine
Those pleasures past, which will not turne againe:
Remember beauteous *Dorsets* former sports,
So farre from beeing toucht by ill reports;
Wherein my selfe did alwaies beare a part,
While reuerend Loue presented my true heart:
Those recreations let me beare in mind,
Which her sweet youth and noble thoughts did finde:
Whereof depriu'd, I euermore must grieue,
Hating blind Fortune, carelesse to relieue.
And you, sweet *Cooke-ham*, whom these Ladies leaue,
I now must tell the griefe you did conceaue
At their departure, when they went away,
How euery thing retain'd a sad dismay:

* * * * *

But specially the loue of that faire tree,
That first and last you did vouchsafe to see:
In which it pleas'd you oft to take the ayre,
With noble *Dorset*, then a virgin faire:
Where many a learned Booke was read and skan'd
To this faire tree, taking me by the hand,
You did repeat the pleasures which had past,
Seeming to grieue they could no longer last.
And with a chaste, yet louing kisse tooke leaue,
Of which sweet kisse I did it soone bereaue:
Scorning a sencelesse creature should possesse
So rare a fauour, so great happinesse.
No other kisse it could receiue from me,
For feare to giue backe what it tooke of thee:
So I ingratefull creature did deceiue it,
Of that which you vouchsaft in loue to leaue it.
And though it oft had giuen me much content,
Yet this great wrong I neuer could repent:
But of the happiest made it most forlorne,
To shew that nothing's free from Fortunes scorne,
While all the rest with this most beauteous tree,
Made their sad consort Sorrowes harmony.

On the reverse of the last leaf are a few lines "To the doubtfull Reader," explaining the reason for the adoption of the title: "Gentle Reader, if thou desire to be resolued, why I giue this Title, *Salve Deus Rex Judæorum*,

know for certaine, that it was deliuered unto me in sleepe many yeares before I had any intent to write in this maner, and was quite out of my memory, untill I had written the Passion of Christ, when immediately it came into my remembrance, what I had dreamed long before; and thinking it a significant token, that I was appointed to perform this Worke, I gaue the very same words I receiued in sleepe as the fittest Title I could deuise for this Booke."

Of the author of this work, we are ignorant of any particulars. Whether her husband, "Captain Alfonso Lanyer Servant to the King's Majestie," was in any way connected by relationship with Nicholas Laneare or Lanyer, an Italian, who composed the music to the song, "Like Hermit Poor," alluded to in Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, and who was also an excellent painter, we are unable to say, but it is not altogether improbable. Neither are we acquainted with her maiden name, but she appears to have been noticed, and held in estimation, by several of the highest nobility of that time. Her verse is feeble and mediocre in quality, never soaring to any height or poetical pitch, but is, nevertheless, easy and smooth in rythm.

This work is not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian Catalogue of 1843, nor among the Malone or Douce Collections in that Library, nor in Mr. Grenville's, neither is it in the Public Library at Cambridge. Three copies only are at present known, viz.,

1. Mr. Reed's, No. 6959, 2*l.* 7*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii, No. 1279, 1*l.* 7*s.*, imperfect, wanting the whole of Sig. c and d, e 2 and 3, and f 4 blank leaf.

2. The Rev. Alex. Dyce's copy, formerly Prince Henry's. It wanted nine leaves of the introductory poems, including the verses to the Ladie Arabella, which appeared, from the fine state of the book, to have been purposely omitted in this copy; and were probably left out from political reasons. Mr. Dyce's copy is now made complete, the deficiencies having been supplied from another imperfect copy.

3. The present copy, which was formerly Mr. Bindley's, pt. ii, No. 2523, 10*l.* 10*s.*, afterwards Mr. Rice's, No. 822, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Bright's do., No. 3356, 4*l.* 4*s.*; and Dr. Bliss's do., pt. i, No. 2602, 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* It is quite perfect, and in fine condition; and with the exception of Mr. Dyce's is the only perfect copy known.

Collation: Title Sig. a 2, Introductory matter Sig. a to f 4 in fours, the last leaf blank. The Poems, Sig. A to I i inclusive, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Calf, extra. Gilt leaves.

Lanyer, (Œmilia.) — Salve Devs Rex Ivdœorvm. Containing, 1. The Passion of Christ. 2. Eues Apologie in defence of Women. 3. The Teares of the Daughters of Ierusalem. 4. The Salutation and Sorrow of the Virgine Marie. With divers other things not vnfit to be read. Written by Mirtris Œmilia Lanyer, Wife to Captaine Alfonso Lanyer Seruant to the Kings Majestie.

At London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Richard Bonion, and are to be sold, &c. 1611. 4to.

Another copy of this exceedingly rare poetical volume, but unfortunately imperfect. This was Isaac Reed's copy, and afterwards Mr. Heber's, mentioned above. It wants ten leaves of text in the introductory portion, containing the dedications To the Ladie Arabella; To the Ladie Susan, Countesse Dowager of Kent; The Authors Dreame to the Ladie Marie, the Countesse Dowager of Pembroke; To the Ladie Lucie, Countesse of Bedford; and To the Ladie Katherine Countesse of Suffolke.

It should be stated that, although the work is divided on the title into four separate portions, it forms only one continuous poem without any division, the change of subject being noted in the margin. On the title is inscribed, "The guift of Mr. Alfonso Lanyer 8 Nov. 1610. Tho. Jones."

Bound by Mackenzie.

In Purple Morocco, with broad border of gold. Gilt leaves.

Lever, (Christopher). — Queene Elizabeths Teares: or, Her resolute bearing the Christian Crosse, inflicted on her by the persecuting hands of Steuen Gardner Bishop of Winchester, in the bloodie time of Queene Marie. Written by Christopher Leuer.

Nocet indulgentia nobis.

Printed at London by V. S. for Mathew Lownes, dwelling in Paules Church yard at the signe of the Bishops head. 1607. 4to, pp. 63.

A curious but rather long and dull poem, containing 202 seven-line stanzas in praise of Queen Elizabeth, as Defender of the True Faith against

the errors of Popery, and relating the persecutions she underwent in the early part of her life from Gardner, Bishop of Winchester. It is dedicated "To the right honourable Lord, Robert Erle of Salisburie, Viscount Cranbourne, Baron of Essingdon, &c.," and thus commences:—"Right Honourable Lorde; The gratious and well deserving, when they die, leaue behind them a reputation that can neuer die. I instance this in Queene Elizabeth of blessed memory: A Lady beyond example, beautifyed with the ornaments of *Grace* and *Nature* (the twoo handes of God) whose name (like the aire) is spread over all the earth, whereby this our little world (the English nation) is made famous to all posteritie. And because I my selfe haue seene many the admirations of her time, and haue with many others shared in participation of those blessings which God did giue her most gratious and fortunate gouerment; I haue therefore (willingly) forced my endeuours to this demonstration of thankes, hauing euer vowed my selfe a seruant to her Honourable remembrance." The dedication is followed by a prose address "To the Reader:" by introducing verses in Latin "Ad fælicem huius Elizabeth progressum," signed J. C.; six lines in Latin and thirteen in English, signed R. K.; and English verses, "My love to the Argument, and the Author," by Robert Posket. The poem was printed four years after the death of the Queen, and in the short address to the reader prefixed to it the writer alludes to the numerous evil and malicious attacks which had been made upon the memory of Elizabeth after her death, and which had thus induced him to come forward in defence of her honourable name. "As for those," says he, "who haue their tongues dipt in the poyson of Enuie, I write not to please them, who wil neuer be pleasd with that which is most deseruing; it being the nature of Enuie, to depraue that, which dooth deserue the highest fauour of love and good opinion. I may example this in the wrong offered to the name of Queene *Elizabeth*, who (though shee were the most admired of her time) hauing extraordinary induments, and a gouernment much more in the degrees of honour and prosperitie, than any her predecessours; yet want there not malitious and base deprauers, who (like dogges that barke against the Sunne) couet to bite her honourable name, whome God hath made more glorious than the Sunne, giving her a place of glorie, in fellowship with his holy Angelles and Saints. For this double respect haue I therefore taken these paines: First to please the well affected, in honouring her whome all that haue honesty will honour: Next, in giuing Enuie and her sonnes a morsell to bite vpon; wishing that all the deprauers of her princely name, may either reduce

themselues to some degree of honestie, or else perish with their enuious and euill breath."

The poem commences with the following rather poetical description of the Queen in a state of glory, as the author "conceived her Image in his thought":

Clad in the Virgin ornament of white,
Within that white her innocence was wrought,
Unspotted with the touch of vaine delight,
Her habite is all day, and nothing night:
  And in that white (as my remembrance saith)
  Was writ this motte, *Defendor of the Faith.*

Her presence could expresse what she had beene,
Humble, yet full of princely maiestie;
A constant Martire, yet a royall Queene;
Before her state went much aduersitie
In all proportions Iudgement might descry
  What holy motions mooued in her heart,
  For holy signes of prayer did mooue each part.

Vpon her head a Coronet of golde,
To intimate her eminence of place;
But in her royal presence I beholde,
The Image both of Maiestie and Grace,
The heart of State was grauen in her face:
  Let him in iudgement be reputed blinde,
  That in the face sees nothing of the minde.

Within one hand she held an armed blade
(Whereon was writ her many victories:)
The other with much reuerence she laide
Vpon the Booke of heauenly mysteries;
As if that God in wisedome did deuise,
  To giue this Ladie that victorious Sword,
  To garde the passage of his holy word.

Before her feete a Globe of earth was cast,
Scepters, and Crownes, and markes of high estate;
Yea Kings themselues and Potentates were plac't,
In humble ranke before this Magistrate;
Their fortunes on her victories did waite;
  For when that she would fauour or cast downe,
  The bad had warre, the better had the Crowne.

The author has drawn the character of Gardner in the most odious and repulsive colours, and has called him "the worst of men those times affoorded":

Witnes this Ladie of deserued praise,
Witnes the much affliction she indur'd,
Witnes the number of her grieued daies,
Witnes the prisons where she was immur'd,
Witnes himselfe these euills that procur'd,
  Witnes the Saints that perisht in that fire,
  Which Steuen (like bellowes) kindl'd with desire.

Amongst other charges against Gardner, he is represented as accusing Elizabeth to her sister Mary of having been the cause of Sir Thomas Wyat's rebellion in 1553, and of conspiring against her sister's life for the sake of the doctrine of Luther,

  That she and Luther might the better thriue,

which ended in the seizure of Elizabeth at Ashbridge House, and her committal to the Tower. The author describes her arguments with the lords that were sent to her at Ashbridge House; her entreaty that they would allow her a little time for repose, to which "they rudely answer in the negatiue," telling her

Th' allowance of our time is not so large,
Nor we so bold to disobey the Queene:
We must be strict to execute the charge,
That to us strictly hath committed beene:
For to our care this hard commaund is giuen,
  That if pale Death should beare your soule away
  To bring the bodie where the spirit lay.

Must you haue one? Then take them both (she saies)
Am I (alas!) so great in my offence?
(If needes you must) what is't we vse delaies?
Would God your haste with one day might dispence.
They answer, No. Then beare my body hence;
  It is in vaine I thus expend my breath,
  Mercy liues not in messengers of death.

The author then describes her arrival at Court — her interview with Gardner — her vain application to the Queen by letter through the Earl of Sussex, and her entrance into the Tower through the Traitor's Gate. He paints her reflections while there on her captive and forlorn state — her thoughts on seeing the tapestry hangings of her apartment wrought with the story of Daniel in the lion's den, and her comparison of her own situation with his — her second visit from Gardner and others whilst in the Tower, and her removal thence to Woodstock house. He mentions it also to the credit of Mary's husband, Philip of Spain, that he had befriended Elizabeth,

That he could pittie her extreamitie,
That he his louing fauour did extend:

And persuaded Mary to send for her sister to London, who once more journeys to the Court, where she is again assailed by Gardner, who

To quench his heart with burning enuy firde;
  Comes to her furnisht with his studious care,
  Hoping with craft the Princesse to insnare.

But in vain does he assail her,

For God was pleas'd with prouidence and care
This vertuous holy Lady to defend.

At length,

——— the beames of mercie doe appeare,
The Queene doth free her long imprisonment,
Remoues her Gailer whome she most did feare,
And now she giues her licence to repaire
  Vnto her home; where when she did arriue,
  A peacefull quiet doth her griefe depriue.

The author concludes with a stanza, in which he remarks of himself with great truth,

I neuer toucht *Parnassus* with my sight;
Nor did the Muses ever teach me rhyme,
Only in humble verse I take delight:
Nor doe I loue the higher straines to clime;
This plainenesse makes me t'vnfit the time:
  But if that Arte vnto my verse were giuen,
  She then should liue in verse, that liues in heauen.

Nothing appears to be known concerning the writer of this poem, who, besides the following work, was also the author of *The History of the Defenders of the Catholique Faith, viz. King Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James.* 4to, Lond. 1627. With an engraved frontispiece by T. Hulsius, containing eight English portraits. See Brydges's *Restituta*, vol. ii, p. 55; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 187, note; and Dibdin's *Liter. Reminisc.*, vol. ii, p. 929.

The present copy was bought by the Rev. J. M. Rice, at Mr. Bindley's Sale in 1819, pt. ii, No. 2522, for 10*l.*; and at Mr. Rice's do., No. 826, was again sold for 3*l.* It came afterwards into the hands of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., and at the dispersion of his Library in 1836, No. 1588, it sold for 4*l.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's copy, pt. ii, No. 245, sold for 2*l.* 8*s.*; Perry's do., pt. ii, No. 787, for 7*l.* 10*s.*

Bound in Calf. Gilt leaves.

Lever, (Christopher.)—A Crucifixe: Or, A Meditation upon Repentance, and, The Holie Passion. Written by Christopher Lever.

Nocet indulgentia nobis.

At London Printed by V. S. for John Budge, and are to be sold at his shop at the great south doore of Paules. 1607. 4to, pp. 42.

Another poem of a religious nature by the same author, and written in the same metre. It is dedicated to Archbishop Bancroft, whom Lever calls his "singular good Lord and Patron"; and in which he says, "The reasons that moue me to this dedication are these; First, the many testimonies I haue of your Lordships gratious respecting me, which earnestly presse me, to returne this little demonstration of thankes, where I haue receiued so much fauor. Next, your Lordships trauell, to continue the body of Religion vnited; or rather, to make vp the rent and diuision. Wherein God hath made you prosperous, giuing you spirite to enterprise, and victory to finish a case of that religious importance. And because this *Crucifix* I present, is a meditation of the sufferings and death of Christ, represented to vs in the ceremony of the Crosse (in the holy vse whereof your Lordshippe hath fortunately trauelled) I haue therefore thought this Dedication (of right) to belong vnto your Grace, assuring my selfe, that where the Shadow there the Substance; where the figure, there the Trueth; and where the Crosse, there the Christ, shall finde gratious and glad acceptance." This dedication occupies one leaf, and is followed by another containing a short prose address "To the Reader," which concludes the introductory portion.

The following are the opening stanzas of the poem, which is written in the same mediocre style as the former, never rising into the higher flights of poetic inspiration, but running on in the same uniform tenor:

There is a griefe, which farre exceedes the skill
Of many learned spirits to define:
And this deriued is from doing ill;
Yet doth it rectifie, and much refine
The blurred Image of that power diuine.
  Which in our purer soules, at our creation,
  Made vs beloued, and of estimation.

Such is the terrour of a wounded soule,
Stretched vpon the painefull racke of tryall,

Presented with that blacke accusing scroule,
The register of sinne, the Lords espiall;
Authorities, that ne'r admit deniall.
For when our Conscience doth display our sinne,
Then true affected griefe doth first begin.

It were in vaine I labour'd to expresse
The first proportion, and the qualitie
Of horred griefe: nor what amazednesse
Attends this court of lawe, and equitie,
The Soule must here implead impietie
Against the Soule. The Iudge that here preceedeth
Against himselfe, himselfe the lawe impleadeth.

In this Assize of soules, there is no plea
Receiues his strength, by mis-interpretation:
No craftie Lawyer, for his double fee,
Findes errour, in the writ of condemnation:
Here needeth not the twelue for approbation:
For here the conscience that recordeth all,
Can well distinguish, just, and criminall.

Here canst thou not, in fauour of thy cause
Produce perfidious knight-postes to contest:
Here, no prouiso, or exceptiue clause
By forged exposition canst thou wrest:
These mony trickes thy conscience will detest.
What needeth all these probates to be scan'd,
Whereas the *Fellon* doth condemned stand?

You that haue had contrition for your sinnes,
And bath'd your soules, in your repentant teares:
You, when your reformation first beginnes,
In your rebellious harts, tell me what feares
What horrednesse, remorsefull conscience beares:
Or rather doe confesse, as doth my verse;
There is no power of words, can it reherse.

In this manner the poem is carried on throughout 138 stanzas, chiefly descriptive of our Saviour's sufferings and crucifixion, but it will be unnecessary to give any further quotations from it, beyond the three concluding stanzas.

Thou *Splendor* of thy Fathers majestie.
Thou God of God, thou man, all mens Redeemer.
Thou King of Iewes, thou Christ they crucifie.
Thou one, wherein all graces treasur'd are.

Thou mercifull, thou all, thou euery where.
To thee (*O Sauiour Iesus*) I repaire,
Exhibite (Lord) my pardon in this prayer.

Pardon my youthfull sinning, and my old;
Pardon my secrete, and revealed ones;
Pardon my errours, that be manifold.
Pardon committings, and omitions.
Pardon my *Nature*, stayned with corruptions.
(Lord) pardon all, in all I have offended:
Thy pardon's free, to all be it extended.

Now (*holy Ioseph*) helpe me to interre
This sacred Corse: my hart's a fitting place,
Wherein thou maist, his Supulchre prepare.
Digge deepe (*old man*) this Graue will not disgrace
My willing hart, but dignifie the place.
(*Lord Iesu*) if this resting place may please,
Not three daies (Lord) but rest here many threes.

God forbid that I should reioyce, but in the Crosse of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—*Galat.* vi, 14.

Excepting the mention of this poem by Lowndes, it is not noticed, that we are aware of, by any other bibliographical writer, nor was it in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, but it is nevertheless not so rare as the work just previously described. A copy sold in Bindley's Sale, pt. iv., No. 708, for 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; at Mr. Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1361, 1*l.* 14*s.*; at Rice's do., No. 8161, 1*l.* 1*s.* (the Bindley copy); and at Sir Francis Freeling's do., No. 1589, 4*l.*

Fine copy. In Calf, extra. Gilt leaves.

LICIA, or Poemes of Love, in honour of the admirable and singular vertues of his Lady, to the imitation of the best Latin Poets, and others. Whereunto is added the Rising to the Crowne of Richard the third.

Auxit musarum numerum Sappho addita musis
Fœlix si sœvus, sic voluisset Amor.

Without printer's name, place, or date (1593).

This is an extremely rare volume of English poetry, of which the author still remains unknown. The title page is ornamented with a woodcut border, containing four full-length figures, and is without name of place,

date, or printer; but the author's "Epistle Dedicatorie" bears date "from his chamber Sept. 4, 1593." On the reverse of the title page is an address of eleven Latin verses, "Ad Amorem," and another of ten verses, "Ad Lectorem." The work is dedicated "To the Worthie, Kinde, Wise, and Vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Mollineux, wife to the Right Worshipful Syr Richard Mollineux Knight." She was Frances, the daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerard, of Sudbury, and was married to Sir Richard Molyneux, who succeeded his grandfather, Sir Richard, at Sefton; was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, 24th June, 1586; was twice Sheriff of Lancashire, in 1589 and 1597; and on the institution of the Order of Baronets, in 1611, was the second person advanced to that honour. By the lady mentioned in the dedication he had a family of six sons and seven daughters.

Mr. Park has given an account of this rare poetical volume in the *Restituta*, vol. iv., p. 15, and has there quoted one of the sonnets, and also given a long extract from the latter poem of "The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the third." But when he speaks of it as "an apparently *unpublished* production," he would seem to be in error, and this opinion is, indeed, at variance with the general tone of the prefatory matter and of the address to the reader. The author, whose name will perhaps for ever remain unknown, appears to have been a gentleman by birth and station—not improbably a native of Lancashire (see the close of the address to the reader)—and brought up at one of the Universities, most probably Cambridge, as he speaks of Sir Philip Sidney, and of Sir John Harington having shewn in his *Ariosto*, the first edition of which was published only two years before, in 1591, that his abode was in King's College in that University. He makes mention in the dedication of the "Genevian puritie," or Puritanism, which "debarred them at that time of honest recreation," and of Calvin, "the great pillar of that cause," and makes allusion also to the sect of the Brownists.

"His love Sonnets," fifty-two in number, besides an introductory one "To Licia the Wise, Kinde, Vertuous and fayre," and "A Sonnet made upon the two Twinnes daughters of the Ladie Mollineux, both passing like and exceeding faire," "are neither to be classed," says Mr. Park, "among the best or worst of the period in which he wrote, the lady Licia, to whom they are addressed, being probably one of those supposititious inspirers, who convey the transmitted ingenuity and artifices of poetic composition, rather than the natural impulses of passion and truth." They are evidently written in imitation of the style of Daniel. We give a couple of them as specimens:

Sonnet XIIII.

My love lay sleeping, where birdes musicke made;
Shutting her eies, disdainfull of the light,
The heat was great, but greater was the shade,
Which her defended from his burning sight:
This Cupid saw, and came a kisse to take
Sucking sweet Nectar from her sugred breath:
She felt the touch, and blusht, and did awake,
Seeing t'was love which she did thinke was death,
She cut his winges, and caused him to stay,
Making a vowe, hee should not thence depart,
Vnlesse to her, the wanton boy could pay
The truest, kindest, and most loving heart:
His feathers still, she used for a fanne:
Till by exchange, my heart his feathers wan.

Sonnet XXXIX.

Faire matchlesse Nymph, respect but what I crave,
My thoughts are true, and honour is my love:
I fainting die, whome yet a smile might save.
You gaue the wound, and can the hurt remove.
Those eyes, like starres, that twinkle in the night,
And cheeks like rubies pale, in lilies dy'd,
Those Ebon hands, that darting haue such might,
That in my soule, my love and life deuide,
Accept the passions of a man possest:
Let Love be lou'd, and graunt me leave to live:
Disperse those clouds, that darkened have my rest:
And let your heaven, a sun-like smile but give.
Then shall I praise, that heaven for such a sunne,
That saved my life, when as my griefe begun.

After the Sonnets succeeds an "Ode," occupying two pages; then "A Dialogue between two Sea-nymphes Doris and Galatea, concerning Polyphemus: briefly translated out of Lucian": this is followed by a Latin distich of two lines to the Reader; a very quaint and curious poem, full of the conceits of those times, entitled "A Lover's Maze;" and three love "Elegies." The following are three of the stanzas from the "Lover's Maze," and remind us of the conceits of Donne and Carew:

Sweete are my dreames, my dreames that are not sweet,
Long are the nightes, the nightes that are not long:
Meete are the panges, these panges that are unmeet:
Wrong'd is my heart, my heart that hath no wrong:
Thus dreames, and night, my heart, my pangs, and all,
In taste, in length, conspire to worke my fall.

Sweet are my dreames: because my love they showe.
Vnsweet my dreames: because but dreames they are.
Long are the nights: because no helpe I know,
Short are the nights: because they end my care
  Thus dreames, and nightes, wherein my love takes sport
  Are sweet, vnsweet, are long, and yet too short.

Meet are my panges: because I was too bolde.
Vnmeet my panges: because I lou'd so well.
Wrong'd was my heart: because my griefe it tolde:
Not wrong'd: for why? my griefe it could not tell.
  Thus you my love, unkindlie cause this smart,
  That will not love to ease my panges and heart.

A new title now occurs called "The rising to the Crowne of Richard the third. Written by him selfe," which is ornamented with the same woodcut border as before. This poem occupies the remainder of the volume, viz., from p. 70 to 80, and is written in the style of those in the *Mirror for Magistrates.* So long a quotation having been made from this poem in the *Restituta,* it is unnecessary to give any of its contents here. One leaf, containing the printer's errata, closes the volume. The present copy is in clean and nice condition, and is bound in Russia, gilt leaves, by Charles Lewis. A copy was sold in Sotheby's in June, 1822, for 17*l.*; another in Mr. Caldecot's Collection, No. 1421, sold for 18*l.*; and a third in Mr. Heber's do., pt. viii, No. 1294, 9*l.* In the title page of the present one is the original price, marked, of 6*d.*, by Narcissus Luttrell, to whom it had once belonged. Qu.: How many *hundred* sixpences is it now worth?

LLUELLEN or LLEWELLYN, (MARTIN.) — Men Miracles. With other Poemes. By M. Ll. St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Printed in the yeare 1646. pp. 160.

It is presumed that this is the first edition of those poems by Martin Llewellyn, which were subsequently reprinted in 1656, again in 1661, with a different title, "Lluellins Marrow of the Muses," and in 1679. They are dedicated "To the most illustrious James Duke of Yorke," afterwards James II., and have prefixed to them commendatory verses by J. B., J. C., E. G., J. F., W. C. (probably William Cartwright), J. H., and W. B. We quote two stanzas of the first for the sake of the names introduced:

But Rimes are fatall, unlesse course
Like *Directories* to *doe worse :*
Verse is but *words in Tune,* yet th' *House*
Wave *Davids* Psalmes, and choose *Franck Rouse :*
  Thus we climbe *downwards,* and advance as much
  As He that turn'd *Donn's Poems* into *Dutch.*

No Fustian's here, All's pure and fit,
Not each where *Mirth,* yet alwaies *wit,*
Strong, Sweet, like our *Triumviri*
(*Masters, Diggs, Cartwright*) Extasy !
  They would have sprung *New* Mines, sav'd th' *Old* if staid
  As now *they* fill that breach *falne Angels* made.

We give the third set entire for the same reason. It is signed E. G., most probably Edward Gray, M.A., of Christ Church, Ox., who was a friend of Llewellyn's, and a contributor along with him to the *Musarum, Oxon., Chœristeria,* 4to, 1638.

To the Author.

If ever I beleiv'd *Pythagoras,*
(My dearest friend) even now it was,
While the grosse Bodies of the *Poets* die,
Their soules doe onely shift. And *Poesie*
Transmigrates, not by chance, or lucke ; for so
Great *Virgils* soule into a *goose* might go,
But that is still the labour of *Joves* braine
And he divinely doth conveigh that veine :
So *Chaucers* learned soule in *Spencer* sung,
(*Edmund* the quaintest of the Fairy throng.)
And when that doubled Spirit quitted place
It fill'd up *Ben :* and there it gained grace.
But this improved thing hath hover'd much,
And oft hath stoopt, and onely given a touch,
Not *rested* until *now, Randall* it brush'd,
And with the fulnesse of its weight it crush'd ;
It did thy *Cartwright* kisse, and *Masters* court,
Whose soules were both transfused in the sport :
Now more accomplish'd by those terse recruits,
It wooes thee (friend) with innocent salutes.
No *Semeleian* hugge suspect : doe thou
Vent as thy Vessell fils, as thou dost now.
Burst forth in sparkles, either write, or speake,
And thou art safe, That thou be not broke, breake.

E. G.

These are followed by "The Table," or list of poems contained in the volume, and by two sets of verses entitled, "The Author's Account of his Poem" and "The Argument of his Poem." The principal poem of Men-Miracles now commences, and extends to the 34th page. This is a facetious satire, written in the Hudibrastic style, in ridicule of such travellers as Sir John Mandeville, Coriat, and others, of which a short example will suffice:

Tenth Miracle.

The vales of *Tartary* men live in
Whose *heads* are wondrous like a *Griphin*,
And what is strange as all the rest
Eyes they have seated in their *breast.*
Not far from these the Monster flings
A paire of *different colour'd wings*,
And yet they *fly* for all *wings use*,
As heavy as a *powder'd* goose.
Be *Griphin* Sire, but *Eyes* and *Nose*
In *breast* a *Thornbacke*-Damme disclose.
And then the *wings* shew in a word
They part are *fish*, and part are *bird.*
But *slow* flight shews they're without erring,
Nor *Fish*, nor *Fowle*, nor *good Red Herring.*

The remainder of the volume is filled with the smaller pieces, consisting of songs, satires, elegies, and carols. Mr. Ellis has quoted one short song, "Celia in Love," in his *Specim.*, vol. iii, p. 370, and a pleasant humorous fishing song is given in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x, p. 73. We give one more, which is not without merit in this style of writing, entitled "Celia Sowning."

There on a flowery Pillow spread
Faire *Celia* her declining head,
When death disguis'd, like gliding sleepe,
Did gently ore her *Silence* creepe.
Her *Rose* and *Lillies* drooping by,
The Sun was set in *Celias* ey.
Her *Lips* were *Twinnes* of *Corall* growne,
Bloud hardned into *Blushing stone.*
Her *Teeth* their motions did depose,
And made their *Ivory Kisses* close.
Her fragrant *Breath* his sweetes supprest,
Retiring to perfume her *Breast.*
Her *Pulses slept*, and did constraine
Their *Daunces* in her *Azure veine.*

But Gentle *Love* who this did spie
Kept still his *Ambush* in her *Ey*,
And joy'd at his faire Prison shooke
His silver *shafts*, then *Celia* woake:
But when the *Nymph* reviving spied,
The *amorous Boy*, Oh then she cried,
Ye Gods receive againe this *Breath*,
For *Love* is but a *Lasting Death*.

An account of the author will be found in Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. iv, p. 42, from which it appears that he was born in London in 1616, and, after receiving the early part of his education at Westminster School, was elected a student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1636, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1643. At which time, like many others in those stirring and rebellious days, he took up the profession of a soldier, and bore arms for Charles I, and as is evident from the inscription to the first commendatory verses prefixed to these poems, "To my Ingenious Friend *Captaine* Ll.," became a captain in his Majesty's service. This profession he afterwards exchanged for the more peaceable one of physic, and being ejected in 1648 by the visitors appointed by the Parliament he went to London, and there devoted himself to his new occupation. In 1653 he was admitted Doctor of Physic, and afterwards became a Fellow of the College of Physicians. In 1660 he was chosen physician to his Majesty, Charles II, and in the same year was not only promoted to the Headship of St. Mary Hall in Oxford, but also made one of the Commissioners appointed by the King for regulating the affairs of the University of Oxford, in which office, says Wood, he showed himself active enough. In 1664, he left the University, and, settling with his wife and family at High Wycomb in Buckinghamshire, he practised his profession there, was made a Justice of the Peace for that county, and in 1671 elected Mayor of that corporation. His death took place on the 7th of March, 1681, and his remains were interred in the North Aisle of Wycomb Church, over which was placed a black marble slab, with a long Latin inscription.

Besides the present work, Llewellyn was the author of, 1. *Verses on the Return of King Charles II, James Duke of York, and Henry Duke of Gloucester.* Lond. 1660. Fol. 3 sheets. 2. *Elegy on the Death of Henry Duke of Gloucester.* Lond. 1660 Fol. 3. *Wickham wakened: or, The Quakers Madrigal in Rhime doggrel.* 1672. 4to. This latter was written while he was Mayor of Wycomb against another practitioner in physic, who was a Quaker, and took much from his practice. Llewellyn was also a

contributor to the *Musarum Oxon. Charisteria*, 4to, 1638., and to some other similar productions of that period, and has a copy of commendatory verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Plays and Poems*, 8vo, 1651. It is probable that the lines addressed "To the Author," in the present volume, subscribed W. C., were written by Cartwright, with whom he was on terms of friendly intercourse, and on whom he wrote an Elegy.

Half Bound. Brown Morocco.

Lluellen, or Llewellyn, (Martin.)—Men-Miracles. With other Poems. By M. Ll. St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon.

London Printed for Will. Sheares Junior at the Blue Bible in Bedford Street in Covent Garden. 1656. Sm. 8vo. pp. 128.

Another edition of the same work, probably the second. Its contents are exactly similar to the one preceding, but printed in a closer type, and completed in 128 pages. These poems were written at an early age, whilst the author was yet resident in Oxford, and were published by him before he had completed his 30th year. Llewellyn's name ought to have been included among the list of our Dramatic Poets, having been the author of a play, copies of which, in manuscript, were presented by him to different persons, but which it does not appear that he ever printed. Amongst his poems is one, "To my Lord B. of Ch. when I presented him a Play," and another "To Dr. F[ell] Deane of Ch. Ch. now Vicechancellour of Oxford upon the same occasion." It is not improbable that copies of this play may yet exist in manuscript.

A copy of this edition is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 479, at 1*l.* 14*s.* From Mr. Combes's Library.

In Brown Calf, extra. Gilt leaves.

Lodge, (Thomas).—Phillis: Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights. Where-vnto is annexed, the tragicall complaynt of Elstred.

Iam Phœbus disiungit equos, iam Cinthia iungit.

At London, Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the West-doore of Paules. 1593. 4to.

Among the bright constellation of poetical talent which was exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there are few, after the great and ever-honoured names of Spenser and Shakespeare, which shone with more lustre than that of Lodge. Distinguished for his versatile powers as a satirist, a writer of novels, and a pastoral poet, there is an airiness and sprightliness, a grace and exquisite purity and elegance in some of his lighter compositions which have been seldom equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, by any of his contemporaries. His private character also will bear a better examination for correctness and respectability than those of most of his associates; for though he started on his literary career with a strong predilection for the stage, indulging himself freely also with the dangerous weapons of satire, and associated with the dissolute Nash and Marlow, Peele and Greene, by the latter of whom he is styled the "young Juvenal, that biting Satyrist," yet he very early abandoned his love for the drama, and betaking himself to the study of medicine as a profession, was both respected and successful in life, and also amassed a considerable fortune. The warning voice uttered by the dying Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance,* to avoid his own melancholy and fatal example, appears to have had its due effect; and certainly Lodge is one of the very few among the stage writers and literary characters of that period who passed unscathed through all its perils and left an honourable and untarnished name and reputation.

The works of Lodge, although a somewhat prolific writer, are now most of them become exceedingly rare, and amongst them none much more so than the one at the head of this article. It opens with a prose dedication "To the right worthy and noble Lady, the Countesse of Shrewesbury," followed by "The Induction," written in six-line stanzas. In this "Induction" Lodge speaks feelingly of his former works having been received with coldness and neglect, and pays a pleasing tribute to the genius and "deep invention" of Spenser under the appellation of "learned Colin," and to Daniel as "Delia's sweet Prophet,"

> Whose fame, no Iron-age or time out weares,

that writer's Delia having made its first appearance in print in the preceding year.

The work consists of forty sonnets, so called, in praise of Phillis, separated into two parts or divisions at the end of the twentieth by the intervention of two Ecloques and an Elegy, which latter is quoted both in *England's Helicon* and in the *Phœnix Nest.* At the end of the fortieth sonnet is

"An Ode" containing five eight-line stanzas, and the volume concludes with "The Complaint of Elstred," written in six-line stanzas. This is a historical legend, written in the style of those contained in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, and may be added to the list composed in imitation of that once popular work given in the last edition of Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet*, vol. iv, p. 105. Three only of the pieces from this volume are reprinted in *England's Helicon*, viz., Sonnets XII and XV (the latter being there attributed to Sir Edward Dyer), and "Thirsis Œgloga Secunda," "Muses helpe me, sorrow swarmeth," &c. This poem is also repeated in the *Phœnix Nest*, which contains likewise two other pieces from this volume—Sonnet XI and the Ode, "Now I find thy lookes were fained," &c.

The reader will expect a specimen or two of the poetry of this elegant amatory writer, and we commence with three of the sonnets, so called (for they are not strictly and correctly such, but rather short poems), which comprize all the lightness, grace, and beauty for which the poetry of Lodge is so distinguished, mixed at the same time with the forced and affected conceits which the false taste of the time did not induce the writers of that period to break through and despise.

Sonnet XIII.

Love guides the roses of thy lippes
And flies about them like a bee:
If I approch, he forward skippes,
And if I kisse, he stingeth me.
Love in thine eyes doth build his bower;
And sleepes within their prettie shine:
And if I looke the boy will lower,
And from their orbes shootes shaftes diuine.
Loue workes thy heart within his fire,
And in my teares doth firme the same:
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaintes doth make a game.
Loue, let me cull hir choycest flowers,
And pittie me, and calme her eye,
Make soft hir heart, dissolue hir lowers,
Then will I praise thy dietie.
But if thou do not loue, I'le trulye serue hir,
In spight of thee, and by firme faith deserue hir.

Sonnet XVI.

I part, but how? from ioy, from hope, from life,
I leaue, but whom? loue's pride, wits pompe, harts blisse,

I pine, for what? for griefe, for thought, for strife:
I faint, and why? because I see my misse,
  Oh, ceaselesse paines, that neuer may be toulde
  You make me weepe as I to water would.
Ah! wearie hopes in deepe obliuions streames,
Goe seek your graues, since you haue lost your groundes,
Ah! pensiue heart, seeke out hir radiant gleames,
For why, thy blisse is shut within those boundes?
  Ah! traiterous eies to feeble in for sight,
  Growe dimme with woe, that now must want your light.
I part from blisse, to dwell with ceaselesse moane.
I part from life, since I from beauty part,
I part from peace, to pine in care alone,
I part from ease, to dye with dreadful smart.
I part (oh! death) for why, this world containes,
More care, and woe, then with despaire remaines,
  Oh! loath depart wherein such sorrowes dwell,
  As all conceites are scant the same to tell.

Sonnet XXII.

  Faire art thou *Phillis*, aye so faire (sweet mayd)
As nor the sunne, nor I have seene more faire,
For in thy cheekes sweet roses are embayde,
And golde more pure then gold doth guilde thy haire.
  Sweet Bees haue hiu'd their hony on thy tongue,
And *Hebe* spic't hir Nectar with thy breath:
About thy neck do all the graces thronge,
And lay such baites as might entangle death.
  In such a breast, what heart would not be thrall?
From such sweet armes, who would not wish embraces?
At thy faire handes who wonders not at all,
Wounder itselfe through ignorance embases?
  Yet naithelesse tho' wonderous giftes you call these,
  My faith is farre more wonderfull than all these.

We add to these a short quotation from "The complaint of Elstred," descriptive of Fortune, and giving to that fickle goddess more titles and epithets than have commonly fallen to her share:

Ah! Fortune, nurse of fooles, poyson of hope,
Fuell of vaine desires, deserts destruction,
Impugner of preuentions, errors scope,
Supposed soueraigne through our vaine construction,
  Princesse of Paganisme, roote of impietie,
  Deuill on earth, masked in deitie;

Scorne of the learned Follies eldest sister,
Bastard of tyme, begot by vaine opinion
Against thy power, O peeuish proud resister,
Mother of lyes, and Mistresse of illusion,
  Vampe of vaine glory, double faced shroe,
  Whose smyles at first successfull, end in woe.

It was not thou, (tho' worldly wits accuse thee)
That sette *Mount Gibel* of my plagues a burning:
It was not thou, my conscience doth excuse thee,
It was my sinne that wrought myne ouer-turning.
  It was but iustice from the heauens inflicted
  On lustfull life, defamed and conuicted.

There is much true pathos and grief expressed in the following stanzas, with which we shall conclude our quotations from this very rare volume:

As when the pole that vnder-props the Vine
Is reft away, the crimson clusters fall,
And as the buildings suddainly decline,
That want the meanes to stay them vp withall:
  So when the King, and all his trusty freends
  Were fled or slaine, then loe mine honour ends.

My little daughter left alone with me
Both trauersing the fatall blood-dew'd plaine:
More fit to feare, then fleet away to flee,
At last arriu'd where as my loue lay slayne:
  Oh! slaying sight, wounds wounding, death, death breeding
  Pale lookes (yee seales of sorrow) paleness feeding.

Sweet Image of his lyuing excellence,
Whilst thus it lay (alas! that thus it lay)
Impatient greefe would leaue me no defence,
I call'd on death, but teares wept death away,
  His worst was past: I sigh'd, but sighes were slender,
  "Teares worke no truce, but where the hart is tender.

And as the straw vnto the Iette fast cleaueth,
So clung'd I both myne armes about his necke:
Pouring my plaints in eares that nought conceaueth
Ah! love (quoth I) vnkind, why dost thou checke?
  Why dost thou mate the minds that most admire thee
  And in our needes, inconstant thus retire thee?

Breathe life in him againe, or leave me breathlesse,
Or from thine enuious tryumphant throne,
Send forth *Despayre* with locks vnkempt and wreathlesse, &c.

Of the present excessively rare tract only three copies are known. Heber's, which is now at Britwell and has a duplicate leaf B 1, with a remarkable variation in the text, sold at his sale for *7l. 2s. 6d.* The present, which has some slight defects admirably supplied in *fac simile*, came from Mr. Bright's collection, and fetched at his sale 16*l*. 16*s*.

Dark Morocco extra. Gilt edges. Bound by Mackenzie.

LODGE, (THOMAS). — A fig for Momus: Containing pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles, by T. L. of Lincolnes Inne, Gent.

Che pecora si fa, il lupo selœ mangia.

At London Printed for Clement Knight, and are to bee solde at his shop at the little North-doore of Paules Church. 1595. 4to.

Bishop Hall's claim to be considered as the earliest English satirist is done away by this volume by Lodge and other works of a similar kind by Donne, Gascoigne, &c., who all preceded him in this style of writing. Dr. Drake is also in error in saying that Lodge was the first who published in our language a collection of satires so named, Edward Hake having before published eight "satires" in his *News out of Powels Church-yarde*, 8vo, 1579. Lodge's merits as a satirist are of a high order, and without perhaps possessing the severe and "biting" style of Hall, these of Lodge are less rugged and obscure, and more flowing, smooth, and harmonious than the other. Indeed, a modern writer, eminently well versed in these subjects, is of opinion that "Lodge's first satire may match against anything of the kind in our language, making due allowance for a production of so old a date." And Mr. Beloe has remarked that "the spirit, the sentiment, the language, and versification of many passages in this satire are admirable, and would not have disgraced the pens either of Dryden or Pope."

The volume commences with a dedication "To the Right Honorable, and thrice renowned Lord, William Earle of Darbie," which is followed by a prose address "To the Gentlemen Readers whatsoever." In this address he seems to throw out a hint that his characters were drawn from living examples, whom he wished to reprove for their vices and follies. "In them," says he "(under the names of certaine Romaines), where I reprehend vice, I purposely wrong no man, but observe the lawes of that kind of

poeme. If any repine thereat, I am sure he is guiltie, because he bewrayeth himselfe." A list of faults that have escaped correction closes the introductory portion. The satires and poems are addressed "To Master E. Digby, To Momus, To reverend Colin (Colin Clout, *i.e.*, Spenser), To happie Menalcas, to Rowland, To Master Samuel Daniel, To F. M. (Francis Meres?), To Master W. Bolton, To a deere friend lately given over to covetousnesse, to his Mistress A. L., To his deere friend H. L. (Henry Lok?), and to Master Michael Drayton."

Mr. Collier was the first to remark on the name of Golde as an anagram of Lodge's own name in the third eclogue in a dialogue between Wagrin and Golde, in which Golde or Lodge, disappointed at the neglect of his poetical talent, states his resolve to

Cease to ravell out his wits in rime
For such who make so base account of art.

It is certain that after this period, Lodge having probably betaken himself to the study of medicine, we meet with no more poetical works from his pen, although he is known to have written one or two other pieces in prose. Having before introduced this writer as a poet, the reader will wish to have an example of his powers as a satirist, of which the following is a not unpleasing specimen, from the fourth satire, addressed "To a deere friend lately given over to covetousnesse:"

Make me a miserable mysing wretch
That lives by others losse, and subtle fetch,
He is not mely plagu'd with heauines
For that which other happie men possesse;
But takes no tast of that himselfe partakes,
And sooner life, then miserie forsakes:
And what in most aboundance, he retaines
In seeming tittle, doth augment his paines:
His travailes are suspitions backt by feare,
His thoughts distraught incessant troubles leare,
He doubts the raine, for feare it raise a floud,
And beare away his houses, and his good,
He dreads his neighbours cattle as they passe,
For feare they stay and feed vpon his grasse,
He hides his treasures vnder locke and kay,
Lest theeves breake in, and beare his bags away:
Onely vnto himselfe, for whom he spares
He gathers nothing but continuall cares:

His eie disdaines his hungrie bellie meate,
Himselfe repines, at that himselfe doth eate,
Though rents increase, he lets his body lacke,
And neither spares his bellie nor his backe :
What on him selfe he laies, he houlds it last,
What on his wife, he deemes vnthriftie cost,
What on his heires, his miserie and misse,
What on his seruants, ryotting it is.
Thus from himselfe, his couetous desire
Doth draw himselfe, and on his hart doth tire :
So liues he to the wretched world alone
Lothsome to all that long to see him gone.
If such he be, (as such he is indeede)
And far more worse (if wealth more worse may breed)
For shame from such a sinne thy life exempt,
That makes thee rich in nothing but contempt,
They say the many packs before thy doore
Are but the pawnes, and wages of the poore,
They say the buildings which thou dost begin
Are rich without, but yeeld no rest within ;
They say thy deerest friends are sure to pay
Great forfeitures, and if they misse their day :
They say the interest of tenne a yeere
Is held too little to maintaine thy cheere,
And yet thy selfe, thy wife, thy maid, thy knave,
Scarce butter'd turneps vpon Sundaies haue,
They say at New-yeares-tide men giue thee cakes
And thou the next day sels them for their sakes,
They say thou sel'st the chipping of thy bred
For feare thy seruants should be ouer fed,
They say one horse may beare thy household stuffe
Where for thy coyne three carts are not enough ;
They say thy welted gowne, and ruffes of lawne,
When thou wert warden last was but a pawne :
They say thy plate is forfeited and lost
For halfe the money that at first it cost,

* * * * * * *

Briefly they say that for the world thou art
Too wretched, and for God too false in hart.
All these reports thou knowest as well as I
Spring frō some grounds, things sould by common cry
Are quickly sould, men hardly stop the noise
Of slanders published by common voice :

If these be true, reforme them; if vntrue,
Take them for warnings what thou should'st eschue:
What ere they be, now thinke vpon thy graue,
And leaue thy worldly drudging to thy knaue,
And let him carry fier vnto thy stils,
And tend thy brewhouse, watch, and ward thy mils,
Looke to thine apples, lest they rotte away,
Set vp thy hop-powles, and thy champions lay.
And thou thy selfe safe wrapt in cloth and furre,
Fall to thy prayers, desire no more to stirre,
Giue to the poore, what thou hast got by wrōg
For be assur'd thy daies cannot be long:
Follow this frendly counsell which I giue,
Or els in shame and hatred thou shalt liue,
Or dead, those passengers that spie thy graue
Shall say, here lies a broken bribing knaue.

From the third Eclogue before named, inscribed "To Rowland," consisting of a dialogue between Wagrin and Golde, on the neglect of poetical genius, we quote a few of the earlier stanzas:

Wagrin.

Whie sings not *Golde* as he whilome did
In sacred numbers, and diuiner vaine
Such hymnes, as from base-humor'd braines are hid?
For shame! reuiue thy mated Muse againe
Let not ambitious ignorance forbid
Thy worth-full stile immortall praise to gaine,
  Liue thou to after age, and let thy fame
  Eternise thy deserts, and tell their shame.

Golde.

Why should I make mine industry a slaue
To day, and night? why should I dwell on thought
When as some scoffing ideot shall depraue
That which with trauaile learning forth hath brought:
Proud *Aristarchus* will the credit haue
And beare that palme, the happier muse haue brought
  And though in furnace of true art I trie
  My labor'd lines, yet scape not obloquie.

In such a world where worth hath no rewarde,
Where all the gods want shrines, but greedie gaine
Where science sleepes, and ignorance is hard,
Why should I lose my sleepe or breake my braine?

Can vertue spring that wanteth true regarde?
No, *Wagrin*, no: 'tis wisdome to refraine
 In such an age, where learning hath no laude,
 Nor needie *Homer* welcome, or applaude.

Sweete Muses, my companions, and repose,
Tir'd with contempts in silence now record
Your pleasures past: disdaining to disclose
Your worth to them, who wisdome haue abhor'd:
Make me the Iudge, and writer of your woes
Whilst senceles walles (where I your treasures por'd)
 Doe heare such griefe, as were they ought but stone
 Hew'd in this age they might consume with mone.

Wagrin.

Fie *Golde*, blame not all men for a few,
The Muses haue some friends, who will esteeme
A man of worth, and giue desert his dewe: &c.

Collation: A to I 3 in fours. This most interesting volume of satires is noticed in Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. ii, p. 115. It is priced in *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 423, *7l. 7s.*, and produced at Bindley's sale, pt. iii, *3l. 4s.;* Heber's, pt. iv, *3l. 10s.;* Jolley's, 1844, *7l. 10s.*

Beautifully bound in Red Morocco, gilt edges, by Bedford.

LODGE, (THOMAS.) — Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse: Discouering the Deuils Incarnat of this Age.

London, Printed by Adam Islip, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burby, at his shop by the Roiall Exchange. 1596. 4to. **blk. lett.**

Although Lodge afterwards became prosperous in his profession as a physician, he appears at this period of his life to have written for his daily support, and several of his productions came out at this time composed in haste, and evidently intended for the relief of his immediate necessities. The present is one of four tracts, all produced in 1596. It is entirely in prose, and is one of the rarest of the publications from the pen of this writer. It commences with a dedication to three brothers of the name of Hare, all engaged in the profession of the law, and is dated by Lodge as "Written in hast, from my house at Low-Laiton, this 5. of November. 1596," and bears his initials of T. L. After this is a short address with his initials also,

"To the Reader of either sort," in which, alluding to his book, he says, "My Commedie is pleasure, the world is my state and stage, and mine actors so well trained, that without a foole and a Deuill I passe nothing, (and that's no smal credit in a countrey towne where horned beasts yeeld most pleasure and profit.) *Kind heart* shall not show you so many teeth tipt with siluer in his Sunday hat, as I Deuils incarnate in clokes of the new fashion. But what Deuils say you? (for if *Plato* lie not they are in the aire like *Atomi in sole*, mother in the sonne.) Faith, earthly Deuils in humane habits, whereof some sit on your pillows when you sleepe, wait on your tasters when you drinke, dresse ladies heads when they attire them, perfume courteours when they trim them," &c., &c. These "Deuils incarnate" are the passions of Pride, Avarice, Lust, Envy, Anger, Gluttony, and Sloth, sent forth by Satan, who "sent out seuen deuills to draw the world to capitall sinne, as God had appointed seuen capitall Angels (who continually minister before him) to infuse vertues into men, and seduce soules to his seruice: and as the seuen good are *Michael*, *Gabriel*, *Raphael*, *Vriel*, *Euchudiel*, *Barchiel*, and *Salthiel*: So of Sathan's ministers, *Leviathan* is the first, that tempteth with Pride; *Mammon* the second, that attempteth by Auarice; *Asmodeus* the third, that seduceth by Lecherie; *Beelzebub* the fourth, that inciteth to Enuie; *Baalberith* the fift, that provoketh to Ire; *Beelphegor* the sixt, that moueth Gluttony; *Astaroth* the seuenth, that induceth Sloth and Idleness. These seuen capitall sinnes sent out into the world, wanted no allurements to bewitch the eie; no oratory, to seduce the eare; no subtilty to affect the sences; so that finally, seazing on the hearts of men, and wedded to their thoughts, they haue brought forth many and pernicious children, to the generall mischiefe of all nature."

The description of these various passions, accompanied by examples taken from history and other sources, occupy the body of the work, which contains many curious illustrations also of the manners and habits of the time. For example, in describing "the fearfull race of Leviathan, with the generation of his incarnate breed," the following is a portion of his account of "his first son Vainglory":

> In Powles he walketh like a gallant Courtier, where, if he meet some rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he speaketh, he makes a mouse of an elephant, he telleth them of wonders done in *Spaine* by his ancestors: where, if the matter were well examined, his father was but Swabber in the ship where Ciuill oranges were the best merchandise: draw him into the line of history, you shall heare as many lies at a breath, as would breed scruple in a good conscience for an age: talke with him of

trauels, ware thirty thousand crownes in egge shels at a *Venetian* banquet: if any worthy exploit, rare stratageme, plausible pollicie, hath euer past his hearing, he maketh it his owne by an oath: nay, to speake the whole pith of his commendations, truths are as rare in his mouth, as adulteries in *Sparta*. Touch me his hat, it was giuen him by *Henry* the second of *Fraunce*, when he kist the *Rheintgraues* wife at his going into *Almaine:* commend the fashion of his beard, he tels you it is the worke of a Turkish barber: his band was a prize gotten in *Transiluania*; where the truth is he bought it in the Exchange for his mony: *Charles* the Emperour gave his cloake: his sword it was *Mountdragons*: all that he hath, if you belieue him, are but gifts in reward for his vertue: where (poore asse as he is) were he examined in his owne nature, his courage is boasting, his learning is ignorance, his ability weaknesse, and his end beggary: yet is his smooth tong a fit bait to catch Gudgeons: and such as saile by the wind of his good fortune become Camelions like *Alcibiades*, feeding on the vanity of his tongue with the foolish credulity of their eares. Sometime like a merchant he haunteth the Exchange: there jets he in the despoils of a Brokers shop, graue in lookes, courtly in behauiour, magnificent to the simple sort, affable to the wiser, now enquiring of newes from Tripoly, straight boasting of his commodities from Ozante, filling all mens ears with so great opinion of his wealth, that euery one holdeth him happy that trust him, till in the end, both he and they proove bankrupts. In his hood and habit he will proove *Ramus* to be a deeper Philosopher then *Aristotle*, and presume to read the *Mathematiques* to the studious, when he knowes not what either *Axis, Equator*, or *Circulus* is: draw him to *Geometry*, he will protest that *Dodechedron* is not a figure of twelve angles: urge him in *Musike*, he will swear to it, that he is *a per se* in it, where he is skillesse in Proportion, ignorant in Discord, negligent in Time, unapt for Harmony, being both in soule and body a mere aduersary to all Science. For he that delighteth to challenge all things to himselfe, defraudeth his reason of Light, and his mind of Judgement."

In the description of "the third Diuel incarnate, which Leuiathan brought forth to corrupt the world, called *Bosting*," we have an allusion to the popular ballad writer of the day:

In the Stationers shop he sits dailie, jibing and flearing ouer euery pamphlet with Ironicall ieasts; yet heare him but talke ten lines, and you may score up twentie absurdities: I am not as this man is, is his common protestation, yet a more aranter Diuel is there not betwixt S. Dauis and London. Make him a schoolemaister and let him liue on his accidence, no man passeth the same foord with him but he drownes him; *Perseus* is a foole in his stile, and an obscure Poet. *Statius, nimium tumidus*, too swelling. He hath an oare in euery mans boat; but turne him loose to write any Poeme, God a mercie on the soule of his numbers: they are dead, dul, harsh, sottish, unpleasant; yea *Eldertons* nose would grin at them if they should but equall the worst of his Ballads.

A strong vein of satire, mixed with some coarseness, runs through the whole of this tract, which reminds us occasionally of the style of Nash,

whom Lodge in this piece calls "the true English Aretine," and is not inferior, in our opinion, to any of the other productions of Lodge. Take, for instance, a short quotation from the account of another son of Leviathan, who, "of all the children his father hath, is most befriended and least suspected: his name is *Superfluous Inuention*, or as some tearme him, *Nouelmonger* or *Fashions*":

> Sometimes he is a cooke, inuenting new sauces and banquets, sometimes deuising strange confections to besot an idolater of his bellie, sometimes for an irefull man he deuiseth strange reuenges; sometimes for a fearfull strong towers to keepe him in: he is excellent at billiment laces to deuise new, and for pouders to breake the cannon, and poisons to kill lingeringlie, he yeelds neither place to *Fierovanti*, nor any Italian. If Ladies lacke paintings and *Beletze*, Venice affoords not the like; and if your mastership lacke a fashion, commend me to none but him. This is he who first found out the inuentions to curle, and to him it is ascribed the changing and dying of haire: For he could be no lesse then a Diuell in my opinion, that durst falsifie Gods words, where he saith, *Non potes vnum capillum facere album aut nigrum*, Yet dare he aduenture to know all. *Cleopatra* in her time was his dear friend, and in our age he is sought too both in Towne and Countrie. The chines of Beefe in great houses are scantled to buie chains of gold; and the almes that was wont to releeve the poore, is husbanded better to buy new Rebatoes: it is monstrous in our opinion to see an old man become effeminate, but is it not more monstrous to see the old woman made young againe! The Elephant is admired for bearing a litle castle on his back, but what say you to a tender, faire, young, nay a weakling of woman kind, to weare whole Lordships and manor houses on her backe without sweating? *Vestium luxus* (saith *Tully*) *arguit animum parum sobrium*, Alasse! sobrietie, where shalt thou now be sought, where all men affect pompe. The Plowman that in times past was contented in Russet, must now adaies haue his doublet of the fashion with wide cuts, his garters of fine silke of Granado to meet his *Sis* on Sunday: the farmer that was contented in times past with his Russet Frocke and Mockado sleeves, now sels a Cow against Easter to buy him silken geere for his credit. Is not this *Fashions* a jolly fellow that worketh this?

Collation: A 2 to P in fours. This tract sold at Perry's sale, pt. ii, No. 775, for 6*l.* 10*s.*; Jolly's, 1844, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Halliwell's, May 1856, 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

LYDGATE, (JOHN.)—The Churle and the Byrde. [Woodcut.]
[Colophon.] Imprented at London in Lothburi ouer against Sainct Margarytes Church by me Wyllam Copland. n.d. 4to, **blk. lett.**

The title is printed over a coarse woodcut of a figure in a loose robe,

representing the Churle; and a tree, with a bird upon it, on the other side. The poem had been previously printed by Caxton, twice by Wynkyn de Worde, by Richard Pynson, and by Johan Mychel at Canterbury. The present edition is without date, but printed somewhere about 1560. It contains fifty-four seven-line stanzas, besides the concluding one or L'envoy of eight lines, and appears to coincide with the one printed by Johan Mychel, also without date, a copy of which is noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 63. The poem is a translation from the French, and is generally assigned by Kitson and others to John Lydgate, although his name nowhere appears as the author of it. It was first printed by Caxton in his edition of Chaucer's and Lydgate's minor poems, of which there is a copy in the Public Library at Cambridge, and it was highly popular at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The author says himself, twice in the poem, that it was a translation from the French. Thus on Sig. A ii.:

And here I cast on my purpose
Out of frenche, a tale to translate
Which in a pamflete, I saw and redde but late.

And again in the last stanza:

And as touchynge the translacion
Out of frenche, how it englished be, &c.

but the original of it does not appear to be known at present to the bibliographers of that country.

Mr. Collier has related the argument of the story in his account of this work in his *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 65, the moral of which is not to repine at adversity, but to be content with our condition; and Warton states in a note, that the fable on which it is founded is told by Petrus Alphonsus, a writer of the twelfth century, in his tract, *De Clericali Disciplina*, never printed. After an introductory preface of six stanzas, the tale itself thus commences not unpoetically:

Sometyme there dwelled in a small vylage
As myn auctor maketh mencyon
A churle, which had lust and corage
Within hym selfe, by dyligent trauayle
To aray his garden, with notable aparayle
Of length and brede, in lyke square and longe
Hedged and dytched, to make it sure and stronge.

All the alayes were made playne with sande
The benches couered, with newe turnes grene

With the swete yerbes, and condytes at hande
Than welled up agaynst the sonne shynynge
Lyke unto syluer, or any christall clere
The byrbyll waues, in theyr up boylynge
Rounde as byrrall, theyr beames out shynynge.

In myddes of the garden stode a freshe laurere
Theron a byrde syngynge day and nyght
With shynynge fethers, bryghter than the golde wyre
Which with her songe made heuy hertes lyght
That her to beholde, it was an heuenly syght
How towarde euyn, and in the dawnynge
She dyd her payne moost amerously to synge.

Esperous enforced her corage
Towarde euyn, when Phebus went to the west
Amonge the braunches, to take her aduantage
To synge her complaynte, and then to go to rest
And at the rysynge of the quene Alcest
To synge agayne, as it were her den
Early on the morow, the day after to salue.

It was a very heuenly melody
Euen and morow, to heare the byrdes songe
And the swete sugred ermony
With uncouth warbles and tunes draw alonge
That all the garden, of the noyse ronge
Tyll on the morowe, whan Tytan dyd shyne clere
The byrde was trapped, and caught in a pantere.

The closing stanza or L'envoy is as follows:

Go lytell queyer, and recommende me
Unto my mayster, with humble affection
Besechynge hym lowly of mercy and pyte
Of this rude makynge, to take compassyon
And as touchynge the translacion
Out of frenche, how it englisshed be
All thynge is sayd under correction
With supportacyon, of your benygnite.

This tale has been reprinted by Ashmole in his *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, 4to, 1652, p. 213, under the title of "Hermes Bird," with the addition of eight stanzas — not ten as stated by Dibdin in his *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 325 — viz., stanzas 36–42, and 48; and with an account of its origin in the notes at the end, p. 467, where it is ascribed by Ashmole

to Raymond Lully, as the original writer, and afterwards translated into English by Cremer, Abbot of Westminster, his scholar, by whom Lully was brought into England in the reign of Edward III.; but Warton, as we have seen, gives a different and much earlier account of its origin. Ashmole styles "the whole work parabolical and allusive, the Bird, from whence it is entitled being the Mercury of the Philosophers. By the Churle is meant the covetous and ignorant Artist, the Garden is the Vessel or Glass, and the Hedge the Furnace." The present edition is not very correctly printed, but the version in Ashmole's work is much more incorrect, and is taken, apparently, from an earlier edition which we have not seen, or possibly from a late manuscript copy. A copy of the extremely rare edition of this poem, printed by Richard Pynson, without date, which is unnoticed by either Herbert or Dibdin, or by Mr. Collier, sold in the White Knights' Sale, pt. ii, No. 2517, for 17*l.* 17*s.* The Roxburghe copy, No. 3258, of the earlier one by Wynkyn de Worde, was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for 34*l.* Of this there is another one in the Public Library at Cambridge; and of Mychel's edition there are copies in the Bodleian Library, and in Lord Ellesmere's collection. A reprint of this poem was presented to the members of the Roxburghe club, by Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart., in 1817, of which there was one copy struck off upon vellum. See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 449, and vol. iii, p. 58; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. i, p. 307, vol. ii, p. 325, and vol. iii, p. 168; and Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 63.

Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

MARGARITA. — Here begynneth the life of saynte Margarete.
[Colophon] Enprynted at London within *(sic.)* Tēple barre in saynt Dounstones paryshe at the Syne of the George by me Robert Redman. n.d. 4to, blk. lett.

No rarer volume of early poetry exists in this collection than the present, which is believed to be *unique*, and is undescribed in any bibliographical or other work. It was probably printed about the year 1532, when Redman had removed into St. Dunstan's Parish, where he died in 1540. The preceding title is over a woodcut representing St. Margaret standing upon the dragon with the holy cross in her hand, this cut being repeated on the reverse of the title. The poem is written in rhyming couplets of seven or

eight syllables each, and may probably be one of the multifarious productions of John Lydgate, who certainly wrote a *Lyfe of Saynt Margarete* (see the *Roxburghe Catal.*, No. 3246, for a notice of a manuscript version of it), but which we have not had an opportunity of comparing with the present. The poem thus commences on sig. A ii.:

Here begynneth of saynt Margarete
The blessed lyfe that is so swete
To Jesu Christ she is full dere
If ye wyll lysten ye shall here
Herken nowe unto my spell
Of her lyfe I wyll you tell
Olde and yonge that here be
Lysten a whyle unto me
What I shall unto you saye
Howe it befell upon a daye
Of a virgen fayre and swete
Whose name was Margarete
Her father was nobell clarke
And a man that coulde of mooche werke
Also a man of hye degre
There myght no where no better be
In Antheoche he had a wyfe
Bothe were hethen all theyr lyfe
He was a man of greate power
And of all the lande gouerner
Fals he was of his laye
Agaynst god bothe nyght and daye
Theodosius was his name
A noble man and of greate fame
He had knowlege longe beforne
That he sholde haue a doughter borne
As the scripture had hym tolde
And whom that she wexed olde
That she shuld christened be
And beleue upon the Trinite.

The following passage relates more especially to the legend of St. Margaret and the dragon, which we see so frequently represented in the old Missals and books of devotion, and which is thus mentioned in Villegas's *Lives of the Saints*, p. 474. "As she was at her prayers on a soddeine, she heard a fearefull noise, which was caused by the deuill, who had taken on him the shape of an huge dragon, and thretned her to the

end that she should consent to that which Olibrius said, and to adore the Idolls. The holy Virgin made against him the signe of the Crosse, and he burst in sunder."

She loked a lytell her besyde
And sawe a fowle dragon by her glyde
That was of coloure grasse grene
With flamynge fyre foule on to sene
Out of his mouthe brenynge bryght
She was a frayde of that syght
She fell downe to the grounde
For feere tremblynge in that stonde
He toke her in his mouthe anone
And swalowed her body and bone
And whan that he had so done
Than myght he no ferther gone
But to braste upon the grounde
The mayde came out hole and sounde
And as it was Christes wyll
With in hym she had none yll
But upon the dragon she stode
With glad harte and mylde moude
And thanked god of his myght
That she had ouercome that foulle wyght
And understonde well that it was
Throughe vertue of the holy crosse
That foule dragon was slayne there
Through goddes myght and her prayer
Anone she wente the dragon fro
And sawe a fouler come her to
A grysely best forsothe was he
So foule a thynge neuer man se
To hym she went I understande
With the holy crosse in her hande
And smote hym so upon the fynnes
That he myght not abyde her dynnes
And she stroue with hym so longe
That through Christes myght so stronge
Downe to the gronnde she hym cast
And with her wemple bounde hym so fast
In his necke she set her fote
To stryue with her he founde no bote
To hym she sayd I coniure the
What thou arte thou tell me

Thou arte so lothely a thynge
What thou arte I wyll have wetynge
For beest sawe I neuer none
So lothely to looke upon
He sayd for thy lordes sake
Fro my necke thy fote thou take
I have gone wyde by water and londe
Yet was I neuer so sore bounde
My ryght name hyght Bylgis
To lye to the no vayle it is
My brother hyght Resson that thou slewe
In the worlde we dyd sorowe ynowe
Brusten and deed is my brother
And I am ouercome I se none other
Whan we were bothe together
We made the sone to sle the father
And dystroyed the people daye and nyght
And dyde all the sorowe that we myght
In dragons lykenes was I sent to the
To spyll thy wyt and make the mad to be
The cruell kynge Olibrius
In this facyon hathe sent us
For to destroye thy fayre body
With the crafte of socery
I maye not suffre this very longe
This harde payne that is so stronge
My waye is not in erthe in the wynde I fle
For to destroye all that I se
Where I wyst a woman with chylde
To her I went bothe woode and wylde
And if the chylde unchrystened were
Legge and arme I made croked there
Where ale or wyne were in towne
Thether I made me redy bowne
Thether I wolde make great haste
To turne it sowre and lese his taste
I wrought mocke sorowe and wo
I made one neyghbour an other slo
I went to the felde to the ploughe
And the beestes all to droughe
Where euer I wente I dyd moche care
It was my joye there a boute to fare
When Salomon the wyse was a lyue
Into a tonne of brasse he dyd us dryue

And dyd bury us under an hyll
In the grounde agaynst our wyll
Men of Babylon cam us to
And dygged us out and let us go
Whan we moued in the grounde
They wende treasure to haue founde
There be of us in erthe fleynge
Mo than XV. M. with wynge
Some is swyfter than a do
And some is swyfter than a roo
Some be swyfter than a swalowe
And some be swyfter than an arowe
And all that on Christ byleue
We do them vexe and sore greue
Bothe in towne and in felde
We deuoured man wyfe and chylde
We destroyed fruytes on erth growynge
And drowned shippes in the see saylynge
This was our laboure and our delyte
For to do christen people dyspyte
Now wotest thou what I am full well
As I haue tolde the euery dele.

Villegas, in his *Life of St. Margaret*, goes on to remark:—"Olibrius vsing towardes them his accustomed cruelty, caused many to be beheaded, and the same cruelty he vsed against S. Margaret. Before the sword came to her necke, shee made a deuout praier vnto God, desiring him, that he would be pleased to shew mercy vnto all those that being in trouble should call on the holy name of Iesus, and would remember her martirdome (and especially women that were in daunger, in labour of child) the which was heard by the heauenly maiesty." This prayer is related very fully in the poem, while Malcus is waiting with his sword ready to behead her. And then

Anone his swerde gan he drawe
And her hede he smote of
As the lawe therto hym drofe
Michaell Gabriell and Raphaell in fere
Cherubin and Seraphyn thousandes there were
With ioye and blysse and melodye
They bare her to heuen on hye
Before our lorde they gan her bere
To hym she is bothe lyfe and dere
Thyopye the greate clerke
Remembred her lyfe and warke

And made her lyfe in memory
And who her nouryshed in Asaye
Into Anthyoce they her brought
With good entente they wrought
They set a chapell in her name
And all that was syke or lame
Theder faste gan they gone
Hole and sounde home they come
Thrughe the grace of god almyght
And the prayer of that mayden bryght
Jesu gyue us grace to lyue so
To come to the blysse that he bought us to
The lyfe of saint Margarete I haue you red
On a tewesday she was both quicke and deed.
Jesu Christ that heuen kynge
Graunt them all his dere blessynge
That this story wyll haue in myude
And forgete nothynge behynde
Throughe the prayer of saynt Margarete
That in heuen we maye mete
Praye we all it maye so be
Amen amen for charite.

We may here remark that Warton has noticed a Norman Saxon poem, which had been printed by Hickes in his *Thesaurus*, from a *MS.* in Trinity College Library at Cambridge, entitled *The Life of Saint Margaret*, and has given a short quotation or two from it, in which, although the language and the structure of the verse are, of course, very different, the story is much the same. Other metrical versions of the life of this Saint exist in *MSS.* in the Bodleian Library, and Trinity College at Oxford, Bennet College at Cambridge, the British Museum, the Ashmolean at Oxford, and in other public libraries. See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet*, vol. i, p. 13; Hickes's *Thes. Ling. Vet.*, vol. i, p. 225; and Villegas's *Lives of the Saints*, translated by John Heigham, p. 472, 4to, 1650.

The present work extends to twenty-four pages, and after the Colophon, as given above, on the reverse of the last leaf, is Pynson's cypher, as used by Redman, who succeeded him, enclosed in a border of other pieces. It was unknown to Ames, Herbert, Dibdin, and other bibliographers.

Collation: Title A i, Sig. A to C iv inclusive, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Dark Green Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Markham, (Robert). — The Description of that ever to be famed Knight, Sir John Burgh, Colonell Generall of his Maiesties Armie: With his last seruice at the Isle of Rees, and his vnfortunate Death, then when the Armie had most need of such a Pilote.

Vivit post funera virtus.

Written by Robert Markham, Captaine of a foot Companie in the same Regiment, and that also in the same seruice.

Fors dominatur neq. vita est ulli propria in vita.

Printed 1628. No place or printer's name. 4to, pp. 30.

We have here a poetical tract of great rarity, but we do not agree with Mr. Haslewood in his article on this work in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 213, that it was "posthumously published." The words "shot in the same service," mean only that he was wounded by a shot, and are not intended to imply that he was killed. His own words imply the same impression:

I saw him, though I did but dimly see
For I was shot, and lay in purblind paine.

And the same is implied also in the lines by his kinsman, J. C., who would not thus have addressed him if he had been dead:

That thou are valiant, fatall *Rees* shall tell,
Which drunke the blood, that from thy body fell.

The title is followed by "The Epistle," seven six-line stanzas, in which, after explaining his reasons for not dedicating his poem to some particular great person, the writer says:

I could my selfe Heroick stories make
Of all the passages, of all his facts
But that a mightie volume it would take
And I should be so pleased with his Actes,
I should not halfe be sad enough to write
His last fare well, my Heart would be too light.

And therefore I will, unto other braines,
Leaue the whole progresse of his former dayes;
I'le onely like an Eccho take the paines
To sing his end, and crowne his end with Bayes,
Which if I miser-like too sparing doe,
Let every soule ioyne in my sorrow too.

And then shall *ROBERT MARKHAM* be
Most happie in his Ellegie.

After this Epistle occur two stanzas, addressed

To the Reader.

Faith, Reader, if you understand,
  But little in this little Booke,
Goe shake Tom Derry by the hand,
  Or on your Cozen Archey looke,
Or if you will not be a Foole,
  Returne againe, with speed to Schoole.

But if you understanding be
  And not a Critticke, you may then
Haue Noble leaue, and libertie,
  To reape the Fruite of sorrowes Penne
And when you read that BVRGH is slaine,
  Then say her sorrow's not in vaine.

Then fourteen lines addressed "To my worthily esteemed Kinsman the Author," subscribed J. E. The poem is headed "The Authors eyes purging with the Pills of sorrow, drops here vpon the Obsequies of Sir John Burgh, his Noble Colonell, with such a heauinesse, that they doe fall in Print as followeth." The first twenty one stanzas form an introduction to the general subject of the elegiacal "Description," and commence thus:

If teares could tell the story of my woe
How I with sorrow pine away for thee,
My spungie eyes their bankes should ouer-flow,
And make a very Moore or Mire of me:
I would not weepe a thousand *Nyobyes*,
For I would weepe, till I wept out my eyes.

My heart should drop such teares as did thy wound,
And my wound would keepe consort with my heart;
In a red Sea my body should be drown'd,
My gall should breake, and beare a bitter part,
Such crimson Rue as I would weepe should make
Democrates himselfe, a wormewood Lake.

Or if that my blew winged words could tell
How darke I mourne without a starre of glee,
My tongue the clapper, and my mouth the bell
Should ceaselesse ring thy haplesse destinie:
Whilst that my Penne vnable for to speake,
In tragicke songs should grind away her beake.

But woe is me, that my woes are so great,
That neither Eyes, nor Tongue, nor yet my Quill,
Is able for to limme, to dround, repeate

The least Moulewart of such a mount of ill:
O thou sad Muse, which treatest still of those
Whose threads are cut, how shall I view my woes.

* * * *

Thus, thus alas, deare teare bedabled Ghost,
I musing stand, how I my loue should show,
And for because I know not which is most,
My griefe or it, I know not what to doe;
Yet some thing noble Colonell I must
Doe to preserue, and to imbalme thy dust.

Shall I goe reape a crop of fatall Rew,
Of Worme-wood, and of Colloquintida,
Be-pearl'd all ouer with the drops of dew,
Stucke here and there, with bitter Gentia,
To shew the World that I doe follow thee,
With bitternesse of heart in Obsequie.

Or shall I purchase boughes of Cyprus trees,
Of Holly, Iuye, and of Mistleto,
Of Bayes, Rosemary, and such wood as these,
With fatall Yew, that doth in Church-yards grow,
To make a Garland for to crowne my haire,
As though the King of Funerals I were.

Or shall I mourning runne into a shade
Through which a day-beame neuer yet could skip,
Where neuer any other light was made,
But by a Glow-worme, for a rotten chip:
And there immure my selfe with blacker blacke,
Then euer midnight wore vpon her backe.

What shall I doe? thus doth my sorrow aske,
Doe: cryes an Eccho from an Abby wall,
Doe would I any thing, if that I knew a taske,
Aske, cry'd the Echo bounding like a ball,
Griefe askd if he should write? within a trice,
Write, was repeated by the Eccho thrice.

This he intended to do, but either from the greatness of the pain from his wound, or "of his griefe that Burgh was slaine, he could not write for all his wit was gone." At length he fell into a sleep, "until the morning light renewed the glory of the world," and then waking again "with a more pregnant spirit,

His braines were brought a bed, of this same Booke."

We need not, however, detain our readers with any further quotation from

this amusingly absurd specimen of the dolorous, in which the writer shows a greater command over the risible muscles of his readers than over their tears. The chief value of the book consists in the rare and beautiful portrait elaborately engraved by Tho. Cecill, prefixed to the volume of "S^r John Burgh Knight, descended from y^e house of y^e Lord Burgh and heyre male to y^e Barony, Cap^t of an English foote Company in y^e Vnited prouinces, Gouern^r of Frankendale, Collonell of a regiment of foote in y^e expedition w^th Count Mansfeild, Coll. Generall in y^e Ile of Rees, where he was slaiyne w^th a musket bullet, September y^e 11^th 1727." He was a brave and able soldier, and greatly distinguished himself by his courage and valour, but was unfortunately shot by a musket ball in the stomach, in his 41st year, in the Isle of Rhee in Holland. The portrait represents him in an oval with a peaked beard and moustache, clothed in armour, with a scarf thrown over the right shoulder and a baton in his hand; his arms at the top, and motto, "Nec parvis sisto," two angels above with a crown of laurel, and warlike and other ornaments at the sides. Under the inscription at the bottom—"William Peake excudit, Tho. Cecill sculp." The volume consists of fifteen leaves, not fourteen as stated in the *Cens. Liter.* and in Lowndes, the last leaf being blank, with a concluding page entirely black. There is an article on this work by Mr. Haslewood, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi, p. 213; see also Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii, p. 100; and Granger's *Biogr. Dict.*, vol. iii, p. 33, edit. 1824. Bindley's copy of this volume, pt. iii, No. 534, sold for 15*l.*; Gordonstoun do., No. 1569, 14*l.* 14*s.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1412, 6*l.* 11*s.*

There is a copy in the British Museum.

The present most beautiful copy of this very scarce poem contains a brilliant impression of the rare portrait of Sir John Burgh by Cecill, and is further embellished with another portrait of him from a very rare print in the Gulston Collection, and is bound by Bedford.

In Red Morocco. Gilt leaves.

MARY Magdalens Lamentations for the losse of her Maister Jesus.
At London, Printed by J. R. for Thomas Clarke and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Angell. 1604. 4to.

Of this very scarce poetical work by an unknown writer there was a

former edition published in 1601, 4to, twenty-seven leaves, printed by Adam Islip for Edward White. Mr. Haslewood, in his account of this first edition, in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 381, has conjectured that it was a continuation of a poem called "The Teares of the Beloved: or the Lamentation of Saint John, concerning the death and passion of Christ Jesus our Saviour by J. M." (*i.e.*, Jervis Markham), 4to, London, 1600, and that the present work is by the same author. But as there is no proof of this beyond the continuance of the subject, and the similarity of title and verse, the suggestion must, we think, be considered merely as conjectural, without any strong evidence in its favour. The title is ornamented with the printer's device of a hand supporting a candelabrum with twisted serpents, from whose mouths issue, on labels, the mottos "Nosce te ipsum," and "Ne quid nimis." Mr. Haslewood does not notice the lines (probably not in the first edition) "Ad Autorem," signed W. F., in which he urges the writer to

> Cherish thy Muse in hope of better dayes,
> Wrong not thy worth in keeping close thy name,
> No cunning workman that his skill displaies
> But seekes to let men know who did the same:"

and prophesies, that when others

> forgotten be,
> Thy verse shall bring thee immortalitie.

It does not, however, appear that the author took the hint in revealing his name, but allowed it to continue an impenetrable mystery. The work is also preceded by "The Preface to Mary Magdalens Lamentations" in sixteen six-line stanzas. The Lamentations, seven in number, are written in the same verse, and are taken from the scenes at our Saviour's tomb. The verses are smooth, but tame and wire-drawn, never rising to the true dignity and force of divine poesy; and greatly inferior to the religious strains of Southwell, Breton, and others of a similar class. We here quote the commencement of the third Lamentation:

In finding the Angels, and missing whom she sought.

> But hope-beguiling fortune now to cheere
> My long sad spirits with a shade of ioy,
> With Angels presence doth present me heere,
> Graunting a moments mirth to increase annoy
> For losing him, though for him I find twaine,
> To thinke on him, redoubleth still my paine.

Yet for a time I will reuiue my Soule
With this good hap, which may my hopes exceede,
Comfort (sweet comfort) shall my cares controule,
Reliefe may hatch, where griefe did lately breed.
 I seeke for one, and now haue found out twaine,
 A body dead, yet two aliue againe.

My wofull weeping all was for a Man,
And now my teares haue *Angels* bright obtayn'd,
I will suppresse my sight-swolne sadnes than
And glad my hart with this good fortune gaynd,
 These heauen attendants to a parly 'nuite me,
 I'le heare what they will say, it may delight me.

For I assure my selfe, if that the Corse
By fraude, or mallice had remoued beene,
The lynnen had not found so much remorse,
But had been carried too, away with him.
 Nor could the *Angels* looke so cheerfully,
 But of some happier chaunce to warrant me.

And for to free me from all feares (euen now)
They thus encounter: these their speeches were,
And thus they spake; *Woman, why weepest thou?*
As if they bad mee weeping to forbeare,
 For ill it fits a mortall eye should weepe,
 Where heauenly *Angels* such reioycing keepe.

Ere while (they said) thou cam'st with manly courage
Arming thy feete through greatest thornes to runne,
Thy body to endure all Tyrants rage,
Thy soule no violent tortures for to shunne,
 And art thou now so much a woman made,
 Thou canst not bid thine eyes from teares be staid.

If that thou had'st a true Disciples name,
So many certaine proofes would thee perswade,
But incredulitie so blots the same
Thou of that title art unworthy made;
 And therefore woman (so much woman now)
 Tell vs (oh woman) *wherefore weepest thou?*

If there were any corse heere lying by,
We then would thinke for it, thou shed'st thy teares,
That sorrow for the dead enforst thee cry,
But now this place, a place of ioy appeares.
 Thou find'st no dead but liuing to be heere,
 Oh! then why weepest thou with mournfull cheere?

The Lamentations are succeeded by "The Conclusion," when "Jesus met them, saying, All haile," &c., consisting of seventeen similar stanzas, a few of which are quoted in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i, p. 382.

This is the copy mentioned in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 938, marked at 10*l.* 10*s.*, and had formerly belonged to Mr. Hill. It was purchased by Mr. Heber, from whose collection it was obtained in 1834. See *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv, No. 1426. It is not mentioned in Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* A copy sold at Nassau's Sale, pt. ii, No. 148, for 3*l.* 1*s.*; and at Midgley's do., No. 495, for 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Fine Copy. Bound in Calf, extra.

MAY, (THOMAS.) — Lucan's Pharsalia: or the Civill Warres of Rome, betweene Pompey the great, and Ivlivs Cæsar. The whole ten Bookes. Englished by Thomas May, Esquire.
London Printed for Thomas Iones and Iohn Marriott. 1627. sm. 8vo., pp. 320.

The above title is in the centre of an engraved frontispiece by Fred. Hulsius, containing at the top a representation of the death of Lucan in a tub, with the blood flowing from his veins, with two lines underneath from Martial:

> Heu Nero crudelis, nullaq. invisior umbra,
> Debuit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi.
> Martial.

On the sides are figures of Pompey and I. Cæsar and at the bottom a representation of a battle. On the opposite leaf are twelve lines explanatory of the frontispiece. This is the first edition of May's translation, which has a prose dedication "To the true Louer of all good Learning, and iust honour of his owne Ranke, William, Earle of Deuonshiere," &c., followed by a short life of Lucan and commendatory verses by Ben Ionson, H. V. (Henry Vaughan), and I. Vaughan. Each book is preceded by a short argument in verse and by a dedicatory sonnet, excepting the first and last, inscribed to William Earl of Pembroke, Edward Earl of Mowbray, Robert Earl of Essex and Ew, Robert Earl of Lynsay, Lord Great Chamberlaine of England; William Earl of Devon, Sir Horatio Vere, Baron of Tillbury; Theophilus Earl of Lincoln, and Robert Earl of Warwick. These poetical dedications were not repeated in the later editions, and are seldom found all complete. Two or three only are generally found in each copy, being perhaps only

such as were presented to the respective patrons. They are, collectively, consequently become scarce. We quote the one to Edward Earl of Mowbray, afterwards

On whom, renowned *Sheffeild*, if not you
Can *Lucan* fitly his thirde Booke bestowe?
A theame on which no other Poet light,
The braue description of a Nauall fight.
Vouchsafe to reade it, Noble Lord, and cast
A pleasing eye backe on your actions past,
When your fam'd valour on the watry maine,
In blest *Elizaes* ne'er forgotten reigne
So oft was showne, so often quell'd the pride
Of boasting Spaine, and with their slaughter dy'd
Blue *Neptune's* face.. Oh! that a Muse as high
As *Lucans* was, might to posteritie
Blazon your worth: but since such happy Bayes
Grow not in euery age, nor clime, where praise
Is merited; accept this mention now
From one, though meane, yet one that honours you.

At the end of each book are a few notes or annotations.

Lucan had already found translators in Christopher Marlow, who penned a version of the first Book only in blank verse, published in 1600, and by Sir Arthur Gorges Kn^t, whose translation was published by his son in 1614, 4to, with a life of the author. May's version is much esteemed, and, till the one by Rowe appeared, was considered the best. He is thought to have caught no small portion of the spirit of his author, and to have attained considerable elevation and dignity of language in this translation. The following passage from the 3rd Book may be accepted as affording a favourable specimen of May's version:

A wood vntoucht of old was growing there,
Of thick set trees, whose boughs spreading and faire,
Meeting obscured the enclosed aire,
And made darke shades exiling *Phœbus* rayes.
There no rude Fawne nor wanton Siluan playes,
No Nimph disports, but cruell Deityes
Claime barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice:
Each tree's defil'd with humane blood: if we
Beleeve traditions of antitiquitie,
No bird dares light vpon those hallowed bowes:
No beasts make there their dennes: no wind there blowes,
Nor lightning falls: a sad religious awe
The quiet trees vnstirr'd by winde doe draw.

Blacke water currents from darke fountains flow:
The Gods vnpolisht Images doe know
No arte, but plaine and formelesse trunks they are.
Their mosse, and mouldinesse procures a feare:
The common figures of knowne Deities
Are not so fear'd: not knowing what God 'tis
Makes him more awfull: by relation
The shaken earths darke cauerns oft did grone:
Fall'n Yew trees often of themselues would rise:
With seeming fire oft flam'd th' vnburned trees:
And winding dragons the cold oakes embrace:
None giue neere worship to that balefull place
The people leaue it to the Gods alone.
When black night reignes, or *Phœbus* guilds the noone,
The Priest himselfe trembles afraid to spie
Or find this woods tutelar Deitie.
  This wood he bids them fell: not standing farre
From off their worke: vntoucht in former warre
Among the other bared hills it stands
Of a thicke growth; the souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to strike moou'd with the maiestie,
And thinke the axe from off the sacred tree
Rebounding backe would their owne bodies wound:
Th' amazement of his men when *Cæsar* found,
In his bold hand himselfe an hatchet tooke,
And first of all assaults a loftie oake,
And hauing wounded the religious tree,
Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæsar* beare.
The souldiers all obey, not voide of feare,
But ballancing the Gods, and *Cæsars* frowne,
The knottie Holmes, the tall wild Ashes downe,
Ioues sacred Oake, ship building Alder falles,
And Cypresse worne at great mens funeralls
Loosing their leaues are fors't t' admit the day:
The falling trees so thick each other stay.
The Gaules lament to see the wood destroy'd:
But the besieged townesmen all oreioy'd,
Hope that the wronged Gods will vengeance take;
But Gods oft spare the guiltiest men, and make
Poore wretches onely feele their vengeful hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
From euery part; plowmen their seasons loose,
Whilst in this worke souldiers their teames dispose.

There was no copy of this first impression in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, but only of the third and fourth editions. See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 56; Headley's *Select Beauties*, introd., vol. i, p. 57; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 360; and Jones's *Biogr. Dram.*, vol. i, pt. ii, p. 501.

Bibl. Heber, pt. iv, No. 1456, 12*s.*; Jolley, pt. iii, No. 1335, with the Continuation, 19*s.*; Bright, No. 3526, wormed, and with only five of the Dedications, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. a eight leaves, A to T 8 in eights.
In the original Vellum binding.

MELVIL, (JAMES.)—The Black Bastel, or, A Lamentation in name of the Kirk of Scotland, composed by M. Iames Melvil, when he was confined at Berwick. Anno 1611. Abridged by N.

> Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent. *Rev.* ii, 5.
>
> Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that yee may be tried, and yee shall have tribulation ten dayes: be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Verse 10.
>
> But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel, to eate things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. Verse 14.

No place or printer's name. Anno Dom. 1644. 12mo.

The author of the curious little poem, of which the present work professes to be an abridgement, was a nephew of the celebrated Andrew Melvill, the learned and distinguished divine of the Kirk of Scotland. Although inferior, both in ability and reputation, to his more celebrated uncle, James Melvil, was a man of considerable learning and acquirements, of decided religious opinions and principles, and strongly bound up with the interests and successes of the Reformed Church of Scotland — of which he was an active, zealous, and devoted minister. And anything that proceeded from his pen must be regarded with considerable interest, which is increased in the present instance by the circumstance of singular rarity. He wrote, also, some other poems, together with a Diary, or Narrative of his Life, comprising the period from 1556 to 1601, which was printed in 1829, by the Bannatyne

Club, from the original manuscript in the author's handwriting, preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. Two other *MS.* copies of it are in existence, one in the Signet Library at Edinburgh, obtained from the collection of the late Mr. George Paton, and the other in the possession of Adam Gibb Ellis, Esq.

From this Diary we learn that James Melvil, born the 25th July, 1556, was the son of Richard Melvill of Baldowie, near Montrose, and Isobell Serymgeour, sister to the Laird of Glaswell for the time. His grandfather, who was slain at the fatal battle of Pinkie, was also of the same name Richard. This Richard had nine sons, of whom James's father was the eldest, and the celebrated Andrew Melvill the youngest. Richard Melvill the father of James, after spending two years in Germany in the study of Theology, became Minister of the Gospel at the Kirk of Mariton, a mile from Montrose, and near his own house of Baldowie. He died in the month of June, 1575, in the 53rd year of his age. His mother died within a year after he was born. James Melvill was educated at a school at Montrose, and afterwards entered the University of St. Andrew's, November 1, 1571, where he had an opportunity of hearing John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer, who came to reside at St. Andrews. He speaks of his great desire to learn there the Greek and Hebrew languages, our Bible being translated from them, but owing to the troubled nature of the times, "those languages were not to be gotten in the land." But in 1574, his uncle Andrew M. returning from abroad to this country, and settling at Glasgow, he received much instruction from him, and in the 19th year of his age became a Regent in Glasgow College, occupying his time with the study of the Hebrew tongue and Theology. Here he remained until the year 1580, when his uncle being made Principal of the New College of St. Andrews, he removed there with him, and was chosen one of the Professors under him. At this time also, on the 1st of May, 1583, he married the daughter of Mr. John Durie, Minister at Leith, and afterwards at Edinburgh. His uncle, meeting with great opposition at St. Andrews, and being accused of treason and sedition, was compelled to fly into England, and James Melvill, also fearing danger, escaped by flight to Beswick, where he was shortly joined by his newly-married wife. From thence he went to Newcastle, where the Earls of Angus and Mar, the Master of Glamis and others, were then sojourning, who had been banished from Scotland, to whom he addressed a Letter, and Order of Discipline, and other Papers on Abuses and Corruptions in the Kirk and Commonwealth. On the 15th January, 1585, his eldest son

Ephraim was born at Berwick, shortly after which he and his wife removed to London. But the King having acceded to the conditions of the banished Lords, they returned to Scotland, and Melvill and his uncle Andrew also returned there. The latter was engaged during this winter of 1585–6 in visiting the College at Glasgow, whilst our author was occupied in transporting his wife from the South to Scotland, and in the reformation of the College affairs. In this year also, on the 9th July, his second son Andrew was born. Soon after Melvill removed with his wife and family to Anstruther, where he had been appointed to preach. It was while he was here that the destruction of the Spanish Armada took place, and many of the ships were driven by the storm, as is well known, on the coast of Scotland, and some even on the Orkneys. One of the vessels came into the harbour at Anstruther, where the Spanish Admiral de Medina arrived in a miserable state, with whom Melvill held a conference. In February, 1589, he lost his youngest son Andrew, but in the month of August in the same year had another son born, to whom he also gave the name of Andrew. In 1592 he first published some of his poems, viz., "The Descriptions of the Spainyarts Naturall," a translation from Julius Scaliger — with Exhortations for warning of Kirk and Country: and in 1593 had a daughter born named Margaret, who died seven months after, and on whom he wrote an Epitaph. At this time there were several Conventions of the Kirk held in Edinburgh, to which Melvill was chosen to be speaker, and presenter of the petitions: and in 1594 he was appointed a Commissioner from the Kirk to the King, and was taken into favour at Court. This was in September, and in October following, he with his uncle Andrew, who had been before this chosen Rector of the University of St. Andrews, accompanied the King in his expedition to the North against the rebellious Earls, at his Majesty's desire, and acted as Commissioner there on the part of the Kirk. On the 27th March, 1595, he had another son born, who was named John, after Mr. John Durie. In September, 1597, his friend James Smith, who had been accused of killing Jaques Arthur in a tumult at St. Andrews, and banished the kingdom, having returned from exile, was privately assassinated, upon whom Melvill made a "Dulfull Lamentation" in verse of some length, eleven octave stanzas, and another of twenty-five stanzas. In October, 1597, our author made a visit to some of the Churches in the North, and composed lines upon an Eclipse of the Sun, which happened in the February following. A general Convention of the Kirk was held at Dundee, in March, 1598,

which was the last Melvill attended, on account of their attempting to re-establish Episcopacy; and in this year he published his Catechism, at an expence of five hundred marks. In the summer of 1599, a meeting took place with the King and Commissioners at St. Andrews, for the purpose of agreement and concord, and at the same time Montrose was made Chancellor of the University, and Andrew Melvill Dean of the Faculty of Theology. On the last night of February, 1600, his father-in-law, Mr. John Durie, departed this life, upon whose death his uncle Andrew Melvill composed several Epitaphs in Latin and English verse. In 1600, after the Synod held at Dumfermling, Melvill being Moderator, he came to the King at Falkland, and making suit, procured the restoration of Mr. John Dykes with liberty to exercise his ministry again. The following year Melvill was afflicted with sickness which lasted over a year, and wrote a "Memoriall Eucharistic" on his sickness in twenty-four seven-line stanzas. From this period, when the Diary ends, we have no further means of tracing the career of Melvill till his death, which took place in 1614, leaving behind him three sons, Ephraim, Andrew, and John, the two former of whom were both Ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, and two daughters Isobell and Anna.

Mr. Laing, who has included the present tract in his elegant publication of *Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the 17th Century*, remarks that "a copy of the original poem of which the present is an abridgment, which seems never to have been printed, and extends to ninety-three stanzas, is still extant in a manuscript volume in the possession of Robert Graham, Esq., of Eskbank," and that the person to whom we owe this abridged publication was probably David Calderwood, the historian.

The work, which commences abruptly without an introduction, and is written in seven line stanzas, is descriptive of the efforts that were made to overturn the Established Kirk and to restore Episcopacy. It opens thus:

The thousand yeare, six hundred and eleven,
When as the Sun entered in *Sagittarie*,
Orion rising in the east of heaven,
Diana's Court then Gemini did carie,
And *Jove* in the Meridian did tarie,
Saturne severely rolling o're the night
Mars, Venus, Hermes bringing home the light.

The aire was cold, but calme, no cloud in sky
The fields all white, and the great Ocean still
Yet the hard frost making the ground as dry
I quickly stirr'd myselfe to walk at will

Along the shore: at length I came untill
A braue white place, where had been built a castel
And commonly is called, the *Black Bastell.*

I took me to a caue, where was some hay,
The mouth whereof lay open to the Sun,
There did I rest me warme, as into May:
And after some deep meditation,
I slept, and thought I saw a vision,
A sight which grieu'd me at the heart right sore
And unto death will euer more and more.

A woman of most comely countenence
With farded face, and garish in attire,
A crown of glasse upon her head did glance,
Her clothes were colour'd contrare her desire.
A heauie yoke upon her neck and lyre,
Of Reed a scepter in her hand she bore,
Rich in attire, yet silly, leane, and poore.

Rais'd up on high upon a royall Throne
Did awfull sit aboue the womans head,
Commanding euerie thing for to be done
As pleased him, a rampand Lyon red:
This Lyon craftie Foxes two did lead
And round about him thirteen wolues did dance
To keep her sheep, whom he was to aduance.

Her shepheards all in hundreds stood near by,
With dog and staffe, who sometime bold had been
But now were carelesse, though they heard her cry
And used just like to a captiue Queen:
Her heauie case some few in heart did meen
But could not helpe, so many couch'd for feare
Of Wolfe and Lyon, or were snar'd with geare.

Her Torches, Tapers, Candles were put out
And none there was that durst renew their light:
Great flocks of sheep lay folded round about,
Well pluck'd and clipped bare into my sight,
If once on them she cast her eyes full bright,
The Wolues to yell, the Lyon fell to roare
Which did affright that Ladies heart full sore.

At the end of the 37th stanza are two additional ones of "Conclusion," then some lines headed "Another Deploring of late the case of our Kirk," two pages, and "Mr. Andrew Melvin's Epigramme upon the English Altar in Latine, and translated," one page, which concludes the volume.

It is without printer's name or place, but appears to have been printed abroad, probably in Holland. It is believed that, with the exception of one in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, from which Mr. Laing took his reprint, and the present, no other copy of this little work is known.

Bound in Maroon Coloured Morocco. Gilt leaves.

MILL, (HUMPHREY). — Poems occasioned by a melancholy Vision. Or, a melancholy Vision upon diuers, Theames enlarged: Which by seuerall arguments ensuinge is showed.

His gaudit musa tenebris. By H. M.

London printed by J. D. for Laurance Blaikelocke, and are to be sould at his shopp at the suger-loofe next Temple-barr in Fleetstreet. 1639. 8vo.

Prefixed to the above title, which is in the centre compartment of a well-engraved frontispiece by John Droeshout, representing Time censuring all things, with Light above, and two figures at the sides trampling Sin and Death under foot, are twelve lines explanatory of "The Minde of the Frontispiece." The volume is dedicated "To the Right Honourable my very good Lord Thomas Earle of Winchelsea," &c., in which the author speaks of his "new born Muse," and of this being "the first fruits of his poore indeavours in this kinde" (and urges, as a claim for their acceptance by his patron, that "the Eagle though shee soares aloft, doth not disdaine to stoope low, and the Sunne that is so glorious, doth not deny his spangled beams nor cloud his smiling countenance from these infereour darke bodies here below, and that the noblest spirits are accompanied with the humblest mindes"). This is followed by a prose address "To the Reader," containing the usual common-place apologies for appearing before the public, such as being intended only "for his own private use, a few copies having got abroad among his friends without his consent, and having partly by perswasions, whether willingly or unwillingly, yielded at last to the solicitations of his friends." His Muse, he says, had "began to plucke at the wings of Time, but seeing the feathers fal so fast of themselves, she slept upon vanitie, which shee found to be nothing but the ruines of time, so staid not there; then being cloathed in mourning weeds, and in a melancholly humour with a sad tune, shee sings a Tragedie of Darknesse; but Light comming in, she changeth her note, putting on fresh garments, falles in

love with him, and sings his praise." Besides this prose address to the reader there is also a poetical one to the same, signed W. G., and commendatory poems subscribed P. H. (qu. whether Patrick Hannay), I. A., an acrostic, and Tho. Collett, and one leaf containing "The Arguments." The poems are written in various metres, and consist of—1, "An accidentall Melancholy Vision, which occasioned the Poems," in seven line stanzas. 2, "A Description of the Nature and Qualitie of Time, as also the abuse of it, with the good use of Time," in the measure of Sternhold. 3, "The Fading Condition of earthly things, with the Application of it," in the same measure. 4, "Darkness discovered with the dreadful effects thereof," sixty-six stanzas of six lines each. 5, "Light set forth in his Beautie, with the effects thereof, of Heavenly Light, of Light in the soule," in 104 four-line verses. 6, "Of Life, The Charge and the Argument," Including "Of Life in generall, and of the Vegetative Life of Plants, of the Sensitive Life of Beasts, of the Life of Reason in men: or, Naturall Life, of the New Life, or, the Life of Grace in the Soule, of the Life of Glorie," 88 six-line stanzas. 7. "The Alluring Sleights of Sin and Promises," in decasyllabic rhymes. 8, "Concerning Death, an Indightment against Death by Life; being Plaintiffe, with the Euent and Issue thereof," in the same metre. 9, "Serious Directions and Instructions for our practise touching Sinne," in 40 six-line stanzas. 10, "Serious Directions, and Instructions concerning Death, withall shewing who are unwilling to die and why, as also, who are willing, and upon what conditions," 48 stanzas in similar measure. 11, "The Resolutions of the Muse, in her Pilgrimage," in rhyming triplets.

The volume is not paged, but the signatures run regular throughout. At Sig. I. there is a second title, "Poems, Pleasant and Profitable. The arraignment together with the condemnation of Sinne and Death. Or, a Discovery of the alluring sleights of Sinne. And then Tormenting. For which he is accused, and legally condemned. So likewise Death being unsatiable, he's accus'd and condemned. A Repreive beg'd by Satan for them; granted by the Lord, upon condition. Whereunto are added, sundry Directions and Instructions for our conversations touching Sinne and Death. By H. M. London. Printed by John Dawson. 1639." Another title occurs on Sig. M 3, "Poems. Concerning Death, an Indightment against Death, by Life being Plaintiffe. With the event and Issue thereof. London Printed by John Dawson 1639." Mr. Park, to whom this copy belonged, mentions that he had seen a copy of these poems, entitled "Poems Pleasant and Profitable," &c., but without the engraved title here

prefixed, though bearing date the same year, 1639. There is no doubt the copy was deficient in the first title, and the second was therefore brought forward to supply the defect. The edition was one and the same. The poetry in this volume is of a moderate and common place kind, never rising to any flights of genius, or imbued with any degree of force or vigour, but running on in one monotonous strain, and is perhaps hardly deserving the lengthened notice it has here received. But the book is scarce, and as the first production of one who afterwards acquired some fame among his contemporaries, and was commended by many of the leading wits and poets of the day, it can scarcely be passed over in noticing the writers of that age. And in making our quotations from it the first we shall give is from "The fading condition of earthly things":

The Vanity of earthly things
appeareth on this wise,
False joy true discontent it brings,
who could them not despise?

What are the Nobles of the earth
but honoured clodds of clay?
Though they are made so great by birth,
such time consumes away.

What are the learned'st here below
but reverend heapes of dust?
Also the wisest that I know,
dissolved be they must.

What are the richest of the time?
ere grown they fade away,
So doe the greatest in their prime,
even fade till quite decay.

What are the fairest of this age
but skin thicke beauties found?
Must not the stoutest, though they rage,
lye even with the ground?

And must not poore and lowly too,
at last be lower brought?
All of all sorts, though much adoe,
ere long must turne to naught.

If Nobles be, though honoured.
so mortall in their kinde?
I'le be content, though meaner bred,
and comming thus behinde.

Shall finde as much respect with death,
the wormes, and eke the grave,
As truly honoured Nobles, sith
they there no Lordships have.

If learning will not much availe,
when time begins to close,
Though they are like, when they prevaile
the Lily and the Rose.

The learning of the truth shall be
the thing I most intend,
When all things changed thus shall be
my comfort shall not end.

If worldly wisdome doth no good
to helpe in time of need,
I'le not adore the serpents brood,
nor run with them to speed.

My wisdome for to know my God,
his Christ, through his good grace,
My selfe, my sins, and eke God's rod,
will make me mend apace.

From the Poem of "Darkness discovered," we also select a few of the stanzas, as examples of the more solemn style of the author, and of his moral strain:

1.

Come, come, my Muse, put on thy sad array
Black darknesse scorning, in a hateful tone,
And if thou canst him banish quite away,
Thou shalt have praise almost of every one:
Be bold, and by him be not thou outfac'd,
If he'll not part, let him remaine disgrac'd.

2.

Thou black and hideous monster on the earth;
Darknesse I mean, I never yet could finde
That he which made the world, brought thee to birth:
Thou art of hellish nature, kin by kind
To that curst fiend, that rules in thee by might
Thou must give place, he claims thee for his right.

3.

If hell had been, before there was a Divell,
I should have judg'd that thou hadst bin the same
As first, so worse than any other evill
Thou art: till now I never knew thy name,

A dreadfull night hag, blacknesse type of death
Thou hinder'st light, thy vapors poyson breath.

* * * * *

6.

Had not the glorious light appear'd, still thou
Hadst kept possession of the world, and then
None ever could at any time tell how
To differ beasts (though wilde) from sons of men.
God's praise of all his works, had quite him lost,
Had he not brought in light and darkness crost.

7.

But still thou sharst with light, of time and place,
And shew'st thy swarthy visage every where,
I'de make thee creepe in holes, not shew thy face
No more thou should'st, if I could power steare,
Th' obscurest den should ever be thy tombe,
Till hell did take thee, at the day of doome.

Again:

45.

Keep off from me, I charge thee come not hither,
Go, go to Egypt, once again to dwell,
And let the dreamers say, when thou com'st thither,
That thou most fitly dost resemble hell,
Or wait in desarts, let the sleepers call
Thee back: or mourners to the funerall.

46.

Let such as have not mourning garments made
T' attend the funerals to their graves by day,
Take upon trust, of thy blacke cypresse shade,
Let domes-day be appointed for thy pay:
Let greeved persons that should weepe alone,
In thy sad presence, breathe a silent groane.

47.

Goe, be a bug-beare to the Indians wilde,
And live with savages, in darksome holes,
Or dwell with wormes beneath, for they are milde,
They'll not thee chide, goe tarry with the moles,
Till thou art sent for: these will like thee best:
Shamelesse thou art, thou'dst goe else, being so prest.

48.

Methinks to dwell 'mongst Turks, might thee suffice,
Their bounds are larger than all Christendome;

Thou shalt be welcome, there they will thee prize,
What need'st thou then to us, so constant come?
Get, get thee gone, thy Canopie no more
Spread over us, doe this, I'le quit the score.

49.

Let such bribe thee, that Nature have deni'd
A comely shape, and let those be in fee
With thee: that thou maist them in darknes hide
That have no hope of grace or good to see:
Let vagrants use thee, as a charme t' affright
Their froward brats, to tell them here comes night.

50.

And let the screetch-owles, with their dolefull noise,
Accompany thy presence, and withall
To usher in thy traine with hollow voice,
Let night birds meet together, great and small;
No other musicke but the passing bell,
Thy woes so sad, as death himselfe can tell.

In the latter part of the volume, in the poems called the "Arraignment of Sin and Death," the form of a trial by jury is observed; and we close our extracts from this work by giving the verdict of the jurie against Death, and the sentence against it:

The Preface to the Verdict of the Jurie.

Lord, this we finde to us is very cleare
That Death to Life a foe is: with his feare
Doth men like slaves keepe under; with his force
Doth crush all things, and never hath remorse.
He prides himselfe ore all, he is so vile
Next Sin, the worst, though you a King him stile.
The truth of this all ages that are past
Haue found, for they by death were spoil'd at last.
O monstrous death, when men use cursed art
To torture men, thou tak'st the tyrants part.
The information sets thy inside out,
But the reply brings it more cleare about.
Thy words, thy friends doe no whit mend thy case
But by contraries: Justice now takes place.

The Verdict of the Jurie against Death.

For Death, we find him guilty of those crimes
Of frighting men, and killing them all times,
And all things else; that little we can see,
(Take other things that prov'd so strongly be,

'Gainst him) why he should not deserve to die,
Cut from the earth, and times eternally.
Now doome him, Lord, and free us from his snare,
And let him lie in ever dying care.

The Sentence against Death.

I sentence thee to perish evermore
With all thy malice set upon thy score:
A stronger death shall swallow all thy power,
And shall thy Kingdome utterly devoure.
Now helpe nor refuge, none shall give to thee,
Eternall darknesse then thy part shall be,
Thou never shalt from thence returne againe,
To domineere or triumph o're the slaine.
Take wrath with thee, be fill'd with curses store,
And so begone, and see my face no more.

Of the personal history of the author nothing appears to be known beyond the publication of this and two succeeding volumes, which are all now become scarce. Nassau's copy, pt. i, No. 2253, sold for 3*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 470, 3*l.* 6*s.*; Heber's do., pt. iv, No. 1525, 2*l.* 18*s.*; Bindley's do., pt. ii, No. 1807, 7*l.* 7*s.* See the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii, p. 409.

The present fine copy is the one from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 470, formerly Mr. Park's, and afterwards in Mr. Heber's collection, for whom it has since been

Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Blue Morocco. Gilt leaves.

MILTON, (JOHN.)—Paradise lost. A Poem written in Ten Books by John Milton.
Licensed and Entred according to Order.
London Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; and by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; and Matthias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1667. 4to.

There is a simple dignity as well as a moral grandeur in this title to the immortal work of our great sacred poet, which nothing can surpass. Conscious of his own power and genius, and relying entirely upon his own inherent merits, he sends forth his offspring into the world without any proud array of

titles, any fulsome dedication to the great man of his day, any preliminary statement or address to the reader, any voluminous and overwrought preface, or any complimentary testimonials from his friends; but the poem opens at once after this plain and simple title page. There is a calm, dignified self-reliance which is strikingly indicative of the author's mind, and worthy of the noble poem itself. It is perfectly in unison with the stern independence which Milton shewed, and marked his great repugnance to submit to the accustomed modes and opinions of men, and proved the originality of a superior mind. It was this independence of spirit which probably kept him from any active employment in those stirring and agitated times. The tastes of Milton were altogether of a literary and intellectual kind; and although his great work was not produced until a later period of his life, yet it is known that he had long been meditating upon some subject worthy of his superior poetical powers, and destined hereafter to confer that immortality upon his name to which he aspired, and of which, amidst all his controversial and other employments, he never lost sight. His first thought appears to have been upon some topic of English history, but his strong religious bias, and profound and intimate knowledge of the Scriptures in the original language, finally decided his views, and resulted in the production of his *Paradise Lost.* There is little doubt that what he saw during his early travels, contributed by its effect on his imagination to add to the inspiration of his muse in the composition of his great poem, increased also, no doubt, by the total loss of his sight. It is not proposed, however, to enter at all upon the transcendent merits of the work, but merely to touch upon the bibliographical portion of the subject, and to notice the different variations in the several editions.

According to the statement given by a writer, under the signature of Neo-Eboracensis, in *Notes and Queries,* second series, vol. v, p. 82, and vol. vi, p. 72, of the variations in the title pages of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the present copy is No. 1, or that with the first title, which appears to have been twice set up, the words "By John Milton" being in the larger type and capitals. The poem immediately follows the title page, without any introduction or list of errata. Lowndes, in his account of the various editions of *Paradise Lost*, with reference to these copies, says that "some errata appear to have been corrected in some sheets while they were passing through the press, and in all probability some leaves were cancelled or re-printed." But this does not seem to be satisfactorily proved with regard to the No. 1 copies; nor can any one point out the exact place where these leaves occur. Although Simmons had been the purchaser of the copy-

right, whose contract was dated April 27, 1667, his name did not appear on the title page until the following year. The poem was finished by Milton in 1665, two years before it was printed, the delay being supposed to be occasioned by the difficulty in getting it licensed for the press. Even after it came forth, it long struggled with the violent party prejudices and false taste of the world before it was fully appreciated, and the number and variations of the fresh title pages that were found necessary to help off the sale of the first impression of the work, sufficiently testify the slowness of the public to place this great and sublime effort of genius on that proud pinnacle of fame which it so justly and gloriously deserved.

These first editions of *Paradise Lost* will become more difficult of acquisition and higher in value every year, in consequence of the continual demand for them by our transatlantic brethren, by whom the early editions of our great poets, Shakespere, Spenser, Milton, and others, are in large request, and also by our own public and private libraries, so that although a considerable number of copies were printed, yet from these and other causes they are becoming more rarely to be met with every day.

Collation: Title one leaf, sig. A to Z (W omitted) in fours, then Aa to Vv 2 in fours.

Bibl. Ang. Poet, No. 449, *5l. 5s.*; Dent's, pt. ii, No. 735, *4l.*

This copy formerly belonged to "The Hon^{ble} Sir Thomas Bury, Knight, one of the Barons of her Majesties Court of Exchequer, 1703," and has his arms and book plate. A later possessor was Richard Cumberland, the dramatic writer, into whose collection it came from the library of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, his maternal grandfather.

In the original Calf binding.

MILTON, (JOHN.)—Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Authur J.M.
Licensed and Entered According to Order.
London Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; and by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopgate-street; and Mathias Walker, under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1668. 4to.

This is also a copy of the first edition, with the title No. II. The variations in which from the former are, "The author J.M." and the date of

1668. After the title is a short address of "The Printer to the Reader," "Courteous Reader, There was no argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not. S. Simmons." Then occur "The arguments" of each book, and "The Verse," or remarks on the metre being without rhyme, which are worthy of being here quoted:

"The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have exprest them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantitiy of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing." A table of "Errata" also precedes the poem.

This copy has also a duplicate title page, being No. III of the first edition, and the first in which Simmons's name appears, which we transcribe in full.

Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton.

London, Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishops-Head in Duck Lane, H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker under St. Dunstans Church in Fleet-street, and R. Boulter at the Turks-Head in Bishopsgate-street, 1668. 4to.

After the words "John Milton" in large capitals is an ornament consisting of printer's stars arranged and receding in four lines.

Collation of the introductory portion, not reckoning the duplicate title.

Title page A, Sig. A, four leaves. Sig. a four leaves. The rest as before. *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 450, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Purple Morocco, gilt edges.

MILTON, (JOHN.)—Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton.

London, Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder at the Angel in Little Brittain, 1669. 4to.

With the exception of the variation in the imprint, and the omission of the ornament, this title is exactly the same as No. 3, and is described in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. p. 72, as No. 4. The only difference between this and No. 5 is that in the latter the word Angel is in italics, and there is a comma after Brittain instead of a period. The address of the Printer to the Reader is also omitted in No. 5. The arguments, Verse and Errata having all been reprinted. The body of the work, of course, is still the same. It appears to be the fourth title page, as given by Lowndes, but it is to be regretted that he has not given the various imprints in full.

Collation: The same as the last.

Bibl. Ang. Poet. No. 451, 2*l.* 6*s.*; Stanley, No. 404, 2*l.* 14*s.*

Bound in Russia extra.

MURRAY, (DAVID.)—The Tragicall Death of Sophonisba. Written by David Murray. Scoto—Brittaine.

At London Printed for Iohn Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet street under the Diall, 1611. 8vo.

Sir David Murray, Knt., the author of this production, was Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and Groom of the Stoles to the accomplished and short-lived Prince Henry, who died in the following year, to whom the work is dedicated in two sonnets addressed to him, the second of which is transcribed in the account of this scarce volume, given by Mr. Park, in the *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 236. These are succeeded by "The Argument of this Poeme," and by complimentary sonnets by John Murray, his "loving

cousin," Michael Drayton, and Simon Grahame, the author of *The Anatomie of Humors.* The chief poem, written in seven line stanzas, follows the classical account of "The tragical death of Sophonisba" by poison, sent her by her husband, Massinissa, who, having been rebuked by Scipio for marrying her, who at that time was a Roman prisoner, advised her, as the strongest pledge of his affection for her person, being unable to procure her liberty, to swallow the cup of poison he sent her, to prevent all further misery; with which request she immediately complied. The poem extends to some length (169 stanzas), and, although not remarkable for any poetical talent, contains some neatly turned similies, and terse compound epithets, and is deserving of a short notice. The following is not ill expressed:

It was the time by this the post departed
That golden *Phœbus* hides his glorious beames
Low in the Westerne Ocean, when vncarted:
His neighing steeds leaving their wearied teames
Whose mouthes through trauell yet the froth out fumes
  Goes to their nightly manger, and their guide
  In *Thetis* lap his hoary head did hide.

A sable darkness did the earth o'reshed
And busie labourers left their dayly toile:
Way-faring Pilgrims wished peryods made,
To that dayes iourney, wearied with turmoile,
The pearly dew besprinkled all the soile:
  And chaste *Diana* gan for to arise,
  And thrust her forked head into the skies.

Both man and beast, and all the fowles that flies,
Betooke them to the nights delighting ease:
Nothing did stirre, saue that the trembling trees
Did by their shakings little whisprings raise:
The siluer streames slide softly by their braise.
  And sauing wronged *Philomell* that wept
  Her wofull rape, each other creature slept.

The Heauens were calme, imbrodered with starres,
The earth was silent, and the seas at rest,
Eole and *Neptune* left their wonted warres,
And as companions for that night embrac'd,
And if it were not mindes with griefe opprest,
  Whose carefull thoughts are still renew'd by night,
  A drowsie slumber did possesse each wight.

And well this solitary time did fit
The griefe-oppressed minde of this great Lord,

Who now almost distract of sense and wit,
His loues estate such passions do affoord,
That he has scarcely power to breath one word;
  For greatest sorrowes oft-times hold their peace,
  While little grieues to prattle neuer cease.

The old poetical fables of the nightingale,

the bird forlorn
That singeth with her breast against a thorn,"

so frequently alluded to by our early poets, is here applied by the author to the turtle dove.

And sometimes while the Turtle moans her make,
With many a heauie shrill, and piteous crie;
Leaning her soft brest to a withered stake,
Still crauing death, (poore bird) but cannot die:
No other beast neere-hand, nor no fowle nye,
  Who hauing lost her loue, doth hate repaire.,
  Be thou her Eccho to resound her care.

Sing thou the treble to her mournfull songs,
Reply her sad notes with thy dying grones,
While she bewailes her griefes, bewaile thy wrongs,
And as she sits on prickes, sit thou on stones:
This sympathie shall best become your moanes;
  This harmony of neuer-dying playnts,
  Best fits the humors of such male-contents.

At the end of the poem, on the death of Sophonisba, on Sig. D vii, is a new title page, "Cœlia. Containing certaine Sonets. By David Mvrray, Scoto-Brittaine." These are dedicated "To the right Noble and his most honoured good Lord, Richard Lord Dingwall," in some metrical lines in which he apologises for these, his "youthful follies," and intimates that the dread sounds,

Of neighing courses, and of trumpets shrill
Had bin a subiect fitter for his quill.

to have given delight to the "haughty ears" of his patron, and hints that ere long his Muse will strain her endeavours to impart some subject

That to his noble eares shall seeme more worth
Then these idle and light conceits.

The first sonnet may also be considered a dedicatory one to the same noble lord, and contains an enumeration of his poetical labours.

Sonet I.

My infant Muse, when I began to write,
Led by the furie of my vnstay'd yeares,
Sung ever as my fancie did conceit,
As by her method-wanting-layes appeares:
Now prays'd she *Cœlia's* beauty, then admires
Th' enchanting musicke of another's quill:
And now againe she would bewaile with teares,
Th' vntimely fals of some whom death did kill.
Thus neuer staying at one setled theame,
Till that she grew more graue, and I more old,
Vnder protection of a royall name,
Faire *Sophonisba's* tragicke death she told.

We quote one more sonnet, as strongly characteristic of the author's style and fondness for compound epithets:

Sonet IX.

Bright Angels face, the paradise of Loue,
High stately throne where Maiesty doth shine,
Beauties Idœa, sweetnesse sweetned shrine,
Cleare heauens, wherein proud *Phœbus* dazlers moue,
Faire pearly rolles that staine the iuory white,
Inuironed with corroll died walles,
Sweet-nectar'd breath, more soft than *Zephir's* gales,
Heart-reauing tongue whose speech still breeds delight,
Smooth cheekes of Rose, and Lyllies interlac'd,
Art-scorning-nose, in framing which no doubt
Nature of her whole skill plai'd bankerout.
When it in midst of such perfections plac'd.
  Gold-glittering-tresses, and soules-wounding-lockes,
  Onely proud eare, more deafe then flinty rockes.

At the end of the sonnets are some miscellaneous poems, including "The Complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus," a pastoral, reprinted by Mr. Park in *Cens. Liter.*; a "Sonet on the death of the Lady Cicily Weames, Lady of Tillebarne"; an "Epitaph on the death of his deare Cousin M. David Murray," which is rather an elegy, in twelve six-line verses; and, lastly, a "Sonet on the death of his cousin Adam Murray."

The title of the latter portion of the volume may have been imitated from "*Delia*, contayning certayne Sonnets," by Daniel, which had appeared about some nineteen years earlier. The sonnets, also by William Percy, under the name of *Cœlia*, were printed seventeen years before, and had probably been seen by Murray. A copy of the present exceedingly rare work was pur-

chased at Bindley's Sale, pt. ii, No. 1959, for 33*l.* 12*s.*, by Mr. Heber, and at the sale of his collection, pt. iv, No. 1559, was bought by Payne for 9*l.* for Mr. Miller, and is now in the library at Britwell House. A second is in Lord Ellesmere's collection at Bridgewater House; and a third in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, from which, including the author's *Paraphrase of the CIV. Psalm*, Edinb. 1615, 4to, a reprint was made for the Bannatyne Club in 1823, under the title of *Poems by Sir David Murray of Gorthy*, by the late Thomas Kinnear, Esq. Mr. Laing, in his privately printed *Specimen of a proposed Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Britwell House, Buckinghamshire*, Edinb., 1852, 4to, of which only thirty copies were struck off, has noticed this work, and has introduced a portrait of Sir David Murray, then engraved for the first time from an original picture in his own possession. From the date on this portrait we are able to ascertain that the author was 44 years old when he published these poems.

The reader may further consult Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 207; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii, p. 235; Alexander Campbell's *History of Poetry in Scotland*, 4to, 1798, p. 129; and Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poets*, vol. iii, p. 80.

Collation: Title A i, sig. A four leaves, B to E 8 in eights The present copy, which unfortunately wants the title page, is

Bound by Bedford.
In Crimson Morocco. Gilt leaves.

Myrroure (A) for Magistrates.—Wherein may be seen by example of other, with howe greuous plages vices are punished: and howe frayle and vnstable worldly prosperitie is founde, euen of those, whom Fortune seemeth most highly to fauour.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Anno 1559. Londini. In œdibus Thomæ Marshe. 4to, **blk. lett.**

During the dark and gloomy period which elapsed in the sanguinary reign of Queen Mary, after the dawn of the Reformation under Edward VI, when the poetical annals of our country were nearly blank, and men were too much occupied in religious warfare to be interested with literary pursuits,

a work appeared, than which few or none, perhaps, exercised more influence on our national poetry, or contributed more to the advancement of our dramatic literature by familiarizing to our minds the events of our history as recorded by our ancient chroniclers, and by clothing in verse the principal characters described in those heavy but useful collections. Of a work, which called forth the admiration of Sir Philip Sidney and other contemporary writers, from which Shakespere himself was contented to take some of his scenes, which formed the foundation of our historical dramas, and was so exceedingly popular, we may well be proud; and the importance, the number, and the rarity of the editions of this production in the present collection, may reasonably demand from us a slight and passing notice. For, after the full and comprehensive manner in which this work has been treated by Mr. Haslewood in his beautiful and perfect edition of it, it will be altogether unnecessary to do more in this place than to notice the variations in the different editions here enumerated, and to mention one or two other circumstances connected with their history.

The popularity of the *Myrrour for Magistrates* appeared also in the great number of imitations that arose soon after, an imperfect list of which, and capable of some enlargement as given by Mr. Fry, may be seen in Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 105. The original plan was formed by Thomas Sackville, the first Lord Buckhurst, afterwards created, by James I, Earl of Dorset, and Lord High Treasurer of England. It was intended to exhibit, in verse, some of the more prominent and unfortunate characters of English history, each person reciting his own misfortunes in a separate tale or monologue, after the plan of Boccacio in his prose work *De Casibus Principum*, a work translated, by our own poet Lydgate, into English verse, under the title of "*The Boke called John Bochas descryuinge the Falle of Princes, Princesses, and other Nobles*, translated by John Lydgate," first printed by Pynson in 1494, and also in 1527, fol., blk. lett., and again by R. Tottel in 1554, fol., and by John Wayland in 1558, fol. But Sackville, the originator of the plan, becoming too much immersed in public affairs, and too much engrossed in more ambitious employments to find leisure to complete his scheme, was able only to finish the induction, or poetical preface, and one of the legends, viz., that of Henry Stafford, first Duke of Buckingham. It is not our intention to touch upon the character and poetical genius of this celebrated poetic piece, which has already been so well and so copiously described by Warton, Campbell, Hallam, and other authors, nor to give any long account of the various writers who were employed on this

collection of stories. It will be sufficient here to observe, that Sackville having recommended the completion of the work to William Baldwyn and George Ferrers, they, probably alarmed at the magnitude of the design, invited others to their assistance, Thomas Churchyard, Phaer, Skelton, Francis Seagers, Cavyll, &c., who, selecting from the chronicles of Hall and Fabian, then lately published, such lives as were suitable to their purpose, they printed the whole collection in 1559, in one volume, with the title given above.

This, therefore, is the first edition of the work, consisting of 162 pages, and contains nineteen legends; a list of the titles of which, with their supposed respective authors, is given by Mr. Haslewood in his edition of the work, vol. i, p. xix. Warton also gives a detail of the contents of this edition, which, however, is not correct, as he includes the induction by Sackville, and eight other legends that were only added in the succeeding edition. In Mr. Haslewood's enumeration of the authors, he assigns twelve out of the nineteen to the pen of Baldwyn, but this is, perhaps, a somewhat doubtful inference.

The title is within an ornamental compartment in four separate pieces, with two heads in a circle at the top, and an elegant scroll device at the bottom. This is succeeded by a prose address "To the nobilitye, and all other in office God graunt wisedome and all thinges nedeful for the preseruation of theyr Estates. Amen."— headed "Loue and Lyue," and by "A Briefe Memorial of sundrye Unfortunate Englishe men" from "William Baldwyn to the Reader," in which he details, in an interesting manner, certain particulars respecting the origin and plan of the work. From this, it appears that John Wayland, the printer, having intended to print Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, was requested by some other persons to continue the work to a later period, and made application to Baldwyn to execute the task, who, however, declined to undertake it without assistance from others. But, having gathered a company of seven persons, making with himself, as editor, eight in all, *i.e.*, Baldwyn, Ferrers, Phaer, Chaloner, Sackville, Cavyll, Dolman, and Segar, Churchyard and others not having joined them till afterwards, they proceeded to carry their plan into execution. The work was begun, and part of it printed four years earlier, in 1555, but the publication was stopped by the command of Stephen Gardiner, then Lord Chancellor, and it was not till 1559 that a licence was obtained for its publication, through Henry, Lord Stafford. A few fragments are still in existence of this intended edition, which had the following title:

A Memorial of suche Princes, as since the tyme of King Rycharde the
seconde haue been unfortunate in the Realme of England.
Londini. In Œdibus Johannis Waylandi. Folio.
Cum priuilegio per Septennium.

It ought to be mentioned that Sackville's name is not introduced in the present edition, the reason probably being that, along with some of the others who had promised their assistance, he was not ready with his contribution, and that in consequence more than his fair share of the volume fell to the lot of Baldwyn, who says in his dedicatory epistle, "I had the helpe of many graunted and offred of sum, but of few perfourmed, skarce of any." The style of Baldwyn and his associates is not remarkable for genius or pathos, and possesses little of the character of true poetry. Mediocrity is the prevailing feature, although Warton says that "many stanzas written by them have considerable merit, and often shew a command of language and versification. But their performances have not the pathos which the subject so naturally suggests. They give us, yet often with no common degree of elegance and perspicuity, the chronicles of Hall and Fabyan in verse."

See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 33; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 204; Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Eur.*, vol. ii, p. 304; Drake's *Life and Times of Shakesp.*, vol. i, p. 708; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii, p. 133; Haslewood's *Introd.*, vol. ii; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 437.

This first edition is extremely rare. A copy sold in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 1566, for 9*l.* 12*s.*; White Knights, No. 345, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; and one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 437, is priced at 25*l.*

Collation: Title ¶ 1, Epistle Dedicatory to ¶ 3, Sig. A 1 to M 4 in fours, N 2, then Sig. a 1 to g 4 in fours.

At the end is a table of contents of the book, a list of "Fautes escaped in the printing" and this Colophon: "Imprinted at London in Fletestrete nere to Saynct Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe."

Fine copy. Bound by Bedford.
In Brown Morocco, with broad border of gold, richly tooled.
Gilt leaves.

Myrrour (A) for Magistrates.—Wherin maye be seen by example of other, with howe greuous plages vices are punished: and howe frayle and unstable worldly prosperity

is founde, euen of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to fauour.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cantum.

Anno 1563. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete nere to Saynct Dunstans Churche by Thomas Marshe. 4to, **blk. lett.**

The title to this second edition corresponds with that of the preceding with the exception of the imprint, as does also the introductory matter, except that the concluding part of Baldwyn's address to the nobility contains some variations from the former, in which he speaks of having "been called to another trade of life," probably from being a bookseller and printer to that of a preacher and ecclesiastic, and of having now also "set forth another part, containing as little of his own, as the first part did of other mens." The first portion, containing the nineteen legends as before, corresponds entirely with the former impression. But on folio lxxxvi. commences a second part, comprising eight new legends, preceded by a prose address from "Wylliam Baldwyn to the Reader," in which he states the authorship of the new histories, and promises a further supply. The histories are: Sir Anthony Woodvile, Lord Rivers, by Baldwin; Lord Hastings, by Dolman; Henry, Duke of Buckingham, by Sackville, preceded by his celebrated Induction; Collingbourne, by Baldwyn; Richard III., by Seager; Jane Shore, by Churchyard; Edmund, Duke of Somerset, by Baldwyn; and the Black Smith and Lord Awdely, by Cavyll. At the end, after the concluding prose conversation and dismissal by the editor, is a leaf with "The contents and Table of the first parte of this Booke," and "The contentes of the second parte," and another with "The Faultes escaped in the Printing," concludes the volume.

It may here be remarked that the paging of the folios throughout in this edition is very incorrect, and that there is a lapse both in this and the preceding impression in numbering the folios from xlviii to lix. The cause of this is supposed by Mr. Haslewood to have been the change of position of one of the legends, or more probably its omission altogether. The presswork also of this impression is more confused and full of errors than that of the preceding, and not so clear and distinct. The copy which Mr. Park had must have been deficient altogether of the second part, otherwise, with his known accuracy, he would not have committed the mistake (following

Warton), in his long account of the various editions of this work in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 204, of saying that it "has exactly the same contents as Warton enumerates in the first; so that I do not understand Ritson when he says that to this edition was added a Second Part."

The beautiful "Induction" by Sackville first appeared in this edition, prefixed to the only legend he wrote of Henry, Duke of Buckingham. It has been so fully analysed and commented upon by Warton, Ellis, Campbell, Hallam, and others, and so frequently quoted, that we prefer giving a few stanzas from the legend itself, which, though inferior in power and dignity and grandeur to that displayed in the "Induction," is yet immeasurably above the rest of the contributions.

Mydnyght was cum, and euery vitall thyng
With swete sound slepe theyr weary lyms dyd rest;
The beastes were still, the lytle byrdes that syng,
Now sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest:
The olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did cease,
The wuds, the fyeldes, and all thinges held theyr peace.

The golden stars were whyrlde amid theyr race,
And on the earth did laugh wyth twinkling lyght,
When each thing nestled in his restyng place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght:
The Hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
The fearfull Deer of death stoode not in doubt,
The Partrydge drept not of the Falcons foote.

The ougly Beare nowe mynded not the stake,
Nor how the cruell mastyues do hym tear,
The Stag laye still unroused from the brake,
The fomy boar feard not the hunters spear:
All thing was still in desert, bush and brear.
With quyet hart now from their trauailes rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckingham amid his plaint opprest,
With surgyng sorowes and with pinching paynes
In sort thus sownded, and with a sigh he ceast
To tellen furth the treachery and the traynes
Of Banastar, which him so sore distraynes.
That from a sigh he falles into a sounde,
And from a sounde lyeth ragyng on the grounde.

So twiching wer the panges that he assayed
And he so sore with rufull rage distraught:

To thinke vpon the wretch that hym betrayed,
Whom earst he made a Gentleman of naught:
That more and more agreued with his thought,
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the Furies, rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the Bull chased with Dartes,
And with deepe woundes forgald and gored so,
Tyl he oppressed with the deadlye smartes
Fall in a rage, and runne vpon his foe,
Let him, I saye, beholde the ragyng woe
Of Buckyngham that in these grypes of gryefe
Rageth gaynst him that hath betrayed his lyef.

Mr. Haslewood has noticed a variation existing in a line of the first stanza of the "Induction" given in two copies. In the present one the line reads thus:

The tapets torne, and euery *tree* downe blowen.

But the editor has another copy of this edition, in which the line runs thus:

The tapets torne, and euery *blome* downe blowen.

Maroon Morocco extra.

MYRROUR (A) FOR MAGISTRATES. — The First parte of the Mirour for Magistrates, contayning the falles of the first infortunate Princes of this lande: From the comming of Brute to the incarnation of our sauiour and redemer Jesu Christie.

Ad Romanos. 13. 2.
Quisquis se opponit protestati, Dei ordinationi resistit

Imprinted at London by Thomas Marshe. Anno 1575.
Cum Priuilegio. 4to, **blk lett.**

In 1574 first appeared an entire new series of legends composed by John Higgins, to which, because the subjects of these related to an earlier period of our history than Baldwyn's work, he gave the title of *The First parte of the Mirour for Magistrates*; and thus Baldwin's publication came to be called *The Last parte.* It contained sixteen legends, preceded by the Authors Induction, and at the end of Nennius an address by the author of five stanzas. This edition is so rare as to have escaped all notice from bibliographers, and was not seen by Mr. Haslewood until his work was in

print. In the following year appeared the present, which is therefore the second edition of this part by Higgins. The title is within the usual compartment of Marshe, with the Stationers' Arms at the top, and his mark T.M. joined at the bottom. To this succeeds a table of "The Contentes of the Booke," the Epistle "To the Nobilitie and all other in office," superscribed "Loue and liue," and the address of the author "I. Higgins to the Reader," in which he declares his purpose; but having been already printed at length in *Cens. Liter.*, vol i, p. 228, it will be unnecessary to repeat it here. Then follows the Author's Induction in 21 seven line stanzas, in imitation of that by Sackville, a few verses from which will serve to give the reader an idea of Higgins's style :

As Somer sweete with all hir pleasures past,
And leaues began to leaue both braunch and tree,
While winter cold approched neere full faste,
Mee thought the time to sadnes moued mee.
On drouping daies, not half such mirth haue wee:
As when the time of yeare and wethers fayre
So moue our mindes, as mocions moue the ayre.

The wearye nightes, approched on apace
With darksome shades, which somewhat breedeth care
The sun hath take more neare the earth his race
In libra then his greatest swinge he bare,
For pardy then, the daies more colder are,
Then fades the greene fruite timely, herbes are don,
And wynter ginnes to waste that Sommer won.

I deem'de some booke of mourning theame was beste
To reade, wherwith instructions mingled so,
As might againe refresh my wittes oppreste
With tediousness, not driue mee quyte therfro:
Wherfore I went the Printers straight vnto
To seeke some worke of price I surely mente,
That might herein my carefull mynde contente.

At length by hap, I founde a booke so sad
As time of year or wynter could require,
The Mirroure nam'de for magistrates he had
So finely pende, as harte could well desire
Which when I read, so set my harte on fire
Eftsones it me constrainde to take the payne
Not leaue with once, to reade it once agayne.

And as agayne, I vewed this worke with heede
And marked playne ech party tell his fall

Me thoughte in mynde, I sawe those men in deade:
Eke howe they came, in order pleading all,
Declaring wel, this life is but a thrall:
Sithe those to whom, for Fortunes giftes we stare,
Ofte sooneste sinke in greatest seas of care.

For some of these were Kings of high estate:
And some were Dukes, and came of Regal race:
Some Princes, Lordes, and Judges great that sate
In counsel stil, decreing euery case:
Some other knights, that vices did imbrace:
Some gentlemen, some pore that looked hye,
Yet euery one had playde his tragœdy.

A mirrowe well it may be calde a glasse
More cleare then any cristal vnder sun.
In eache respecte, the Tragœdies so passe,
Their names shall lyue that such a worke begun:
For why with such Decorum is it don:
That momus spight, which more then Argus eyes
Can neuer watche to kepe it from the wise.

Examples here, for al estates you finde
For iudge (I say) what Iustice he should vse:
The nobleman to beare a noble mynde,
And not himselfe ambiciously abuse:
The gentleman vngentlenes refuse:
The riche and poore: and euery one may see
Which way to loue and liue in his degree.

Herbert in his notice of this work has remarked that in the 6th line of the first stanza of this introduction is the first attempt he had observed of distinguishing an apostrophe by a character—here marked by a hyphen. In the word Phaëton in the 10th stanza the diæresis is used, the first he had observed; and in the 15th and 16th the comma is set at the bottom of the line, thus, th, ende. *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 864.

The histories are seventeen in number, commencing with the legend of *King Albanacte*, the young son of Brutus, who lived about the year before Christ 1074, and ending with the *Tragedy of Irenglas*, nephew to Cassibellan, King of Britayne, slain by Elenine, about the year before Christ 51. This edition is an accurate reprint of the former one, with the addition of the last legend of Irénglas, and of eleven stanzas more to the verses by "The Authour" at the end of Nennius, which were not in the first impression.

Higgins was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards taught school, and entered into holy orders. He lived at Winsham, in Somersetshire, where he completed several works, and is considered by Warton as a person of great classical attainments. According to his own statement in some verses at the end of *Mempricius*, he was nearly thirty when he published the present work, and Wood says he was in great repute for his poetry and divinity in 1602, when, from this account, he would be about fifty-seven. Hearne states that he "was a person of excellent parts and learning; a poet, antiquary, and historian of great industry, well read in classic authors, and was withal well skilled in French." He appears to have been intimate with Churchyard, and other poets of his time, and was patronized by Sir George Peckham, Knt. The exact date of his death is not known.

The following are the lines relating to himself at the end of the *Tragœdy of Mempricius*:

I haue not spent in poetrye my dayes,
Some other workes in prose I printed haue:
And more I write for which I leysure craue.

And for mine age not thirty yeares hath past
No style so rype can yonger yeares attaine.
For of them all, but only ten the last
To learne the tongues, and write I toke the paine.
If I thereby receiued any gaine
By Frenche or Latine chiefely which I chose
These fiue yeares past by writing I disclose.

Of which, the first two yeares I Grammer taught:
The other twaine, I Huloets worke enlargde:
The last translated Aldus phrases fraught
With eloquence, and toke of Terence charge
At Printers hande, to adde the flowers at large
Which wanted there, in Vdalles worke before:
And wrote this booke with other diuers more.

The legend of Cordila is considered to be the most poetical of Higgins's portion by Warton, who has cited some passages from it. We may also here quote two stanzas from the same as a further example of this performance:

Was our lady in such wofull wreckfull wo?
Depriu'de of princely powre, bereft of libertie,
Depriu'de in all these worldly pompes, hir pleasures fro
And brought from wealth, to nede, distresse, and misery:

From palace proude, in prison poore to lye:
From kingdomes twayne, to dungeon one no more:
From Ladies wayting, unto vermine stōre.

From light to darke, from holsome ayre to lothsom smell
From odour swete, to sweate; from ease, to grieuous payne,
Frō sight of princely wights, to place where theues do dwell:
From deinty beddes of downe, to be of strawe full payne:
From bowres of heauenly hewe, to dennes of dayne:
From greatest haps, that worldly wightes atchieue:
To more distresse then any wretche aliue.

She calde to minde the ioyes in *Fraunce* I whilom had
She told me what a troupe of Ladies was my trayne
And how the Lordes of *Fraunce* and *Britayne* both were glad
Of late to wayte on mee and subiects all were fayne.
She tould I had bin Queene of kingdomes twayne
And how my nephewes had my seate and crowne:
I could not ryse, for euer fallen downe.

A thousand thinges, beside recited then dispaire:
She tould the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
Rehearst the pryson vile, in steede of Pallace faire:
My lodging low, and mouldy meates my mouth did hate
She shew'de me all the dongeon where I sate,
The dankeishe walles, the darkes, and bad me smell,
And bide the sauour if I like it well.

In all the subsequent editions of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, this portion by Higgins, preceded by his Induction, stands at the head of the volume, and is followed by that of Blennerhasset, called the second part, and then by Baldwyn's original portion, now termed the last part.

See further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 82; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 205; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i, col. 734; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 439; and Haslewood's *Introd.*, vol. i, p. xxiii.

Collation: Title * i, sig. * six leaves; then A to L i inclusive, in eights.

Bound in Red Morocco. Gilt leaves.

MYRROUR (A) FOR MAGISTRATES.—The Seconde part of the Mirrour for Magistrates, conteininge the falles of the infortunate Princes of this Lande. From the Conquest of Cæsar, vnto the commyng of Duke William the Conquerour.

Imprinted by Richard Webster. Anno Domini. 1578.
4to, blk. lett.

The author of the whole of the twelve legends contained in this second part of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, was Thomas Blenerhasset, a soldier by profession, who is supposed to have been an Irishman, or rather to have settled in Ireland. He was educated at Cambridge, and wrote one or two other works, of which one was a poem called "A Reuelation of the true Minerua," *i.e.*, Queen Elizabeth, in whose praise the whole poem is composed. 4to. Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson for Thomas Woodcoke, 1582—a work of extreme rarity, the only known copy being one in the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv, No. 155. Having embraced the profession of a soldier, he was in 1577 stationed in the Island of Guernsey, where he composed the present work. He is supposed to have died in Ireland about the beginning of the reign of Charles I.

The title is within an elegant architectural compartment, supported by crouching satyrs, with the motto, "Go straight and feare not." After the title is a short prose address from "The Printer to the friendly Reader," in which he states that the author was then "beyond the Seas, and wyl marueile at his returne to find thys imprinted. For his intent was but to profite and pleasure one priuate man, as by his Epistle may appeare. But I fynding the copie by chaunce, shewing it vnto diuers men, both learned and wise; and findyng a booke alredy in print, entitled *The first and third part of the Mirrour for Magistrates*, I was moued diuersly of diuers men, by printyng this latter woorke, to make perfite the former booke." From this statement it would seem to have been printed without the author's knowledge, but we are not aware of any *Third* part of his work having been published, unless by this name the *Last* part, printed in 1575, was so intended to be designated. The address is succeeded by "The Authours Epistle vnto his friende," signed Thomas Blener Hasset, which, as it contains some interesting particulars relating to the writer and the place where the legends were composed, viz., Guernsey Castle, we select a brief portion from it:

> Moreouer you may, if you please to consider, that Souldiers, of which I am one by profession, wee be not alwayes lusking in our Forte or Castle, but be as tyme and occasion wyll permit, here to day, we knowe least our selues where to morrowe. And I wyll ensure you, the most part of these my Princes did pleade their causes unto me, euen in the Sea, a place in fayth, not meete to penne Tragedies. And as for bookes, I was altogether destitute: for when I, to please my fantasie trauayled (as you knowe) I could not beare about with me a library: but for cariage sake, contented my self with these foure: With the thirde *Decade* of *Titus Liuye*, with *Boswelles Concordes of Armorie*, with *Monsignor de Lange*, that notable Warriour,

and with the unperfect *Mirrour for Magistrates:* whiche bookes made nothing to this purpose. I had not those Chronicles whiche other men had; my Memorie and Inuention were vnto me in stead of *Grafton, Polidore, Cooper,* and suche like, who dyd greatly ayde other men. And last of al, you must consider that the other part of the miseries of those miserable Princes were written, I sittyng on a Rocke in the Sea, not in *Spaine, Italie, Fraunce, Scotlande,* or *Englande,* but in *Garnzie* Castle, where although there be learned men, yet none whiche spende their tyme so vainely as in Poetrie. So that the complaintes of these men were written (as I say) where the want of helpe dyd diuersly daunt me with despayre. You haue greatly requested me by your last letter, to make unto you a Discourse of the Ile of *Garnzie,* and howe it is possible for the Castle to be a place so pleasaunt for habitation, as I haue reported it seeing it standeth in the Sea, separate from any lande. Good Syr, to write thereof (so many-folde be the commodities and thinges woorthy the writyng of) woulde rather require a good volume, then a peece of an Epistle. Let it therefore suffice for this tyme, that I by writying unto you some fewe lines of the Gouernour, I may briefly declare what the gouernement and commodities be. The right worshipful Maister Thomas Leighton is her Maiesties Lieutenant there &c. . . . . . . Take you therefore, the fruites of these my idle howres, sent unto you with a good wyll, and according vnto the trust reposed in you, keepe these trifles from the view of all men, and as you promysed, let them not raunge out of your priuate Study. And thus wishing unto you honour and long life, I ende, the 15. daye of Maye, an. 1577. Your Friende to vse, Thomas Blener Hasset.

After this epistle a table of contents closes the introductory portion of the volume. The complaints or legends are twelve in number, each being preceded by an "Induction" in prose, which were afterwards struck out by Niccols in his later edition. Blenerhasset is the most feeble and prosaic, and therefore the least interesting of any of the writers of these legends. He never rises even to mediocrity, but is uniformly dull and flat. Warton was ignorant of the present separate edition of 1578. He has merely alluded to Blenerhasset's collection as appearing in Niccols's edition in 1610, and is incorrect in stating they were "never before printed." See *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv, p. 92, and *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i, p. 206. This part is rare. A copy, with parts of some leaves made up with manuscript, is priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 441, at 10*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Title * i, Sig. * four leaves, ** two leaves, A to R ii, inclusive, in fours.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Russia. Gilt leaves.

The Thirty-fourth Report

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY,

Read at the Annual Meeting, held by permission of the Feoffees,
in the Audit Room of Chetham's Hospital, on Thursday,
the 1*st day of March*, 1877.

THE first of the Publications for the year 1876–7, and the 99th in the Chetham Series, is *Abstracts of Inquisitions post mortem, made by Christopher Towneley and Roger Dodsworth, abstracted from manuscripts at Towneley.* Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON. Vol. II. This is the concluding volume of Mr. Langton's very valuable work, which will hereafter be one of constant reference in dealing with the family history and genealogy of Lancashire. In addition to the Abstracts he has introduced some similar documents out of other volumes compiled by Christopher Towneley, and some abstracts from the Public Records with which he was favoured by Mr. William Hardy. The Inquisitions extend from the first year of Henry VI. to the thirteenth of Charles I., and it is at once interesting and instructive to see to what excellent use these important materials which give us history in its most authentic shape can be turned by an experienced and skilful genealogist like Mr. Langton. They have enabled him to correct some material errors of Sir William Dugdale and others, and where doubts previously existed have placed several descents upon a solid and satisfactory basis. Those who refer to the carefully compiled indices will observe how large a number of family names come into the compass of this volume. Mr. Langton's touching reference to the blindness with which he has been afflicted as an apology for any errors which may have occurred, while it calls for our sincere sympathy, only serves to excite the reader's surprize that a book so uniformly correct, where so many minute particulars have to be attended to, could be produced under the circumstances even with the aid of a careful and intelligent amanuensis. In the regret expressed by the Editor that the whole of the collections of the three great Lancashire antiquaries, Dodsworth, Kuerden and Towneley, are not more easily access-

ible to the student, all who have any regard for the progress of antiquarian knowledge as respects the county of Lancaster and its family history will heartily join.

The second and third of the publications for the year 1876–7, and the 100th and 101st in the Society's Series, are *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica, or a Bibliographical and Descriptive Catalogue of a portion of a Collection of early English Poetry*, by the Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., F.S.A. Parts 6 and 7. The printing of the first of these volumes, in consequence of various interruptions, had proceeded no further than 50 pages when the lamented death of the venerable Editor took place, but it having been his expressed wish that in such an event the President of the Chetham Society, to whose revision the previous volumes had been subjected, should undertake the continuation of the work from the *MSS.* left for that purpose, Mr. Corser's representatives carefully collected the rather dispersed portions of the manuscript notices which were to be found amongst the papers of the deceased, and in the most obliging manner placed them in the hands of the President in order that the work, with the approval of the Chetham Society, might be carried on to its natural close. Under his editorial supervision Part 6 is now nearly completed, and Part 7 will immediately follow. These will continue the notices of authors and works from Drayton to the latter articles in H, and on a rough calculation three more parts will fully suffice to bring down the *Collectanea* to Z. Mr. Corser's Collection of Early English Poetry was indisputably the finest and most extensive ever brought together in Lancashire, and as a Descriptive Catalogue, compiled by the collector himself of his own collection, his *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* may be said without the slightest exaggeration to stand alone in English Bibliography. It is therefore very gratifying to know that the opportunity is now afforded of completing this most useful as well as most interesting work, the state of which has been anxiously inquired after from many and some very distant quarters. It is proposed to proceed without interruption or delay with the remaining parts and to issue them as expeditiously as possible, with due regard to the other works of the Society which are announced as now in progress.

The Council regret to have to record the deaths, during the last year, of two distinguished members of their body — the Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., F.S.A., and Colonel Egerton Leigh, M.P. Mr. Corser was one of the founders of the Society, had edited eight volumes in the series of its publications, and from its commencement to his death, retaining his faculties and

his literary predelictions to the last, was one of its most zealous and effective supporters. Colonel Egerton Leigh — an excellent type of an accomplished English Country Gentleman, with some fine characteristics peculiarly his own — though he had not edited any work for the Society, never failed to evince on any fitting occasion the sympathy and interest he took in its proceedings, and the Council were not without hope that he would have added his contribution to the Series. Of each of these gentlemen a fuller biographical notice is unquestionably due, than any which has hitherto appeared, though in the case of Mr. Corser it may be doubted whether sufficient has been preserved of his Literary and antiquarian correspondence to enable such a memoir to be presented as might be desired by his friends. His best memorial will be found in the elaborate and valuable publications which the Chetham Society will owe to his untiring labours and extensive and accurate knowledge.

All the works in the list of future publications which follows are either in progress of printing or arrangements have been made which will secure their appearance at no distant period.

1. *The Visitation of Lancashire and a part of Cheshire, made in the Twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Henry VIII.*, A.D. 1533. Edited by William Langton, Esq. Second and concluding Part.

2. *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica.* Part 8. Edited from the *MSS.* of the late Rev. T. Corser, M.A., F.S.A., by the President of the Chetham Society.

3. *Biographical Collections regarding Humphrey Chetham and his family.* By Canon Raines, F.S.A.

4. *Worthington's Diary*, Vol. 2, part 2. Edited by the President of the Chetham Society.

5. *History of the Parish of Garstang.* By Lieut.-Col. Fishwick, F.S.A.

6. *Minutes of the Proceedings*, 1646-1660, *of the first (Presbyterian) classis in the County Palatine of Lancaster*, containing the Parishes of Manchester, Prestwich, Oldham, Flixton, Eccles, Ashton-under-Lyne, &c. Edited by J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., in two vols.

7. *Correspondence of Nathan Walworth and Peter Seddon of Outwood, and other Documents and Papers in relation to the building of Ringley Chapel.* Edited by John S. Fletcher, Esq.

8. *Chetham Miscellanies*, vol. 6.

General Index to 31 and following volumes.

THE TREASURER IN ACCOUNT WITH THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

Dr. *For the Year ending February 28th, 1877.* **Cr.**

		£	s.	d.
1	Subscription for 1868-69 (26th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
3	Subscriptions for 1869-70 (27th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1	Collected	1	0	0
2	Outstanding.			
3	Subscriptions for 1870-71 (28th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1	Collected	1	0	0
2	Outstanding.			
4	Subscriptions for 1871-72 (29th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
1	Collected	1	0	0
3	Outstanding.			
10	Subscriptions for 1872-73 (30th year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
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8	Outstanding.			
91	Subscriptions for 1873-74 (31st year), reported in arrear at last meeting.			
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6	Collected	6	0	0
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100	Collected	100	0	0
34	Outstanding.			
5	Subscription for 1876-77 (34th year), reported at last meeting.			
262	Collected	262	0	0
39	Compounders { 41 last year. 2 since dead. 39			
44	Arrears.			
350				
23 { 1	Subscription for 1877-78 (35th year), reported at last meeting.			
22	Do. do. paid in advance	22	0	0
2 { 1	Subscription for 1878-79 (36th year), reported at last meeting.			
1	Do. do. paid in advance	1	0	0
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		£418	14	2
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1876.						
April	12	Mr. R. Simms'—Examination of the text of Visitation of 1533		4	0	0
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History of Warrington Friary. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* vii, 76. *Index* 4. *Four Plates, being Effigies and Arms, Tombstones, and Fragments.*

Twenty-ninth year (1871-2).

LXXXIV. The Visitation of the County Palatine of Lancaster, made in the year 1664-5, by Sir William Dugdale, Knight, Norroy king of arms. Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of Milnrow, Hon. Canon of Manchester, and Rural Dean. Part I. *pp.* xiv, 104.

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LXXXVI. Annals of the Lords of Warrington for the first five centuries after the conquest. With historical notices of the place and neighbourhood. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. Part I. *pp.* xxvi, 262. *Three Plates.*

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